



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





Voices of Comfort.

BY THE SAME EDITOR.

HYMNS AND POEMS FOR THE SICK
AND SUFFERING,

In connexion with the Service for the
Visitation of the Sick.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Eighth Edition, Small 8vo. 3s. 6d.

VOICES OF COMFORT

EDITED BY

THOMAS VINCENT FOSBERY, M.A.

HON. CHAPLAIN TO THE LATE LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER,
AND SOMETIME VICAR OF ST. GILES'S, READING.

THIRD EDITION.



RIVINGTONS

WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON

Oxford and Cambridge

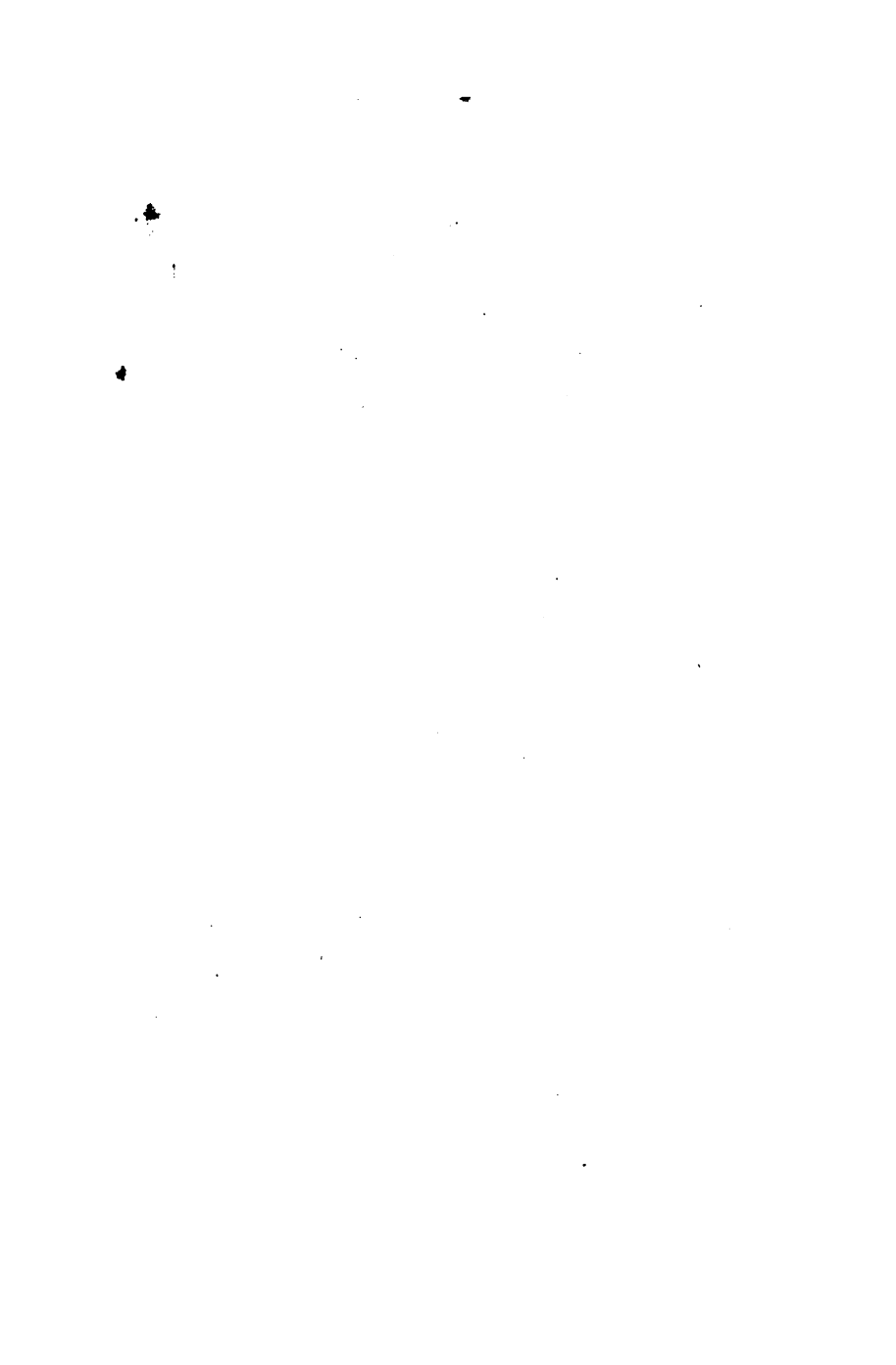
MDCCCLXXVII

138. i. 364.

July xxv. mdccclxxiii.

To-day we have laid, in hallowed earth, the mortal remains of him who, amongst our wise, and great, and good, was the wisest, the greatest, and the best.

At such a moment I cannot bring myself to remove from the Title Page of this Volume, words which associate my name, however unworthy, with his. Rather would I now dedicate this Book to his dear and honoured memory, in grateful and loving remembrance of the close and unbroken friendship which bound us together for well nigh forty years.



Note to the Third Edition.

I CANNOT let the Third Edition of this book go forth to the world without adding a few words in affectionate remembrance of him who contributed so largely both to the compilation and to the success of the work. The revision of the Second Edition was one of the last labours on which he spent his failing strength. It was his wish that the book should never be changed from its present form ; thus in the present edition not a single change will be found, and only one addition, the Litany at page 149.

It was a deep joy to him that the 'Voices of Comfort' should have been the means of bringing peace and consolation and blessing to so many. Now, those who loved him are mourning yet for the friendship and the counsel and, more than all, for the ready sympathy which can never be replaced for us on earth. But we think of him still as he dwells in the holy rest of Paradise, and we pray that we may meet again at last—

Where beyond these voices there is peace.'

M. E. T.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Voices of Comfort . Introductory	xi
FIRST DAY.	
The Cup of Suffering	1
SECOND DAY.	
The Life of Peace	9
THIRD DAY.	
Christ's Message to the Fainting Heart	18
FOURTH DAY.	
The Hour of Temptation	26
FIFTH DAY	
The Sympathy of the Lord Jesus	37
SIXTH DAY.	
The Power of the Cross of Christ	49

SEVENTH DAY.

	PAGE
The Burthen of Scruples	59

EIGHTH DAY.

The Good Fight	66
--------------------------	----

NINTH DAY.

The Burthen of the Future	81
-------------------------------------	----

TENTH DAY.

The Bitterness of Joy	95
---------------------------------	----

ELEVENTH DAY.

The Burthen of Daily Life	102
-------------------------------------	-----

TWELFTH DAY.

Sickness	116
--------------------	-----

THIRTEENTH DAY.

Teachings of Sickness	126
---------------------------------	-----

FOURTEENTH DAY.

Fellowship in Suffering	142
-----------------------------------	-----

FIFTEENTH DAY.

Restoration from Sickness	156
-------------------------------------	-----

Contents.	ix
-----------	----

SIXTEENTH DAY.

	PAGE
<i>The Burthen of Doubts</i>	167

SEVENTEENTH DAY.

<i>Conflicts of the Soul</i>	177
--	-----

EIGHTEENTH DAY.

<i>The Children's Summons</i>	189
---	-----

NINETEENTH DAY.

<i>De Profundis</i>	200
-------------------------------	-----

TWENTIETH DAY.

<i>The Communion of Saints</i>	214
--	-----

TWENTY-FIRST DAY.

<i>The Sacredness of Sorrow</i>	232
---	-----

TWENTY-SECOND DAY.

<i>The Comforter</i>	239
--------------------------------	-----

TWENTY-THIRD DAY.

<i>Christ's Tenderness to the Weak</i>	249
--	-----

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY.

<i>The Hour of Darkness</i>	264
---------------------------------------	-----

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY.

	PAGE
The Light of Hope	280

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY.

The Burthen of Self	288
-------------------------------	-----

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY.

The Weariness of the Way	297
------------------------------------	-----

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY.

The Coming of Christ	307
--------------------------------	-----

TWENTY-NINTH DAY.

The Hour of Death	317
-----------------------------	-----

THIRTIETH DAY.

The Rest of Paradise	332
--------------------------------	-----

THIRTY-FIRST DAY.

The Joy of the Lord	345
-------------------------------	-----

Voices of Comfort.

‘**R**EJOICE in the Lord alway, and again I say, Rejoice.’ This is the clarion note which rings full and clear through all the ages since it first was sounded, and through all the regions where the Church lives. It does not blend with ‘the songs of those that feast,’ but mingles with the battle-cry of the foremost warriors. It is not as a call to ‘the joy in harvest,’ nor to the rejoicing ‘where they divide the spoil,’ but it is heard where men come forth to do and to endure. ‘Rejoice ye in that day and leap for joy, . . . when men shall hate you and shall separate you from their company, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of Man’s sake.’ By it we are summoned to partake in that joy which is as mysterious as the ‘peace which passeth all understanding,’ and also as deep and as true ; a continuous joy, moreover, wholly inconceivable, but that the word ‘Rejoice’

is followed by those which make the 'always' possible,—Rejoice 'in the Lord.'

But if (while we regard this condition of triumphant gladness as what we are to strive after, involving alike a privilege and a duty) we are asked what need there can be of comfort for those who are invited to live, even here, in a region so far above its reach,—surely it is enough to reply, that we are comforted in order that we may thus rejoice.

To comfort, in the highest sense, is a prerogative of God Himself. The Father of our blessed Lord is 'the God of all Comfort.' Our Lord Jesus Christ, with the Father, is implored by the apostle to 'comfort our hearts;' and God the Holy Ghost bears the title of 'the Comforter.' Thus the source and fountain of Comfort is none other than the Triune God. Even the apostle, in exercising his delegated ministry of comfort, ascribes to it no less than a divine origin: 'That we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.'

The derivation of the word sufficiently indicates, that to comfort is not merely to soothe and to console, but 'to strengthen, to invigorate.' If we in any degree communicate strength or vigour

to others, most assuredly it can only be by helping them to draw nearer to the true Giver of both. Such is the single aim and object of this volume, to which may God mercifully vouchsafe His Blessing. It is not meant for those wholly ignorant of the principles or the practice of the Christian life; but rather for such as have set their faces towards the City 'that hath foundations,'—who are 'running the race set before them,'—who are, though 'faint, yet pursuing.'

I. That we can betake ourselves to our Heavenly Father, in 'the confidence of prayer,' and especially through 'the *most comfortable* Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ,' whatever be the extremity of our need, is one of the first and chiefest sources of Christian Comfort. They who earnestly believe in God's love and mercy turn instinctively to Him in the hour of their distress. So it was with David: 'Hide not thy face from me, for I am in trouble.' 'Consider mine affliction and deliver me.' 'I poured out my complaint before Him, I shewed before Him my trouble.' Thus too it has ever been with all the faithful. And yet how imperfectly, for the most part, the power of prayer is realized, or what it is designed to effect, or the certainty of its results. With many,

alas ! Prayer is but too often only like the moan of some poor wounded creature, an almost unconscious expostulation against what they suffer.

Sometimes indeed a mistaken humility closes our lips. 'What are we that our prayers should prevail with God?' And yet if any prayers are ever heard, it will not be because of any worthiness in us, but according to the greatness and faithfulness of God. Do we believe in Him sufficiently just to go to Him? Can we say, even with a breaking heart, only this, 'Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief?' If so, an answer of peace will be given.

When the women were on their sad journey to the tomb of our Lord, theirs was assuredly a very strange errand. They bore indeed spices and oils to embalm Christ's sacred body ; but did not the very act imply almost the absence of faith and of hope? Hopeless they seemed, and broken-hearted: they could only ask one another as they went, 'who shall roll away for us the stone from the door of the sepulchre?' It was thus they struggled on, that they might do the little that yet remained to be done. But God accepted them, even in the blind confusion of their hearts. They must have cared for their Master, or they would not have gone at all.

We now know what awaited them. Not the cold closed portal of the tomb, which, even were it removed, could only shew, they thought, those lifeless Remains. Not this, but—O comfort for sorrowing weary hearts—O wonder and joy,—the open sepulchre, the Angelic vision, the earliest tidings of the risen Lord.

And God is still the same. He wills us to go to Him as we are, seeming hardly to ask what it is we bring: perhaps only tears, and prayers which we do not dare to think are prayers at all, in the grey cold of some early morning of sorrow, 'when it is yet dark.' And yet if we approach Him even thus, He prepares for us, that we may love and trust Him in the future, blessed surprises; so that when we seem about to face an unyielding barrier, behold, the stone is gone! Yes, for us too, even though Angels must descend to do it, the stone shall be rolled away.

II. Another of the abounding streams of Comfort flows from the revelation given us of the future as contrasted with the present.

Our Heavenly Father does not hide from us the strife, the toil, the peril, and the pain which belong to our life here, but He sets opposite to these, the joy, the triumph, and the crown of glory

beyond. And He is pleased to do this, not once or twice, but repeatedly. He says, by his apostle St. Peter, 'Rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, that when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy.' And when St. Paul and St. Barnabas go about, confirming the souls of the disciples, and exhorting them to continue in the faith, they tell them 'that we must, through much tribulation, enter the Kingdom of God.' But the Apostles can assure them too that there is for those who are troubled, 'rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from Heaven with His mighty Angels.' 'We sent Timotheus,' says St. Paul, 'to establish you, and to comfort you concerning your faith, that no man should be moved by these afflictions, for yourselves know that we are appointed thereto.' But yet, 'our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' The lot of suffering and the inheritance of joy are both represented to the faithful. 'I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.' The prospect thus disclosed is of infinite solace to the sufferers in the day of their adversity. Of this we have the highest proof, since we learn that the

human nature of our blessed Lord Himself was thus sustained,—‘Who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame.’

These contrasts are helpful and comforting to us under the disappointments which meet us continually. Have we never, in early days, allowed ourselves to believe that, could we but change places with certain others around us, we should be supremely happy,—that to have what they had, and to be as they were, would make for us a real Paradise? Their condition represented to us all that we could most desire. Perhaps we were afterwards suffered to attain to such a lot as theirs. Alas! was it only that we might say with the Preacher, ‘Vanity of vanities, all is vanity? Holy Scripture, instead of mocking at our childish folly, points us to a satisfying fulfilment of more than our highest anticipations; shewing us that while these things on which we had set our hearts never could, as they never were meant, to fill the empty spaces of our being, there are unspeakable joys which may be ours instead,—that the best condition of man’s life here, even could we gain it, is immeasurably below the blessedness to which we are called.

When we read that ‘here we have no continuing city,’ but that ‘there remaineth a rest for the

people of God,' what memories and what anticipations fill our hearts! Which of us has been allowed to find any true resting-place here? Change after change has been our portion. We have been, as it were, drifting down some rapid stream, anchoring nowhere; watching fair scenes that seemed to pass away from us, just as our souls began to rejoice in their beauty, with a longing to remain amongst them, and there to dwell, even though we knew of their manifold insufficiencies. And still the current has drawn us onward, and we have been constrained to leave all these behind. What is to comfort hearts thus wearied and disappointed, but the blessed assurance that the rest we yearn for is not refused, but only deferred?

Indeed we have looked beyond these earthly abodes, ever since we knew that God hath prepared for us a City. We were told of a daily cross, of a weary land, of a solitary way, and of an adversary seeking to devour; now we have learned that there shall never be any of these things, for the faithful in Christ, hereafter. Instead of bearing a cross, they shall carry palms, the emblems of triumph; instead of the weary land, there shall be the very Land of Promise; instead of a solitary way, there shall be thereon a rejoicing company; instead of

an adversary seeking to devour, there shall be a blessed deliverance from both danger and fear: 'no lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast.'

And so again, when we read that we are strangers and pilgrims, which of us has not felt that he, more or less, answers to this description? This is not our own land, and every step that we take over its soil tells us that it is not. In a thousand ways we are made to feel that it is indeed the land of the stranger. We can call none of its fruits our own. When we would claim any portion in it, that portion is taken away. We are but pilgrims here, footsore and travel-worn. And yet, even thus may we not rejoice, since, like the Israelites of old, 'we are journeying unto the land of which the Lord said, I will give it you;' and we know that when by His mercy we have arrived there, we shall fully enjoy and possess it, and 'we shall go no more out, for ever.'

Perhaps in the details given us of the future state of the blessed, some of the particulars may have, in contrast, a closer reference than we quite realize, to the trials and sufferings of the present time. Here we are described as passing through the waters—struggling with the waves: 'All thy billows,' says the Psalmist, 'are gone over me.' Possibly because of this the promise is given.

'There shall be no more sea.' None shall then be 'tost with tempests and not comforted,' but 'great shall be the peace of God's children.'

But, however this may be, there are sure promises concerning higher things than these. To him who lives the most dutiful and holy life, the greatest want in this world must be the want of the visible and sensible presence of his Lord. If we are in heart and affection His, we must desire more than anything else, unrestrained and perfect communion with Him. None of His blessings can be to us in the place of Himself. 'Here,' says St. Paul, 'we are absent from the Lord,' and therefore it is that we 'know but in part,' and see but 'through a glass darkly.' Our imperfect faith supplies but scantily the lack of open vision.

Now nothing is more absolutely promised than the reversal of all this. Instead of being absent from Him, we shall be, it is written, 'ever with the Lord ;' instead of knowing in part, we shall 'know even as we are known ;' instead of seeing through a glass darkly, we shall see 'face to face.' That will be the consummation of joy ! That will make the bliss of heaven ! 'What higher reward can God give us,' asks Saint Augustine, 'than Himself ?' Of the angelic condition this is the Crown. When the Angel who brought tidings to

Zacharias spoke, for the confirmation of his faith, of his own high place in heaven, he only said, 'I am Gabriel, who stand in the presence of God.' His noblest prerogative was thus to catch and reflect light from the Uncreated Light.

Yet even thus shall it be with us if we attain to the Kingdom where all darkness, spiritual, moral, and intellectual, shall pass away ; since in that holy Presence all our being shall be pervaded with the pure rays of the glory of God.

And comforted with this hope, the faithful are content to wait for a season, walking meantime by faith and not by sight ; if they may at the last be with Him from whom springs all joy, with whom is the satisfaction of every noblest desire, the fulfilment of every largest promise, the presence of all purity, and the accomplishment of all perfection.

III. The Sympathy of Christ our Lord is the subject of one of the sections into which this book is divided. But here, too, some words must be spoken on this inexhaustible theme, for this is, indeed, an ever-flowing fountain of Comfort.

The highest instincts that God has given us attest that sympathy is the true law of our nature.

The heathen world acknowledged this when once a vast audience rose with one electric impulse at the utterance of these simple words, 'I am a man, and nothing affecting man is indifferent to me.' And yet this line conveys to us Christians only an obvious and familiar thought, for *we* have learned that He who was the perfect Man, out of the fullness of His human heart, rejoiced with them that did rejoice, and wept with them that wept.

The tears shed by our Lord, as at the tomb of Lazarus, answer by anticipation such dreary questionings as these: 'How can we know that Christ feels with us? What evidence is there to prove that He does?' Nay, Jesus Christ is 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' He who Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses, is 'not an High Priest who cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities.' His intercession implies His sympathy.

The value of this, His sympathy, is well understood by every devout heart. For it is one thing to acknowledge, as we often do, that sorrow is needful chastisement or wholesome medicine, that all is ordered for the best, that in the end light will come out of darkness, and that in the meantime we must bear our burthen patiently: it is quite another thing to know and feel that the love of the

Divine Master is ours ; that He is with us by the bed of suffering ; that He is not thinking only of the end and issue of all this anguish, but that He is feeling for and with the afflicted, now ; that He stands by the grave wherein our earthly hopes are buried, not as their future Restorer only, but as our present Friend. It is one thing to look forward through the long vista of the years before us, to the place where our tears shall be for ever wiped away : it is another to know that now, even in our darkest hour, when the weight of the present seems ready to crush us ; now, when the effort to realize a happy future would be impossible, that even now Christ is with us, and that if we needs must weep bitter, bitter tears—we may lean upon His breast, like the beloved disciple, and weep them there.

There is much indeed to intercept this view of His love ;—the sense of our own unworthiness, doubts of our own reality, distressing doubts of Him. But perhaps that which most haunts us is the recurring and perplexing question, how that fullest sympathy can exist in Him without its yielding for us an immediate deliverance from our trouble. For He, our Lord, Perfect God as well as Perfect Man, has all resources at His command. He could in a moment bear back the

swollen tide of affliction. He has but to speak the word, and the fainting heart must at once revive, the racking pain must instantly cease, the sick recover, nay, even our dead, at His bidding must come forth and live. And yet sorrow, pain, disease, and death, accomplish their work unrebuked by Him. His beloved are sorely afflicted, and the relief, that even our poor earthly sympathy would almost at any cost instantly afford, is withheld by the Lord of love.

This grievously tries the faith of many—not in His purposes of ultimate mercy, but in His present tenderness and pitifulness.

Yet what we may see around us helps to explain this. A wise and loving father has assigned to his child some difficult and tedious task, but still one which lies within his power to master. He struggles with it, and yet fails to accomplish it. His hours of recreation are abridged, his day is spoiled by it. Any casual acquaintance witnessing this can hardly bear to see him suffer, and will readily, though it may cost him some trouble, do his work for him. But his father will not. He will not touch it, will not look at it. It is needful, he says, that his child should accomplish it himself. Now, has the helpful stranger more true sympathy with the boy than the unhelping father?

He will not himself think this. His father has watched over him since he was born—has loved and cherished him, and knows his heart, and his troubles, and his struggles, better than any stranger can ; but just because he loves him best and most, just because he is his father, he does not help him now.

And so again when he has chosen for his son, now sent forth into life, some difficult and arduous career. The young man's heart perhaps after a time fails him ; he is weary of his work, he would fain return home ; existence so spent is a burthen that seems to him too heavy. Compassionate onlookers would remove him to an easier and more congenial position, but his father does not. He knows that to do so would be utter ruin to him. Does he therefore sympathize less with his son than the others do ? Does he not follow him with daily anxious prayers ? Will he not alleviate, perhaps in quiet unnoticed ways, the suffering which he deems it best not to remove ? Does love cease to be love because its manifestations are checked by the counsels of wisdom ?

Our comfort from the belief in Christ's sympathy will increase in proportion as we accept the truth, that we are undergoing, if we be indeed His, a process of training and education, of which

suffering is an indispensable part. 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.'

This will explain much to us as to the seeming darkness wherein is hidden this loving-kindness and tender compassion. Every heart that comes chastened and purged out of the furnace of affliction, and that has learned there the worth of heavenly things, and the value of its inheritance beyond the grave, testifies that Christ, in His sympathy, has been pouring into it blessings rich and abundant in the day of adversity, and thus making up more than a thousandfold for those which His love constrained Him to take away.

We must not conclude anything against the present gracious love of our Lord, because He seems to withhold for a season every outward token of it. Are we not sure that He felt for and with Martha and Mary, all through those sad days during which, though they had sent for Him, 'He abode still in the same place where He was?' In our uttermost need, when perhaps we have almost ceased to look for any deliverance, He will come; and when He comes He will speak, if not the word of power with which He called forth Lazarus, yet the word of peace. And then we shall know how good it is for us to be in His hands, and so we can wait with patience until the fulness of His

time is come to accomplish our deliverance ; and meantime His consolations shall be our stay, and we shall understand how much better it is to have Him with us in trouble, even as the Refiner and the Chastener, than to possess without Him the abundance of all things.

Such, then, are some of our many sources of Comfort : an earnest belief in the power of prayer ; the vision of the blessed future ; the sympathy of Christ.

I trust that no word in this volume will be found to minister to those self-delusions which poison the very springs of spiritual life ; or to encourage any to listen to the cry of ' Peace ! Peace ! when there is no peace.' Yet it may be well to suggest here, at the very outset, that these Voices of Comfort can safely minister consolation only to those who are real and in earnest. The standard of the Christian life must not be lowered because we would fain lift up those that are down. We must ever keep in mind, which we may do without discouragement, what the character of that vocation is, ' wherewith we are called.' We of Christ's family are to be ' built up a spiritual house, a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, accept-

able to God by Jesus Christ.' In the purposes of God concerning us, we are 'a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people, that we should shew forth the praises of Him who hath called us out of darkness into His marvellous light.' Let us think on this, and let us remember that if Christ's severity is tender, so is His tenderness severe. We must, first of all, accept the injunction to 'gird up the loins of our mind, and be sober;' and then, we may 'hope to the end.'

T. V. FOSBERY.

HILLSIDE, BRACKNELL, BERKS.
July 18th, 1873.

I have here to acknowledge, which I do gratefully, the kind permission granted me to insert in this volume many of the poems and prose pieces which it contains. I desire to thank especially the Archbishop of Dublin; the Bishop of Winchester; the Dean of Westminster; George MacDonald, Esq.; Miss C. Rossetti; Robert Browning, Esq.; the Rev. J. S. Monsell; J. Walter, Esq., M.P.; Miss Caroline Noel; Mrs. Toke; 'B. M.' (the author of the beautiful volume entitled 'Ezekiel and other Poems'); Canon Bright, whose valuable translation of Ancient Collects has here been freely

used ; and the author, and also the publishers (Messrs. James Parker & Co.) of 'The Inner Life ; Hymns on the Imitation of Christ by Thomas à Kempis.' There are others who have helped me anonymously, to whom I am not less obliged, and some few, whose writings seem to have become so much the common property of the Church of Christ, that I have not sought, as perhaps I should have done, definite permission for their use.

There are here many extracts from sermons, lectures, essays, and the like, which, though not, I trust, rudely torn from their context, are yet, by the necessities of such a compilation, and to serve a special purpose, dissociated from it. If sometimes the order, harmony, and fair proportions of the originals be thus at all impaired, the authors will, I earnestly hope, forgive this, for the sake of the purpose to which they are here applied. The thoughts of each writer have been honestly preserved ; the poems are faithfully reproduced from the originals ; while in the prose pieces a word or two here and there has been altered, supplied, or omitted, as occasion required.

The very touching little poem at page 80 came to me so circuitously, that I was long unable to trace it to its source. It seems to include, in the briefest space, the whole story of a life which

was to have been devoted to a conflict with the *external* 'evil that is in the world.' Its failure and its success are both indicated in words that no reader can easily forget. The writer was Miss Frances Ryder, of Richmond, in Yorkshire, afterwards Mrs. Stobart ; she wrote under the signature 'D. Richmond.' The lines are from a little poem called 'The Old Legend,' which appeared in the *Monthly Packet* some years since. Vol. xxii. page 558.

The lines at page 323 have a very special interest apart from their own solemn beauty. He who translated them was destined to meet death in that very chill and darkness of which they almost prophetically speak. He was the eldest son of John Walter, Esq., M.P., of Bearwood, in Berkshire. After travels which had extended round the world, he rejoined his family, two days before Christmas 1870, and perished, alas ! on the Christmas Eve, in a noble effort to save the lives of others, struggling amongst the broken ice of the lake in his father's park. That the prayer which those lines contain was answered to him in largest measure, those who best knew what he was, and how he lived, and in Whom he trusted, are the most fully, yet the most humbly assured.

I obtained permission, at first not without diffi-

culty, to say that the initials M. E. T., which occur frequently here, belonged to one in whose kind unselfish heart the idea of such a volume as this first originated. In this second edition, I am permitted to give the name of M. E. Townsend in full. During hours of sickness and weariness, many things, to use her own expression, 'came to her,' in her readings, which she was induced to transcribe, hoping to make them in some way useful to others also. When her manuscript, containing also, as it did, thoughts of her own, and translations by her from the French and the German, was shown to me, I undertook to choose from it such things as might best contribute to the comfort of troubled and afflicted hearts, and these now form important portions of this Volume.

It is from such beginnings that the book has grown, under my hand, to its present dimensions. Its preparation has afforded me many happy hours of employment, when otherwise an enforced abstinence from parochial labours would have pressed somewhat heavily upon me.

The Volume is so divided as to afford readings for a month, should any desire thus to employ it. The key-note, so to speak, for each day is given in the title prefixed to it. Each begins with selections from Holy Scripture; not merely

isolated texts, but connected passages for devotional study. These are followed by one or more articles in prose, which are succeeded by short prayers. After these come poems; and then very brief passages in prose or verse close the section.

Many compilations of a somewhat similar character to this already exist; which seem chiefly intended, however, to meet cases either of physical suffering or of bereavement; while this book, without neglecting such, is meant also to minister specially to 'the hidden griefs and sorrows of the soul, as they are silently weaving their dark threads into the web of the seemingly brightest life.'

T. V. F.

FIRST DAY.

The Cup of Suffering.

AND he came out, and went, as he was wont, to the mount of Olives ; and his disciples also followed him. And when he was at the place, he said unto them, Pray that ye enter not into temptation. And he was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down, and prayed, saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done. And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him. And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground. And when he rose up from prayer, and was come to his disciples, he found them sleeping for sorrow, and said unto them, Why sleep ye? Rise, and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.

St. Luke xxii. 39-46.

Then came to him the mother of Zebedee's children with her sons, worshipping him, and desiring a certain thing of him. And he said unto her, What wilt thou? She saith

unto him, Grant that these my two sons may sit, the one on thy right hand, and the other on the left, in thy kingdom. But Jesus answered and said, Ye know not what ye ask. Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with? They say unto him, We are able. And he saith unto them, Ye shall drink indeed of my cup, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with: but to sit on my right hand, and on my left, is not mine to give, but it shall be given to them for whom it is prepared of my Father.

St. Matt. xx. 20-23.

Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you. But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy.

1 St. Peter iv. 12-13.

The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God. And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together. For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us. For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope. Because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children

of God. For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the first fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body. And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.

Rom. viii. 16-23, 28



M. E. TOWNSEND.

AS in the Holy Eucharist—the blessed Sacrament of Love—Christ does truly bestow Himself upon His chosen ones ; so also in the cup of suffering He gives Himself, though after another manner, to those who will receive Him. In that bitter chalice, held out to them day by day and hour by hour, by the same loving hand, is mingled in some mysterious and ineffable manner the living presence of the Crucified ; and day by day as they drink of it they become more and more united to Him ; they dwell in Him, and He in them, through the grace of this perpetual communion. Yes, and to those who thus stretch out their hands and drink willingly of this cup, it becomes in very deed and truth a Eucharist—a sacrifice of praise ;—they learn to love the bitter draught by reason of the exceeding sweetness which is mixed therewith ; they dread lest it should be changed for the sparkling cup of worldly

pleasures and fleeting joys which the tempter would hold out to lure them from their Lord ; they pray that they may rather abide for ever beneath the shadow of their Saviour's cross, than turn back to that which they know can never satisfy their longing souls.

They can trust Him now, though once they shrank from His cup in fear ; and He who, in the garden of His agony, did, Himself, for one moment shrink from His Father's cup, does not chide His trembling children for the fainting of heart which He Himself has known, but rather with gentle hand He leads them on, whispering day by day in softest accents to their souls, 'Follow thou Me.'

He, the Lord of all, in that His hour of agony, had the ministry of an angel to strengthen the weakness of His human soul ; but they—His chosen ones—have Himself ; united to them for evermore in sacramental union ; closer to them in that mysterious nearness, than He was to the sufferers upon earth when He walked among them and 'bare their sicknesses.'

And now they can trust Him quite ; with their yearning throbbing hearts, which still would often sink without His abiding presence,—with their earthly love and their earthly joy,—with the unfulfilled desires which have crushed them to the dust, and which they have vainly tried to crush in return,—with the vague dreams and unaccomplished purposes of a life which would fain have spent itself for Him,—with the weariness and pain, *or the fretting cares* of every day as it comes,—with all

these, and more than these,—yes, even with the fear of the dark valley, and the horror of the shadow of death, they can trust Him now.



A LITANY.

M. E. TOWNSEND.

O LORD JESUS CHRIST, who for our sakes didst endure Thine agony in the garden,
Have mercy upon me.

O Lord Jesus Christ, whose soul in that hour was exceeding sorrowful even unto death,
Have compassion upon me, when oppressed with the dread of coming grief.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who didst pray that Thy Father's cup might pass from Thee,
Strengthen me when I shrink from the fellowship of Thy sufferings.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who didst bow in holy submission to Thy Father's will,
Teach me to say, 'Thy will be done.'

O Lord Jesus Christ, who didst deign to ask the sympathy of Thy chosen Three,
Watch with me, I beseech Thee, through the darkness of this world

O Lord Jesus Christ, who wast strengthened by the ministry of an angel,
Let Thy holy angels minister unto me.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who wast forsaken by Thy disciples in Thine utmost need,

Draw near to me, I beseech Thee, in the loneliness of sorrow.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who on the Hill of Calvary didst faint beneath the weight of Thy cross,

Help me when my burden seems greater than I can bear.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who didst meekly receive the revilings of Thine enemies,

Teach me cheerfully to bear the injuries of men.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who for one moment didst endure the hiding of Thy Father's face,

Teach me humbly to bow beneath the chastisements of God.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who even in the hour of death didst take thought for Thy desolate mother, and speak peace to the penitent on the cross,

Grant me grace to forget my own sufferings in loving care for others.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who after the sorrows of Thine earthly life didst rest Thy sacred body for three days in the tomb,

Grant me, I beseech Thee, to rest in Thee here, and with Thee hereafter ; for Thy merits and mercies' sake, who now livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Spirit, one God, world without end. Amen.

B. M.

'Behold, bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord, which by night stand in the house of the Lord.'

. Lo ! a band of pale
Yet joyful priests do minister around
The altar, where the lights are burning low,
In the breathless night. Each grave brow wears the
crown
Of sorrow, and each heart is kept awake
By its own restless pain; for these are they
To whom the night-watch is appointed. See !
They lift their hands, and bless God in the Night !
Whilst we are sleeping, those to whom the King
Has measured out a cup of sorrow, sweet
With His dear love, yet very hard to drink,
Are waking in His temple; and the eyes
That cannot sleep for sorrow or for pain
Are lifted up to heaven ; and sweet low songs,
Broken by patient tears, arise to God.
Bless ye the Lord, ye servants of the Lord,
Which stand by night within His holy place
To give him worship ! ye are priests to Him,
And minister around the altar, pale
Yet joyful in the night.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

THESE thorns are sharp, yet I can tread on them,
This cup is loathsome, yet He makes it sweet,
My face is steadfast toward Jerusalem,
My heart remembers it.

I lift the hanging hands, the feeble knees,
I, precious more than seven times molten gold,—
Until the day when from His store-houses,
God shall bring new and old ;

Beauty for ashes, oil of joy for grief,
Garment of praise for spirit of heaviness.
Although to-day I fade as doth a leaf,
I languish and grow less,

Although to-day I walk in tedious ways,
To-day His staff is turned into a rod,
Yet will I wait for Him the appointed days,
And stay upon my God.



‘THROUGH Gethsemane to Heaven,
By Mount Olivet to the Throne,
By suffering to glory.’

SECOND DAY.

The Life of Peace.

*IN that day shall this song be sung in the land of Judah ;
We have a strong city ; salvation will God appoint
for walls and bulwarks. Open ye the gates, that the
righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in.
Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed
on thee : because he trusteth in thee. Trust ye in the
Lord for ever : for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting
strength : Lord, thou wilt ordain peace for us : for thou
also hast wrought all our works in us.*

Is. xxvi. 1-4, 12.

*And when Jesus was entered into a ship, his disciples
followed him. And, behold, there arose a great tempest in
the sea, insomuch that the ship was covered with the
waves : but he was asleep. And his disciples came to him,
and awoke him, saying, Lord, save us : we perish. And
he saith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little
faith ? Then he arose, and rebuked the winds and the
sea ; and there was a great calm.*

St. Matt. viii. 23-27.

And when even was come, the ship was in the midst of the sea, and he alone on the land. And he saw them toiling in rowing; for the wind was contrary unto them: and about the fourth watch of the night he cometh unto them, walking upon the sea, and would have passed by them. But when they saw him walking upon the sea, they supposed it had been a spirit, and cried out: For they all saw him, and were troubled. And immediately he talked with them, and saith unto them, Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid. And he went up unto them into the ship; and the wind ceased.

St. Mark vi. 47-51.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

St. John xiv. 27.

These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.

St. John xvi.^a 33.



T. V. FOSBERY.

PEACE is promised to those whose hearts are stayed on God. 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.' What then is the nature of this possession so wonderfully bestowed and preserved to us by God himself?—Peace is that

settled calm happiness which is more quiet and lasting than joy—more noble and worthy than pleasure. Pleasure may make us for a time forget pain, and a passing joy may take for a moment the place of a passing sorrow, but peace is deeper than these. Search the heart in which true peace dwells, and you will find it reaching down to the centre of life itself; pleasure, pain, joy, sorrow, may come and go, but peace abides through all.

It is remarkable that in the books and in the talk of the men of this world you rarely find the word peace. They seem to have found the thing itself beyond their reach; the life of peace appears to them an impossible condition here. You sometimes hear them speak of a tranquil life, but that only means a freedom from external disturbances. Now, the peaceful life of a faithful Christian is not one always of outward quietness. It may be one of constant busy employment; we have each of us our work to do, and much of this work may be fatiguing, troublesome, full of interruptions, distasteful in itself; and so we may lead anything but what the world means by a tranquil life, and yet it may be *full* of peace.

‘There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of th’ everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.’

When our Lord said, 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you,' he added, 'Not as the world giveth, give I unto you.' And indeed the peace of His bestowing is mysterious as the Giver. He who might have exempted the lot of the righteous from all suffering and sorrow has not done so. 'Many are the afflictions of the righteous.' Take such troubles as sore sickness, or the death of those we love. The Christian soldier is no stoic—his heart is full of deepest grief by the grave of the lost ; but grief and peace may dwell together : he sees the earthly hope blighted, but he has a hope full of immortality ; he is not forbidden to grieve, but he cannot sorrow as others who have no hope. The hand of God is plain to him, directing this as all other things ; and if he has placed himself under His care he knows that it shall be well with him—his heaviness may endure for a night, yea, it may not be wholly removed through all the night of this life ; but the dawning of a better day is at hand, and joy cometh in *that* morning.

Peace then, such as God gives, is not destroyed even amidst the heaviest storms ; and see how it avails under the *common* circumstances of life ! What is it that gives real abiding cheerfulness to the day ? What is it that makes the task so easy, the labour so light ? What is it that spreads itself all around as a tranquil atmosphere, but the influence of peace ? And it has a blessed effect upon others ; there is nothing that *wins men*, nothing that sooner leads them to inquire

into the nature and power of the Gospel of Peace, than seeing peace manifested in the life, peace written on the very countenance of the holy. What good it does, too, to beginners, to those just setting out on their Christian course, when they thus learn how great a present blessing is within their own reach? And yet, as none can quite penetrate those depths of the heart where peace dwells, none can see in others a thousandth part of the blessing as it lies there ; or perceive, if they have not themselves experienced it, how truly it is called ‘the peace of God that passeth all understanding.’ Indeed, how can it be understood? Is it not a mystery to a man’s own self? In the midst of the many hopes and fears, doubts and distresses that are often in the heart, how wonderful it is that, on the whole, there is peace there—peace, like some rock that the heaving and surging waves hide for a moment from the eye, but which yet abides, fixed and unshaken for ever.



ANCIENT COLLECT.

LORD God Almighty, Christ the King of glory, who art our true Peace, and Love eternal, enlighten our souls with the brightness of Thy peace, and purify our consciences with the sweetness of Thy love, that we may with peaceful hearts wait for the Author of peace, and in the adversities of this world may ever

have Thee for our Guardian and Protector ; and so being fenced about by Thy care, may heartily give ourselves to the love of Thy peace. Amen.



ANCIENT COLLECT.

O GOD, who art the unsearchable abyss of peace, the ineffable sea of love, the fountain of blessings and the bestower of affection, who sendest peace to those that receive it ; open to us this day the sea of Thy love, and water us with plenteous streams from the riches of Thy grace, and from the sweet springs of Thy benignity. Make us children of quietness and heirs of peace. Enkindle in us the fire of Thy love ; sow in us Thy fear ; strengthen our weakness by Thy power ; bind us closely to Thee and to each other in one firm and indissoluble bond of unity. Amen.



From 'THE INNER LIFE.'

HAVE not I spoken unto thee, my child ?
How shall I bless thee more ?
Risen I speak with the same voice, as mild,
As tender as of yore,
When I called back the dead, and on the children
smiled.

Peace have I left with you, my peace have given,
Not as the world doth give,
But as cool balm upon a spirit riven,
Soft air where billows strive,
Or the blue widening gleam that parts the stormy
heaven.

Wouldst thou possess this peace ; be still, be low ;
Peace with the pure abides ;
Yea, all the humble, all the gentle, know
The shelter where she hides :
Rooted in patience, her fair buds to flowers shall
grow.

If thou wilt hear me, and wilt make thy choice
To follow where I lead,
As one who knoweth well his shepherd's voice,
And loves the sheltered mead,
Then in fair peace shall all thy heart rejoice ;

Then thou shalt find it in the meadow wide,
Where whitest flocks are fed ;
In pastures green with it shalt thou abide,
By living waters led ;
With it from noon-day heat in deepest shadows
hide.



'PEACE, BE STILL.'

T. V. FOSBERY.

AND all the Ministers of Peace were there ;
Faith, Hope, and Love, and all the starry Host
Of Angels, and the Rulers of the calm.
And all looked down, leaning o'er heavenly walls,—
The battlements of Heaven itself—to watch
One tiny skiff that tossed upon the flood
Of the great world-sea, while the mighty waves
Were gath'ring all their strength. For still the bark
Rose on each billow. Though the thundrous shock
Of warring waters filled the air with foam,
Still she was safe. And all the sacred Choir,
The throned Virtues, the great Hierarchy,
Dominions, Principalities, and Powers,
Still gazed and wondered ; till an Angel turn'd
And looking up, behind him saw the Form
High above all, of One with piercéd Hand,
The King of all these Princes, and their Lord.
That Hand was outstretch'd now, as once before
When ruling the tumultuous waterfloods
In Galilee ; and well the Angel knew,
And all the Powers in Heaven, and all its Host,
That neither force of wind or wave, nor strength
Of adverse spirit could prevail to drown
The little Bark o'er which That Hand was held.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

LET our love be firm, constant, and inseparable ; not coming and returning like the tide, but descending like a never-failing river, ever running into the ocean of divine excellency, passing on in the channels of duty and a constant obedience, and never ceasing to be what it is, till it comes to what it desires to be ; still being a river, till it be turned into sea and vastness, even the immensity of a blessed Eternity.



BROTHER LAWRENCE.

IF the vessel of our soul be tossed with winds and storms, let us awake the Lord, who reposes in it, and He will quickly calm the sea.



DANTE.

HIS will is our peace.

THIRD DAY.

Christ's Message to the Fainting Heart.

*H*AST thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of his understanding. He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.

Is. xl. 28 to end.

Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. Behold, all they that were incensed against thee shall be ashamed and confounded; they shall be as nothing; and they that strive with thee shall perish. Thou shalt seek them, and shalt not find them, even them that contended

with thee: they that war against thee shall be as nothing, and as a thing of naught. For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee. Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel; I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy redeemer, the Holy one of Israel.

Is. xli. 10-15.

When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys: I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water.

Is. xli. 17-19.

And to the angel of the church in Philadelphia write; These things saith he that is holy, he that is true, he that hath the key of David, he that openeth, and no man shutteth; and shutteth, and no man openeth; I know thy works: behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it: for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name. Behold, I will make them of the synagogue of Satan, which say they are Jews, and are not, but do lie; behold, I will make them to come and worship before thy feet, and to know that I have loved thee. Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth. Behold, I come quickly: hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown. Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God,

and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God: and I will write upon him my new name.

Rev. iii. 7-13.



M. E. TOWNSEND.

THERE is something, I know not what, of peculiar tenderness that breathes through the whole of Christ's message to the Philadelphians. It is (as it were) the heritage, for all time, of those who still in every Church answer to the same character, the trembling souls, of little strength but much constancy.

'These things saith He that is holy, He that is *true*.' Only once in all the messages to the Churches (except in the case of Laodicea where it is used as a reproach) does the Blessed One speak of Himself under this aspect: '*He that is true*;' it is as though He said, 'Take courage, fainting one, tossed with many tempests, and not comforted; take courage, thou that art suffering under the desertion of the world, or the faithlessness of friends. *I am true*, thou hast been faithful to Me hitherto; thou hast kept my faith, tremblingly indeed, and with many fears, but still thou *hast* kept it; thou hast not denied my name, and I will confess thine before the angels of God. I will never fail thee; in thine hour of temptation I will be with thee; others may forget, but I shall remember thee still.'

And then comes the representation of His power, not

as in some of the other epistles, an image of terror, ('He which hath the sharp sword with two edges, who hath His eyes like unto a flame of fire'), but of love and benevolence; 'He that openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth.' Who cannot imagine the joy of some poor fugitive, when, hard pressed by his enemies, he perceives open before him a door of refuge, and, drawn within its shelter by a strong and friendly hand, sees it closed upon his pursuers, and himself safe and at rest after his breathless struggle? As such a deliverer does our Redeemer represent Himself here to the trembling soul, pursued by her enemies through a lifetime of conflict and temptation. With this powerful One on her side, with this Friend so strong and true, she can feel safe in the midst of all her fears; and though often well-nigh overwhelmed by them, there comes ever and anon a thrill of joy. 'If He be for me who can be against me? He has promised, and He is the truth; if He shutteth me in and hideth me in His tabernacle, none can draw me away; if He openeth the Golden Gate to me, the wandering one, none can shut it against me.' The soul cannot always realize this; too often she is harassed by the suggestions of the Evil One, or the remembrance of her old sins; she knows how poor are her best services, and sometimes begins to doubt if they have even been offered in sincerity; but then again the words of this message come back to her: 'I know thy works.' 'Yes, I know them far better than thou dost. I know thy struggles

and thy victories, and I know also, oh! so far more than thou dost, of the might and power of thy foes, for I have fought them all before thee; I know thy little strength and that thou hast used it well, and thy distrust of self, and the tremblings of thy heart are more acceptable to me than the pride of the self-righteous, or the assurance of the self-deceived; only go on unto the end, for the gates of Heaven stand open and I am waiting for thee in my Everlasting Home.'

But this is not all. Christ promises to His lowly follower not safety alone, but triumph. They who have harassed and hindered him in his course shall be brought 'to worship at his feet,' and to know—what?—how faithful he has been to his Lord? how much he has done for Christ? Nay, nothing of all this, but—'to know that I have loved thee;'—this is the Christian's crowning triumph,—the love of Christ,—and when the follower of the Lord is cast down with many sorrows, or laid, it may be, on the couch of weakness or the bed of pain, what sweeter music can echo in his heart than these accents from the heavenly shore, 'to know that I have loved thee;' and the soul makes humble answer, with the Apostle of old, 'Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee.'

But even this is not enough for Him 'who keeps His best till last.' 'He that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God.' As we read these words, what an image of stability and of rest rises before us; a pillar, firm and immoveable, in the everlasting

Temple. Oh ! what a contrast to the earthly state of these trembling children of God ! *Here* the tossings to and fro, the yearnings and unrest, the shadows in the sunshine, and the bitterness of joy : *there*, the rest and the security ; the unutterable peace of God ; the heavenly seal which marks them for His own ; the name of the Blessed written upon them ; a new name, the beginning and earnest of a new life. ' And they shall go no more out,' they shall dwell for ever in His Temple, in the Home of His Love ; and their joy shall be full, for they shall be with Him.



BENSON.

COMFORT, we beseech Thee, most gracious God, all that are cast down and faint of heart amidst the sorrows and difficulties of the world, and grant that by the energy of Thy Holy Spirit, they may be enabled to go on their way rejoicing, and may at length appear before Thee in the city where the vision of Thy peace is manifested ; through the same, Thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. *Amen.*



E. BICKERSTETH.

O GOD, the Father of our spirits, who never chastenest us but for our profit, help me to believe that whom Thou lovest Thou chastenest, and scourgest every son whom Thou receivest. Enable me to lift up

the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees, and in full confidence in Thy wisdom and goodness may I return unto the Lord, for He hath torn, and He will heal us ; He hath smitten, and He will bind us up.

May the gracious promises of Thy word be written in my heart, and do Thou make me so strong in faith, that they may have a sustaining, abiding, and comforting power in the midst of every trial and affliction here below. Hear me for my Redeemer's sake. Amen.



From 'THE INNER LIFE.'

O HEART that, sad and weary,
Dost count thy load too great,
Thy night too dark and dreary,
Thy way too desolate ;
Take comfort in Thy sorrow,
God sets an end to woe ;
There comes a happy morrow,
A day thy Lord doth know.

Not clear nor dark that morning,
That time not day nor night ;
Peace broods upon its dawning,
Secure and infinite.
It sees no cloud o'er casting
Its sunshine evermore ;
No tears, no pain, no fasting,
The vigil eve is o'er.

For shame thou shalt have double,
For one deep sob of woe,
One moment sore of trouble.
Eternal bliss shalt know.
There endless is thy pleasure,
There countless is thy gain,
Past all degree and measure,
Reward shall comfort pain.

No more with grief and sighing
Thou drawest painful breath ;
There shall be no more crying,
There shall be no more death.
Such festival is holden
Where all God's saints shall be,
Where seers and prophets olden,
Shall keep the feast with thee.



CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

WATCH with me, Jesus, in my loneliness,
Though others say me nay, yet say Thou yes ;
Though others pass me by, stop Thou to bless.



ST. AUGUSTINE.

TAKE my heart, for I cannot give it Thee :
Keep it, for I cannot keep it for Thee.

FOURTH DAY.

The Hour of Temptation.

AND immediately the spirit driveth him into the wilderness. And he was there in the wilderness forty days, tempted of Satan; and was with the wild beasts; and the angels ministered unto him.

St. Mark i. 12-13.

Wherefore in all things it behoved him to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted.

Heb. ii. 17-18.

Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.

1 Cor. x. 12-13.

My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; Knowing this, that the trying of your faith

worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing. Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him. Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God: for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man: But every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed. Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin: and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.

St James i. 2-4, 12-15.

Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour: Whom resist steadfast in the faith, knowing that the same afflictions are accomplished in your brethren that are in the world. But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you.

1 St. Peter v. 8-10.

To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne.

Rev. iii. 21.



ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

IN the hour of temptation 'be vigilant.' This watchfulness, joined with sobriety, extends to all the estate and ways of a Christian, being surrounded with hazards

and snares. 'He that despiseth his way shall die,' says Solomon. We think not on it, but there are snares laid for us in every path we walk in, and in every step we take ; in our meat and drink ; in our calling and labour ; in our house at home ; in our journeying abroad ; yea, even in God's house, and in our spiritual exercises, both there and in private. And meantime our 'adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour.' An alarm to watchfulness is here given, from the watchfulness of our grand adversary. Observe here his strength, his diligence, and his cruelty. His strength, a lion ; his diligence, going about and seeking ; his cruelty, roaring and seeking to devour.

Is it not most reasonable hence to press watchfulness ? to keep continual watch to see what comes in, and what goes out ; to try what is under every offer of the world ; every motion of our own natural hearts ; whether there be not some treachery, some secret intelligence or not ? Especially after a time of some special seasons of grace, and some special new supplies of grace received in such seasons (as after the holy sacrament), thou wilt be set on most eagerly when he knows of the richest booty. The pirates that let the ships pass as they go by empty, watch them well when they return richly laden ; so doth this great pirate. Did he not assault our Saviour straight after His baptism ?

And that we may watch, it concerns us to be sober. *The instruction is military ; a drunken soldier is not fit*

to be on the watch. This most of us are, drunken with our several fancies and vanities, and so exposed to this adversary. And when we have gained some advantage in a conflict, or when the enemy seems to retire and be gone, yet, even then, are we to be watchful, yea, then especially. How many, presuming on false safeties that way, and sitting down to carouse, or lying down to sleep, have been re-assaulted and cut off! 'Invadunt urbem somno vinoque sepultam.' Oh, beware when you think yourselves most safe! That very thought makes you least safe. Be like Gideon's army, fit to follow God and to be victorious in Him, not lying down to drink, but taking of it only, as for necessity, in passing. Take our Saviour's own word, 'Take heed lest at any time your hearts be surcharged with surfeitings and drunkenness, and the cares of this life.' These will overcharge you, and make you drunk, and cast you asleep. Oh, mind your work and your warfare always, more than your ease and pleasure! Seek them not here; your rest is not here. Oh, poor short rest, if it were! But follow the Lord Jesus through conflicts and sufferings. A little while, and you shall have certain victory, and after it everlasting triumph.

Meantime stand watching; and if you be assaulted resist. And this resistance should be continued even against multiplied assaults; for thou hast to deal with an enemy that will not easily give over, but will try several ways, and will redouble his onsets, sometimes very frequent, to weary thee out, sometimes after a little

forbearance interposed, to catch thee unawares when he is not expected. But in all, faint not, but be steadfast in thy resistance. This is easily said, say you, but how may it be? How shall I be able so to do? Thus: 'Steadfast in the faith.' This is absolutely necessary for resistance. A man cannot fight upon a quagmire; there is no standing out without a standing, some firm ground to tread upon, and this Faith alone furnishes. It lifts the soul up to the firm advanced ground of the promises and fastens it there; and there it is sure, even 'as Mount Zion that cannot be removed.' It is not said 'steadfast by your own resolutions and purposes,' but 'steadfast by faith.' The power of God thus becomes ours; for that is contained and engaged in the word of promise. Faith lays hold there, and there finds almighty strength. 'And this is our victory,' says the Apostle St. John, 'whereby we overcome the world, even our Faith.'

Even so Faith is our victory whereby we overcome the prince of this world. Faith sets the stronger Lion of the tribe of Judah against this roaring lion of the bottomless pit; that delivering Lion against this devouring lion. When the soul is surrounded with enemies on all hands, so that there is no way of escape, Faith flies above them, and carries up the soul to take refuge in Christ, and is there safe. That is the power of Faith; it sets a soul in Christ, and there it looks down upon all temptations as waves at the bottom of the rock, breaking themselves into foam. When the floods of

temptation rise and gather, so great and so many that the soul is even ready to be swallowed up, then it says, 'Lord Jesus, Thou art my strength, I look to Thee for deliverance, now appear for my help!' And thus it overcomes. The guilt of sin is answered by His blood, the power of sin is conquered by His Spirit; and afflictions that arise are nothing compared to these; His love and gracious presence make them sweet and easy.

Although, then, thou seest thyself the most witless and weak, and findest thyself nothing but a prey to the powers of darkness, yet know, that by believing, the wisdom and strength of Christ are thine. Thou art, and oughtest to find thyself, all weakness, but He is all strength, almightiness itself. Learn to apply this victory, and so it is thine. 'Be strong'—how? 'in Him and the power of His might.' But thou wilt say, I am often foiled, yea, I cannot find that I prevail at all against mine enemies, but they still against me. Yet rely on Him; He can turn the chase in an instant. Still cleave to Him. When the whole powers of thy soul are, as it were, scattered and routed, rally them by believing. Draw thou but in to the standard of Jesus Christ, and the day shall be thine; for victory follows that standard, and cannot be severed from it. Yea, though thou find the smart of divers strokes, yet, think that often a wounded soldier hath won the day. Believe, and it shall be so with thee. And remember that thy defeats, through the wisdom and love of thy God, may be ordered to advance the victory; to put

courage and holy anger into thee against thine enemies ; to humble thee, and drive thee from thine own imagined strength, to make use of His real strength. And be not hasty ; think not at the very first to conquer. Many a hard conflict must thou resolve upon, and often shalt thou be brought very low, almost to a desperate point, to thy sense past recovery ; then it is His time to step in, even in the midst of their prevailing. ' Let God ' but ' arise and His enemies shall be scattered.' Thus the Church hath found it in her greatest extremities, and thus likewise the believing soul.



LITANY FOR THE HOUR OF TEMPTATION.

M. E. TOWNSEND.

O LORD JESU, Son of God, who didst Thyself
suffer being tempted,
Succour us in our temptations.

O Jesu, Son of Man, who wast in all points tempted
like as we are, yet without sin,
Keep us from sin.

O Jesu, very God and very man, who wast led up by
the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the
Devil,

*Grant us by the same Spirit to be strengthened
evermore against the assaults of Satan.*

O Jesu, Virgin-born, who didst fast forty days and
forty nights in the desert,

*Teach us to mortify the flesh with the affections and
lusts.*

O Jesu, Holy One of God, thrice triumphant in Thy
conflict with the Enemy of our souls,

*Teach us to withstand the allurements of the world,
the flesh, and the devil.*

O Jesu, Saviour of the world, who didst deign to
accept the ministry of an angel in thy last agonizing
strife,

Let Thy holy angels minister unto us

O Jesu, gracious Mediator, who didst pray for Thine
Apostle that his faith might not fail,

Intercede for us also with the Father.

O Jesu, Captain of our Salvation, made perfect
through sufferings,

Lead us on unto perfection.

O Jesu, loving Lord, who art touched with the
feeling of our infirmities,

Hear us from Thy heavenly throne.

O Son of David, have mercy upon us.

O Christ, hear us.

Lord have mercy upon us.

Christ have mercy upon us.

Lord have mercy upon us.

God the Father bless us, God the Son defend us,
God the Holy Ghost sanctify us, now and evermore.
Amen.

E. BRINE, *from the 'LYRA ANGLICANA.'*

FAR in the glory of the sunset clouds
Angels methinks are there ;
But most where hearts, lone hearts, pale grief enshrouds,
They stand, with radiant hair,

In solemn beauty ; and in strength and power,
Comes the soul's guardian from his home afar,
To stand beside us in temptation's hour,
Pure as a glittering star.

Swift from the golden gates they come and go,
And glad fulfil their Master's high behest,
Bringing celestial balms for human woe,
Blessing, and being blessed.

The tempter hath his legions ; earth is trod
By their hard feet imprinting sin and care ;
And shall not they, the pure white souls of God,
Lift their high influence where

A soul is wrestling ? See Gethsemane :
Ev'n to our Christ the holy angels came ;
They waited on Him in His agony,
Shrouding in wings of flame.

And have we not sore need the faith to hold
Of the surrounding of the angel bands ;
'Mid all earth's dust to trace their steps of gold,
And feel the uplifting hands ?

To feel them near in hours of toil and weeping,
With reverence hail each soul's celestial guest ;
Till they shall come, the final harvest reaping,
To fold us into rest.



J. S. B. MONSELL.

SINFUL, sighing to be blest,
Bound, and longing to be free ;
Weary, waiting for my rest,
' God be merciful to me !'

Holiness ! I've none to plead,
Sinfulness, in all, I see ;
I can only bring my need,
' God be merciful to me !'

Broken heart, and downcast eyes,
Dare not lift themselves to Thee ;
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs,
' God be merciful to me !'

From this sinful heart of mine,
To Thy bosom I would flee ;
I am not mine own, but thine,
' God be merciful to me !'

There is One beside Thy throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in Him, and Him alone,
' God be merciful to me !'

He my cause will undertake,
My interpreter will be ;
He's my all—and for His sake
‘ God be merciful to me !’



HOWELS.

SIN possesses the power of concealing both its own deformity and its danger. There is indeed this awful peculiarity in sin, that in proportion as men become familiar with it, they become ignorant of its real character.

FIFTH DAY.

The Sympathy of the Lord Jesus.

IN all their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them: in his love and in his pity he redeemed them, and he bare them and carried them all the days of old.

Is. lxiii. 9.

When the evening was come, they brought unto him many that were possessed with devils: and he cast out the spirits with his word, and healed all that were sick: That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses.

St. Matt. viii. 16-18.

Now when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow: and much people of the city was with her. And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not. And he came and touched the bier: and they that bare him stood still. And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise.

St. Luke vii. 12-14.

Now Jesus was not yet come into the town, but was in that place where Martha met him. The Jews then which were with her in the house, and comforted her, when they saw Mary, that she rose up hastily and went out, followed her, saying, She goeth unto the grave to weep there. Then when Mary was come where Jesus was, and saw him, she fell down at his feet, saying unto him, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. When Jesus therefore saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, he groaned in the spirit, and was troubled, and said, Where have ye laid him? They said unto him, Lord, come and see. Jesus wept.

St. John xi. 30-35.

For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.

Heb. iv. 15.



BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

IN no other spirit than that of humble, thoughtful faith can we receive the great truth, that He who was, from all eternity, the only Son of God, God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God, did indeed so perfectly take our nature, that whilst He ceased not to be God, He became man as truly as we are. Fathom *its* wonders we cannot. Neither man nor angel can

reach down into its depths, yet to every faithful soul it is full of all comfort. If we, like Mary, simply receive it on the word of God, and then, like her, make it our own by secret meditation, 'keeping all these things, and pondering them in our hearts,' what a light beams out from them on its inner darkness! He has become man, and as man He has suffered for us—He who was God, and as God had that to pay which we had forfeited, and could not pay. Here is the only foundation of real peace for every heart which knows its own deep capacities of joy, and its yet deeper need of purification and atonement. He has suffered, and therefore I am free. His humanity is my very ransom; it stands between me and my sin—between my sin and the just wrath of a holy God.

Again, in this, to every faithful soul, is the best assurance of the infinite compassion of the Lord. He who stooped so low to save us, when we knew Him not, will not, cannot leave us to perish when we seek His mercy.

Here, again, is that which assures us of our Saviour's sympathy amidst all the trials and harassing perplexities of life. From the everlasting Son of the eternal Father, clothed in majesty, robed in light unapproachable, creating the universe, ruling over the hosts of heaven, we seem too infinitely distant to count on sympathy: but on the Virgin-born, on the Son of David, on the Man of Sorrows, on the human nature of our Lord, our wounded souls can rest their anguish, our tempted souls

can stay their weakness; for He too was perfected through suffering; yea, He can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, having been in all points 'tempted like as we are.'

And, once more, here is that which gives its reality to the life of redeemed men; here is that which fills and glorifies every earthly relation—that Christ, the true Man, Himself partook of them; that He took on Him, and surrounded Himself with, the bonds of family life; that He, with whom all was reality, was what we are now; that in Him, therefore, and through Him, that life, which without Him was an empty and deceiving shadow, grows into a great reality; that in becoming the Virgin's Son, in bearing our very nature, He hath for every faithful man for ever raised and glorified his new and ransomed life in all its parts and accidents. For He has showed us that we may, as men, and in the things of men, truly serve the Lord our God. So that all things are now full of Him. Domestic blessings, family affections, and the joys of the home-stead,—these are now holy things; for they are seen in Him who knew not sin. The joys of earthly friendship and its tears,—in these our Master went before us; in them God may be honoured. In doing good to men, in fulfilling worthily our part in this world, we may, through His grace, be doing that which Jesus did. So that life has again become a great reality to those who trust in Him. For this is the true character of our redeemed life—the bringing into every part of it the

blessed presence of a reconciled Father. It is not to consist in a sour refusal of the blessings which He gives us—in wearing a sad and solemn countenance when His earth is rejoicing round us ; it is not to be shown by our putting on the garb of an unnatural and unkindly separation from our fellows ; but in receiving all from Him, as our justification, our peace, our righteousness ; and then going forth to serve Him simply in our daily tasks, to delight in Him with renewed health, to honour Him with grateful thoughts, and to see His perpetual presence in everything around us.

Here then is a store of purifying, cheering thoughts for those who ‘keep all these things and ponder them in their hearts.’ These are blessed truths, which speculation and the bold ventures of the intellect are sure to miss ; but which, of God’s great mercy, steal gently down, in holy musings, upon teachable and quiet spirits.



M. E. TOWNSEND.

THOUGH the history of our divine Lord’s life on earth is chiefly taken up with the details of His public ministry,—though He is most often presented to our view as the great Teacher and Healer of man, while His own inner and individual human existence (if we may so speak) seems hidden from our gaze,—yet, ever and anon, as we meditate more and more on the

holy Gospels, the veil is lifted which shrouds the mystery of His daily life, and there shine out from beneath it those tender sympathies, those touching incidents and lowly details of a human and suffering life, which 'draw us with the cords of a man, with the bands of love' to Him who has borne our nature even to the heavenly throne.

We can picture Him as a traveller, weary and foot-sore, resting on the well-side at Samaria, while His disciples sought refreshment for Him in the city. We hear Him saying that He 'has not where to lay His head,' and imagination turns to the scene on the Lake of Tiberias, the frail boat tossing on the troubled waves, while *He* is 'asleep on a pillow;' brief rest, so soon to be broken by the clamours of the faithless crew!

We see Him watching through many a lonely vigil, while the cold night winds are lamenting amongst the hills of Galilee. We read that when the haughty rulers of the Pharisees 'went every man to his own house,' every man to his comforts, his luxuries, and his pride, 'Jesus went unto the Mount of Olives,' to that mount, His only home at Jerusalem, where He spent so many nights in prayer, where 'His feet' so often stood, while yet the grey light of dawn was breaking on the shades of the dusky olives; where they 'shall stand' once more at the dawn of the eternal day, when the shadows shall have fled for evermore.

Whether, during the course of His suffering life on *earth*, our Divine Lord ever endured the trials of sick-

ness, has not been given to us to know ; but this we do know, that in some mysterious manner, by the intensity of His most loving sympathy, He became not merely the Healer, but the Partaker of all our bodily ills, otherwise those touching words had never echoed through the ages from inspired lips, 'Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses.' And we know, too, that He bare them through life, unto *death* ; that on the altar of His cross were rehearsed and concentrated (as it were) all and each of the sufferings of mankind ; we know that every one of them has been sanctified by Him in the slow and dragging hours of His agony ; that the throbbing heart and the aching brow, the parched mouth and failing eyes, the weary limbs, 'the torn and shivering nerves,' the burning thirst and the sinking of the whole soul in the anguish of sharpest torture,—that all these, not singly, but simultaneously, were once His portion.

We know that He lays on us no burden which He has not borne before ; He does not even tell us, as earthly friends would sometimes do, that pain is not wearisome, and that sorrow is not sad ; ah no ! He knows their bitterness too well for that. In the storehouse of His loving heart He treasures still the memories of earth, of His sorrows and of His pains ; they have lost now their sharpness and their sting ; the crown of thorns has budded (as Aaron's rod of old) into tender blossoms of everlasting light ; but He bears in His hands and in His side the tokens of His love unto

death, the marks of 'the wounds wherewith He was wounded in the house of His friends;' and of us, His ransomed ones, His friends, He only asks that what He bore for us we would bear in our turn for Him (a light cross, indeed, compared with His heavy one, and yet He knows that *we* could bear no more),—He only asks us to rest on Him when our hearts are failing us for fear; only to remember Him in His agony, and never to forget Him in our joy; to be partakers of His sufferings and His sympathy here, till the burden of our cross shall be changed into the 'exceeding and eternal weight of glory,' which we shall bear, by the help of His love, for ever in heaven.



Translated from the French by M. E. TOWNSEND.

OH most blessed Jesus! perfect God and perfect man, who didst take upon Thee our flesh that Thou mightest unite it to Thy Godhead, let this Thy double nature be to us the pledge of a double mercy. As God, do Thou forget our transgressions; as Man, do Thou remember our sorrows. As God, do Thou draw us and lift us up more and more unto Thee; as Man, do Thou return to guide us through the rugged paths which Thou Thyself hast trod in the days of Thine earthly exile. Be with us each moment, in our sorrow *and our joy*. Oh Jesu, Divine Master, be merciful unto

our sins. Oh Jesu, gracious Friend, sympathize with us in our infirmities. For Thine own name's sake. Amen.



From 'HYMNS ANCIENT AND MODERN.'

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?

'Come to Me,' saith One, 'and coming,
Be at rest.'

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?

'In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.'

Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?

'Yea, a crown, of very surety,
But of thorns.'

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?

'Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.'

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?

'Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past.'

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay ?
'Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away.'

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless ?
'Saints, Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs,
Answer, Yes !'

Amen.



From 'THE INNER LIFE.'

THERE is a secret place of rest
God's saints alone may know ;
Thou shalt not find it east nor west,
Though seeking to and fro.
A cell where Jesus is the door,
His love the only key :
Who enter will go out no more,
But there with Jesus be.

If thou hadst dwelt within that place,
Then would thine heart the while,
In vision of the Saviour's face,
Forget all other smile ;
Forget the charm earth's waters had,
If once thy foot had trod
Beside the river that makes glad
The city of our God.

If once such joy had filled thine heart,
Earth's hatred, or earth's scorn,
Would seem but as a moment's smart,
Forgot as soon as borne.
Nay, thou in pain, or shame, or loss,
Christ's fellowship would see,
And with thine heart embrace the cross
On which He hung for thee.

Wouldst count it blest to live, to die,
Where He is all in all ;
Where rapt, earth unperceived goes by,
And from ourselves we fall.
Till, from His secret place below,
To mansions fair above,
He leads thee, there to make thee know
The perfect joys of love.



T. V. FOSBERY.

THE sympathy of the Son of Man is many times a hidden sympathy. Whenever, as regards ourselves, it is so veiled that the eye of faith can hardly discern it, then we must think upon the outward expressions of it given while He was here, as pledges to us of its unfailing continuance. Those human tears, shed on the Mount of Olives and at the grave in Bethany, declare the heart of Him who changes not. And so

His people recognise in Him the one satisfying portion of the suffering and sorrowful ; as knowing perfectly, understanding completely, entering into the mystery of each trouble, anxiety, and care, more fully than we ourselves can do ; so experienced in human affliction, that He can bring with Him, when He comes to our side, the memory of a thousand varied griefs wherewith He was Himself exercised ; and so filled with tender, soothing, discriminating love, that to those who thus receive Him, sorrow loses its sting and pain its bitterness.

SIXTH DAY.

The Power of the Cross of Christ.

AS Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved. . . . The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hand. He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.

St. John iii. 14-17, 35-36

All things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's.

1 Cor. iii. 22-23.

Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the gospel: not with wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ should

be made of none effect. For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God. For it is written, I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and will bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent. Where is the wise? where is the scribe? where is the disputer of this world? hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world? For after that in the wisdom of God the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. For the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom. But we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumblingblock, and unto the Greeks foolishness: but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God. Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men. For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called. But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence. But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption: that, according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.

Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ; and to make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ.

Eph. iii. 8, 9.



ARCHER BUTLER.

GOD gives us Christ, and in Him he gives us all things. Christ cannot be ours and any grace be absent; this King cannot enthrone Himself in our spirit and not bring with Him His whole retinue of blessings. Blessings may—they *must* arise in succession, to creatures that live in successive time; but the first instant that Christ is ours, the *seed* of every blessing is ours; a life of sanctification is hidden in that moment—nay, a long perspective of infinite glory is there; death is conquered, Satan chained, and Heaven won; for He who accomplished all these things ‘is made unto us righteousness and sanctification and redemption.’ The gift is ours, let it expand as it will in our heart and life; Christ is here, and He who is ‘the Son over His own house’ will take care to rule it in wisdom. In having Him we have pardon, in having Him we have holiness, in having Him we have Heaven itself—‘raised up together, and made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.’

All this is mysterious indeed : who is he that will believe God to be made one with man, and yet have the union wrought without mystery? Children of the living God, ye walk in mystery. Your spiritual birth is a mystery, your fellowship with Christ is a mystery, your daily graces are a mystery, your triumphant death is a mystery, your resurrection to glory will be but the consummation of mystery. Mystery there must be wherever an infinite Creator and His finite creature embrace ; and it is therefore your glory that you are thus robed and shrouded in mystery. Trust no one who would draw you forth from it ; it is the awful shadow which eternity casts across time. Believe no one who would give you a religion without much and solemn mystery ; and above all, when you think of God in Christ, of what He has done, and what He still does, and what He will do, be well assured that in all His dealings there must be much you can never expect to fathom, before which, therefore, you can but bow, in prostrate humility of adoration, knowing—simply knowing—that all He wills to do He can do, such is His power ; and that all He can rightly do He will, such is His love.

These things are ‘known in part,’ and therefore we can of them but ‘prophesy in part.’ But we all know what ought to be the practical working of such a faith. He is all things to us, that we may be in all things His. He is to us ‘righteousness,’ that we may rejoice in His pardon with a joy of the Holy Ghost. *He is to us* ‘sanctification,’ that we may bear the fruits of

His indwelling Spirit. He is to us 'redemption,' that we may walk in white as being 'worthy,'—worthy to 'follow Him whithersoever He goeth' hereafter in glory, as now following Him whithersoever He goeth in sadness and suffering. Go forth then, ye ransomed ones, and remember that you bear through the world the image and superscription of Christ Jesus; in whatever company of men you stand, forget not that His signature is upon you; and when men, thoughtless and ungodly, would win you from His service, tell them that there is One in heaven with whom you are one, that you live as members of His spiritual frame, incorporated into Him, in and by Him righteous, sanctified, and redeemed; and that being thus not your own but His, you are resolved, whatever the dreaming world may say, in Him to live that in Him you may die; in Him to die that in Him you may live for ever.



W. HOWELS.

THE perfections of Deity resolve themselves, in the sympathies of the Saviour's Humanity, into all their essential beauties. Expose a prism to the sun, and you immediately see the sun resolving all his glories into the native beauties of light. The Sun of Righteousness, in the sufferings of humanity, resolves all the glories of Deity into the beauties and excellencies of Him

who is Light Inaccessible. The perfections of Deity concentrating in the faculties of the Saviour, pour forth all their refluxing streams in the graces of His Humanity. God, as God, is incomprehensible to finite being. The naked eye could never have discovered the beauties of light by looking upon the sun itself. But by an intervening medium we become fully acquainted with both. We behold 'the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.'

.

To the family of Noah, after the flood, the gathering of a cloud would be a fearful sight; charged with the thunder, the tempest, and the rain, it would seem prepared again with all the elements of destruction for a guilty world. But God, when He gave the promise that He would not again bring a flood on the earth, established a token of His covenant by fixing His bow on these very elements of vengeance. By His ordinance, the elements of vengeance themselves must refract and reflect the glories of the sun; they are made to divide the prismatic colours of light, and exhibit them in their distinct and native beauty. On Calvary the bow in all its splendour is set upon the blackest cloud. The elements which burst in all their fury on the head of the Messiah, exhibit to the eye of faith the bow of the divine perfections meeting and harmonizing for the salvation of guilty man. There mercy and truth have met together, righteousness and peace have kissed *each other.*



A LITANY.

M. E. TOWNSEND.

O GOD, the Father of Heaven ; O God, the Son,
Redeemer of the world ; O God, the Holy
Ghost, the Comforter ; O holy, blessed, and glorious
Trinity,

Have mercy upon us.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who for us didst endure a life of
suffering upon earth,

*Give us grace to take up our cross and follow
Thee.*

O Lord Jesus Christ, who wast lifted up from the
earth that Thou mightest draw all men unto Thee,

Draw us also unto Thyself.

By all the sufferings of Thine early years, Thy fasting
and temptation, Thy homeless wanderings, Thy lonely
vigils on the Mount ; by the weariness and painfulness
of Thy ministry among men,

Good Lord, deliver us.

By Thine unknown sorrows, by the mysterious burden
of the spiritual cross, by Thine agony and bloody sweat,

Good Lord, deliver us.

By Thy cross which Thou didst bear to Calvary, by
Thy most precious death and passion, by the cleansing
power of Thy blood, shed for sinners,

Good Lord, deliver us.

We sinners do beseech 'Thee to hear us, that being
'dead unto sin, we may live unto righteousness ;'

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

That we may be ready 'to endure hardness as good soldiers of the cross of Christ ;'

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

That forsaking the world, we may live only unto Thee ;

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

That we may be ready to give up all earthly blessings at Thy call ;

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

That our hearts may be wholly Thine in prosperity as in adversity ;

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation ; But deliver us from evil. Amen.



CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

I BORE with thee long weary days and nights,
Through many pangs of heart, through many tears ;
I bore with thee, thy hardness, coldness, slights,
For three-and-thirty years.

Who else had dared for thee what I have dared ?

I plunged the depth most deep from bliss above ;
I not My flesh, I not My spirit spared,
Give thou Me love for love.

For thee I thirsted in the daily drouth,
For thee I trembled in the nightly frost :
Much sweeter thou than honey to My mouth,
Why wilt thou still be lost ?

I bore thee on My shoulders and rejoiced ;
Men only marked upon My shoulders borne
The branding cross ; and shouted, hungry-voiced,
Or wagged their heads in scorn.

Thee did nails grave upon My hands, thy name
Did thorns for frontlets stamp between Mine eyes ;
I, Holy One, put on thy guilt and shame,
I, God, Priest, Sacrifice.

A thief upon My right hand and My left ;
Six hours alone, athirst, in misery ;
At length, in death, one smote My heart, and cleft
A hiding-place for thee.

Nailed to the racking cross, than bed of down
More dear, whereon to stretch Myself and sleep ;
So did I win a kingdom,—share My crown ;
A harvest,—come and reap.



SKEFFINGTON.

THE spectacle of a suffering Redeemer is more potent
over the hearts of men than that of the greatest
conqueror or the wisest philosopher. At the foot of the

cross, and there alone, is the problem of life adequately solved. While the mightiest empires decay and perish, the kingdom of the suffering Jesus endures throughout all generations. In every age men and women bring to Him their load of sorrows, and are at peace.



I, IF I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men
unto me.

St. John xii. 32.

SEVENTH DAY.

The Burthen of Scruples.

NOW I rejoice, not that ye were made sorry, but that ye sorrowed to repentance: for ye were made sorry after a godly manner, that ye might receive damage by us in nothing. For godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of: but the sorrow of the world worketh death. For, behold, this selfsame thing, that ye sorrowed after a godly sort, what carefulness it wrought in you, yea, what clearing of yourselves, yea, what indignation, yea, what fear, yea, what vehement desire, yea, what zeal, yea, what revenge!

2 Cor. vii. 9-11.

Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord: . . . That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death; if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead. Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect; but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Phil. iii. 8-14.

Be careful for nothing ; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

Phil. iv. 6, 7.

Casting all your care upon Him ; for He careth for you. Be sober, be vigilant ; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.

1 St. Peter v. 7, 8.



ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

THE children of God, if they rightly take their Father's mind, are always disburdened of perplexing carefulness, but never exempted from diligent watchfulness. Thus we find here, they are allowed, yea, enjoined, to cast all their care upon their wise and loving Father, and are secured by His care. He takes it well that they lay all over on Him. He hath provided a sweet quiet life for them, could they improve and use it ; a calm and firm condition in all the storms and troubles that are about them ; however things go, to find content and *be careful for nothing*.

Now, upon this, a carnal heart would imagine straight, according to its sense and inclination,—as it desires to have it,—that then, a man devolving his care on God, may give up all watch and ward, *and needs not apply himself to any kind of duty*.

But this is the ignorant and perverse mistake, the reasonless reasoning of the flesh. You see these are joined, not only as agreeable, but indeed inseparable : *Cast all your care on Him, for He careth for you*, and, withal, *Be sober, be vigilant*.

Cast your care on Him, not that you may be the more free to take your own pleasure and slothful ease, but, on the contrary, that you may be the more active and apt to watch : being freed from the burden of vexing carefulness, which would press and encumber you, you are the more active, as one eased of a load, to walk, and work, and watch as becomes a Christian. And for this very purpose is that burden taken off from you, that you may be more able and disposed for every duty that is laid upon you. Observe these two as connected, and thence gather, *First*, There is no right believing without diligence and watchfulness joined with it. *Secondly*, There is no right diligence without believing. There is, as in other affairs, so even in spiritual things, an anxious perplexing care, which is a distemper and disturbance to the soul : it seems to have a heat of zeal and affection in it, but is, indeed, not the natural right heat that is healthful and enables for action, but a diseased, or feverish heat, that puts all out of frame, and unfits for duty. It seems to stir and further, but indeed it hinders, and does not hasten us, but so as to make us stumble ; as if there was one behind a man, driving and thrusting him forward, and not suffering him to set and order his steps in his course ; this were the ready way, instead of

advancing him, to weary him, and possibly give him a fall. Such is the distrustful care that many have in their spiritual course; they raise a hundred questions about the way of their performances, and their acceptance, and their estate, and the issue of their endeavours. Indeed, we *should* endeavour to do all by our rule, and to walk exactly, and examine our ways, especially in holy things, to seek some insight and faculty in their performance, suiting their nature and end, and His greatness and purity whom we worship. This should be minded diligently, and yet calmly and composedly, for diffident doubtings do retard and disorder all. But quiet stayedness of heart on God, dependence on Him, in His strength for performance, and His free love in Christ for acceptance, this makes the work go kindly and sweetly on, makes it pleasing to God and refreshing to thy soul.

Certainly thou art a vexation to thyself, and displease thy Lord, when thou art questioning whether thou shalt go on or not, from finding in thy service so much deadness and hardness, thinking, therefore, that it were as good to do nothing, that thou dost but dishonour Him in all. Now, thou considerest not, that in these very thoughts thou dost more wrong and dishonour Him than in thy worst services, for thou callest in question His lenity and goodness, takest Him for a rigorous exacter, yea, representest Him to thyself as a hard master, who is the most gentle and gracious of all masters. Do not *use Him so*. Indeed, thou oughtest to *take heed to thy*

foot, to see how thy heart is affected in His worship. Keep and watch it as thou canst ; but in doing so, or in endeavouring to do, however thou find it, do not think He will use rigours with thee : but the more thou observest thine own miscarriages towards Him, the less severely will He observe them. To think otherwise, to fret and repine that thy heart is not to His mind, not indeed to thine own, to go on in a discontented impatience, this is certainly not the commanded watchfulness, but that forbidden carefulness.



COLLECT.

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

GOD! who didst teach the hearts of Thy faithful people by the sending to them the light of Thy Holy Spirit ; grant us by the same Spirit to have a right judgment in all things, and evermore to rejoice in Thy holy comfort. Through the merits of Christ Jesus our Saviour, who liveth and reigneth with Thee, in the unity of the same Spirit, one God, world without end. Amen.



COLLECT.

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, who art always more ready to hear than we to pray, and art wont to give more than either we desire or deserve ; pour

down upon us the abundance of Thy mercy ; forgiving us those things whereof our conscience is afraid, and giving us those good things which we are not worthy to ask, but through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord. Amen.



KEBLE.

THOU smil'st on us in wrath, and we
E'en in remorse would smile on Thee ;
The tears that bathe our offer'd hearts,
We would not have them stained and dim,
But dropped from wings of seraphim,
All glowing with the light accepted love imparts

Time's waters will not ebb, nor stay,
Power cannot change them, but love may.
What cannot be, love counts it done,
Deep in the heart, her searching view
Can read where faith is fixed and true,
Through shades of setting life can see Heaven's work
begun.

O Thou, who keepst the key of love,
Open Thy fount, eternal Dove,
And overflow this heart of mine,
Enlarging as it fills with Thee,
Till in one blaze of charity
Care and remorse are lost, like motes in light divine.

Till as each moment wafts us higher,
By every gush of pure desire,
And high-breath'd hope of joys above,
By every secret sigh we heave,
Whole years of folly we outlive,
In His unerring sight, who measures Life by Love.



I. WILLIAMS.

WHEN conscience grieves for what is past,
May I on Thee my burden cast,
Resolved in Thee to do my best,
Resigned to leave the rest
With Thee, and so contented be,
With what Thou thinkest best for me.

Resolved that I my part fulfil
In what I know to be Thy will ;
Resigned, in that I will rejoice
Which is in Thy dear choice ;
If Thou wilt only in Thy love
Prepare me for Thy house above.



IN quietness and in confidence shall be thy strength.

Isaiah xxx. 13.

EIGHTH DAY.

The Good Fight.

FINALLY, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God: praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints; and for me, that utterance may be given

unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the gospel.

Eph. vi. 10-19

Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses. I give thee charge in the sight of God, who quickeneth all things, and before Christ Jesus, who before Pontius Pilate witnessed a good confession; that thou keep this commandment without spot, unrebukeable, until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ: which in his times he shall shew, who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords; Who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man hath seen, nor can see: to whom be honour and power everlasting. Amen.

1 Tim. vi. 12-16.

For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.

2 Tim. iv. 6-8.



BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

STANDING fast in the Lord! What words for us to use—for us failing, restless, capricious creatures. And yet there is a truth in these words. There is,

blessed be God, even such a gift as this in heaven's treasury for every one who will indeed seek heartily to make it his own,—this gift of the grace which wins the crown, and which wafts the rescued soul into the everlasting haven.

Do we ask then what is the cause of the steadfastness of God's faithful servant? Surely there is but one cause—God's eternal love. Yes, in the unfathomable counsels of the Eternal Three, in the love of the Triune Jehovah, is the cause of the steadfastness of any of the elect. Surely the Apostle traces it to this source when he says: 'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ, according as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and blameless before Him.' Yes, in the counsels of the Almighty's mind, where there lies stretched out before the eye of the All-seeing all that shall ever be, as though already it had been—there was seen distinctly the mysterious meeting-place of each reasonable being He had created, with the Spirit that should strive with him in his day of grace; there was seen the issue of that mysterious struggle; there was known to God who would yield and who would resist His grace, and the love of the Almighty rested in the purposes of redemption upon the souls which He foreknew as the crown of His Son's glory in the salvation of the lost. Never must we lose sight of this. *Nothing* is so cramping to the mind, as; because we are

afraid of having some wretched system which we spin out for ourselves, interfered with by such mighty truths of holy writ as the absolute sovereignty of God, to throw them aside as something which we do not dare to gaze upon. Nothing is so cramping to the soul. No, let us every one trace all that is good, all that is blessed, all that is perfect, all that is holy, in every man, to God's sovereign will—to God's eternal love.

This, then, first, is the cause of the steadfastness of the saints ; and notice next the means by which God works this end within them. St. Paul tells us most distinctly what the means were in his own case. He says, 'When it pleased God . . . to reveal His Son in me.' He dwells upon this, you remember, in the narrative dictated, doubtless by himself, to St. Luke,—he repeats it to the scoffing king ; he cannot refrain from continually referring to it : 'I have seen the Lord.' Yes, the sight of that love was the means which wrought in the Apostle's mind the change which grew into steadfastness.

And now mark the course by which this was effected. The love which he saw in the face of Christ kindled his love in return. It was a marvel to him that he, the persecutor, the reviler, the blasphemer, could be loved ; yet God showed him that he was loved, and the union of these two sights wrought this change within him—he saw himself utterly defiled, and yet he saw himself, though thus defiled, beloved of Christ.

He was beginning to understand the mighty mystery that He, the fountain of love, so overflowed with love

that he could even look upon him in his sin ; for 'while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us ;' that He could look upon him in his alien state ; that He could show him that love in order to win him out of the sin which now for the first time he understood to be polluting his whole being. This kindled within him in return the dawning of love to Christ who had first loved him. For 'we love Him,' says his brother Apostle, 'because He first loved us.' And this sight bred within him also the deepest humiliation. He saw himself to be the chief of sinners. And this estimate of himself lasted all his life through. This was the first effect of that sight of love.

And then, next, it led him to a perpetual watchfulness over his lower nature, lest the actings of that lower nature should rise as a cloud between himself and that vision. It was not in the early beginning only of his following after Christ that he thus watched. Twenty-three years after his conversion he says, 'I keep under my body and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means when I have preached to others I myself should be a castaway.' Here doubtless was the secret of a life-long watchfulness. And then, closely connected with this, is another step in the same path of life. This sense of humiliation, and this ceaseless watchfulness, springing from the sight of the love of Christ, constrained him to have his own being drawn more completely up into the being of his Lord.

If you would see how this character was stamped upon his soul, remember that those words, 'That I

may know Him, and the power of His resurrection,' were written twenty-nine years after he had seen the face of the Lord on his way to Damascus. And what years had they been ! How in them had he been driven to the name of the Lord, time after time, as to his only fastness against the multitude of his enemies ; how in the dungeon, how in the shipwreck, how amongst the barbarians, how amongst the Jews, how when fightings were without, how when there were fears within, how in that depression which at times even he must have felt in such a life of suffering, and labour, and excitement ; how in the collapse of that mighty heart of his, when all things darkened around him, when nature was weak ; how, time after time, he had been driven to fly again and again to that Lord who had revealed His countenance to him in the way, and to find in Him the fresh help and renewed strength he needed ! Surely, you would say, this man, through these twenty-nine years, had grown to know his Lord thoroughly. And yet at the end of them, what does he say ? 'That I may know Him and the power of His resurrection,' as if he had never known Him ; because that knowledge, instead of satisfying, had only increased the desires of his love ; because the deeper he had let his line down, the more it had revealed to him the unfathomable depths which lay yet unreached below it ; because the more he had comprehended of the faithfulness, the tenderness, and the pity of the Lord, the more he found that it was beyond his comprehension ;

the more he experienced of the cleansing and the strength which his Lord had given him, the more he knew that he needed cleansing, needed pity ; the more he still craved for strength, the more he still longed to be wrapped in the fold of that unspeakable love which he saw hovering over him, and not yet given to him in its complete development.

These then are in themselves the component parts of that which goes to make up steadfastness in following the Lord.—And yet it was not in these, it was not in any mere habits which were forming in him, it was in none of these that his safety and steadfastness lay. All these might have failed. If his Lord had left him but for a day they might have failed, habits might have broken down, the flesh revived, the thirst slaked, the humiliation grown formal and unreal, the love to his Lord overclouded or abated ; if his Lord had left him, ay, but for a single hour. No, though these were the component parts which go to make up steadfastness, yet steadfastness was not in them ; but it was in the presence of his Lord with him, it was in the return of his Lord to him, it was in the perpetual keeping by the Lord of the soul which had been intrusted to Him, it was in the impossibility of His forgetting the redeemed lost one, whom He brooded over, as the Father of his regeneration—as the Redeemer of his lost estate.

Go with me one step farther in his life. He writes from Rome under the teaching of the Eternal Spirit, to Timothy, thirty-three years, as it would seem, from his *conversion*, one from his martyrdom, when the Spirit of

Christ had leavened that heart of his thoroughly : 'I know whom I have believed (or as the margin has it, whom I have trusted), and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day' (2 Tim. i. 12).

Mark you where his strength was. He says not merely I am strong because I have known His love ; nor merely because I have loved Him again ; not because I have learned to be watchful, nor merely because I have through His grace known something of Him ; but he says, 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.' This is his confidence, that his Lord was with him—that his Lord would keep him. Those thirty-three years vanished into a point. He saw again the face he had seen blessing him, a rescued sinner, out of the highest Heaven ; and he cast himself into that mighty, life-giving embrace, and he knew that He was able to keep that which he had committed unto Him against that day. And so, how does he go on ? 'I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight. I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of life, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give unto me.' There was his confidence. Stand with him on Pisgah's heights. See him contemplate his great inheritance. See him look into fields of Heavenly light which he himself shall inhabit, wearing the crown of life,

and evermore clinging to that personal presence of the Lord who loved him, which had been his strength, and which would be his perfect bliss. Oh how blessed ! oh how peaceful ! oh how safe an end !

Would you have it yours ? Fix your whole soul upon this great grace of steadfastness, and ask yourselves what know you of it ? There is no other way of winning it than that by which St. Paul won it. You must see Christ's love to you. You must be drawn by the sight to love Him again. You must be led to give the keeping of your soul into His faithful hands. This must be the beginning, the middle, and the end of your religion. It must be no set of words, it must be no set of doctrines, it must be no snarling defence of a particular set of statements, it must be no mere dry accuracy, though it be the most perfect accuracy of a defined creed. It must be the sight of Christ's love to you, kindling your love to Christ, and enabling you to cast yourself upon the mighty protection of that inexhaustible love. And do you say, 'How am I to gain that sight ? That is exactly what I cannot realize. I can in some degree believe, I can in some degree obey. I can in some degree, I hope, love Him, though but little and faintly, but I cannot understand that love of Christ to me. I cannot see it. I cannot enter into it. How am I to see it ?' Well, if you would see the love of Christ—in the seeing of which is salvation—beware of all that blinds the eye against it ; and there are many things *which do so*. Above all, every wilful choice of sin does

so. There is an absolute aversion of nature between the wilful sinner and Christ. While a man hugs his sin, and clings to it, he cannot comprehend the love of Christ, and therefore, first of all, beware of this. But much more than this. If you would see the love of Christ, beware of living an unguarded life. How many fail here ! Those who take an interest in religious matters come to church as a sort of make-weight, and then go forth to fling themselves freely into all sorts of dissipation, which fills them with frivolity, and weariness, and vanity, and yet who think that in Christ they shall be able to see something of the love of Christ. But they cannot see it, and never will, till they give this up, and live a life of watchfulness instead. But the ceaseless occupations of a busy life may also prevent the sight, unless you do all the acts of your daily business because God wills that you should do them, and bring the more near, the more obvious end, continually under the power of the greater, more distant, and more hardly realized end, of doing all you do for God's glory. Without this guard, any great earthly occupation clouds the eye, and so even the most blessed things in the world may do it—family affection ; the mother's daily love for her child ; the father's ceaseless anxiety about his son ; the anxieties of the man who is trusted with the concerns of others, and who is desirous of doing his duty by his client ; the work of the man who is in business, labouring for the support of his family and dependants ; all these, which are direct duties to many a Christian man, unless the

nearer ends are by perpetual prayer, by self-reflection, by acts of self-denial, by bringing the thought of God into the daily life, made subservient to the greater end, cloud over the eye ; and the sight of Christ's love, in its transforming efficacy, fades away from the blunted sense, and the man becomes wholly bound to the world.

But if you would see the love of Christ, you must guard also against the mixture of earthly elements in your religion. Numbers, as they become earnest, take up some particular view, no matter what it be, struggle, strive, contend for it; and then the love of party springs up in the heart, than which nothing more blinds the eye to the love of Christ. To such an one the vision of His love—which is to keep the soul fresh and transform it wholly—grows small compared with the gigantic proportions which the interest of party assumes, and the man who thinks himself becoming more religious than others, is losing that vision of the Lord's countenance which is the secret of keeping near the Lord. Again, there are many who say their prayers and read portions of the Bible, both of which are essential to a life of religion, but who never take time to meditate on God, on Christ, on the love of the Redeemer. The vitality which secret, still, calm meditation gives they never know; and their religion soon becomes cold and formal. They realize little of the presence of the Lord, because they see little of His love, which is the invigorating, the reviving, the renewing influence which makes communion *with Him* possible. And therefore, if you would be

steadfast in the Lord, take time for meditating on the love of Christ. Especially you may find such a time at the Holy Communion. If when you have received, and others are communicating, instead of letting your mind run as it is apt to do, random, on a thousand thoughts, you fix it on a prayer, an aspiration, a desire ; if you fix it on the thought of Christ's love to you, praying that His heavenly light may pour into your heart the brightness of its transforming influence, believe me, the Lord will help you to see it, and the sight of it will kindle again your affections in return, and give you a secret blessedness, compared with which all earthly joys are vain as the summer's dust when the wind sports idly with it.

Another rule of great moment, if you would be steadfast, is this ; when you cannot see the love of Christ, when your heart is hard, your spirit dry and dark, and you cannot meditate, though you strive, go and act upon your belief in that love without feeling it, as an act of faith go and give, go and minister to the poor, go and deny yourself, commending the act to God as if you did see the love of Christ, and did feel all that you want to feel, and then, when your action is the outcome of this cry : 'Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him,' then will the Lord, by the breath of His own life-giving Spirit, drive those clouds away, as you may have seen the clouds of the earthly sky swept from off the blue expanse, after the rain has fallen heavily, when earth and sky seemed to be welded together in one dark opaque. until the breath of heaven rises at God's will, and

sweeps the firmament, and all is brightness, and sunshine, and rejoicing, at the descent of the radiance of heaven; because the Lord hath breathed upon it, and the earth is gladdened by the returning light. Yes, act without feeling, and the Lord will give you the feeling as a reward of a faithfulness which can endure without sight. But once more, if you cannot see Christ's love, pray that you may see it. The man who goes on praying will surely have revealed to him some sight of that love; the man who wrestles through the night and says, 'I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me;' the man who will pray though he faints, praying against fainting; the man who will say, 'Show me Thy love, yea, kindle in me by the sight of Thy love, the love I cannot give Thee;' that man will be steadfast unto the end, and the Lord will not leave him; because in the darkness he confesses his Redeemer, because in the time of drought he puts his trust in Him; that presence which is round about him shall make itself known unto him, and the Lord in his hour of weakness will be his strength and reward. And believe me, this great grace is worth the winning, worth it even here. For there is no peace like that broad river of peace with which the Lord surrounds the soul that sees the love of Christ, and so learns to love Him again. Yea, and for him too there are Pisgah heights and revelations of the coming glory. For him too there are persuasions in his day of trial, that He to whom he has committed it is able to keep his soul *against that day*.

There are granted even here to the saints of God who will wait patiently upon their Lord, sights of the heavenly world, sounds of the heavenly harps, visions of that transforming countenance, the sight of which makes the perfection and bliss of heaven.



ANCIENT COLLECT.

GRANT Thy servants, O God, to be inflamed with Thy Spirit, strengthened by Thy power, illuminated by Thy splendour, filled with Thy grace, and to go forward by Thine aid. Give them, O Lord, a right faith, perfect love, true humility. Grant, O Lord, that there may be in us simple affection, brave patience, persevering obedience, perpetual peace, a pure mind, a right and clean heart, a good will, a holy conscience, spiritual compunction, ghostly strength, a life unspotted and unblameable; and after having manfully finished our course, may we be enabled happily to enter into Thy kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



COLLECT.

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

LORD, we beseech thee, grant Thy people grace to withstand the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and with pure hearts and minds to follow Thee, the only God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

AH well ! she had her will,
Though not as she decreed it. God saw best
To plant the warfare in her own poor breast ;
To make herself her hardest bitterest ill.

Hers was a battle where no mortal eye
Beamed courage, and no voice cried ' well !'
But in the view of angel companies
She rose and fell.

She seemed not great, nor good.
She stood, her little space, amid the world :
A soldier with a banner half unfurl'd,
A pure high nature half misunderstood.

She loved, yet none clung closely to her side ;
She lived, yet scarcely seemed to help a child.
Few shed a tear of sorrow when she died ;
The angels smiled.



THANKS be to God which giveth us the victory
through our Lord Jesus Christ.

1 Cor. xv. 57.

NINTH DAY.

The Burthen of the future.

AS thy days, so shall thy strength be. Deut. xxxiii. 25.

In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust: let me never be put to confusion. Deliver me in thy righteousness, and cause me to escape: incline thine ear unto me, and save me. Be thou my strong habitation, whereunto I may continually resort: thou hast given commandment to save me; for thou art my rock and my fortress. Deliver me, O my God, out of the hand of the wicked, out of the hand of the unrighteous and cruel man. For thou art my hope, O Lord God: thou art my trust from my youth. By thee have I been holden up from the womb: thou art he that took me out of my mother's bowels: my praise shall be continually of thee. I am as a wonder unto many; but thou art my strong refuge. Let my mouth be filled with thy praise and with thy honour all the day. Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth. For mine enemies speak against me; and they that lay wait for my soul take counsel together, saying, God hath forsaken him: persecute and take him; for there is none to deliver

him. O God, be not far from me: O my God, make haste for my help. Let them be confounded and consumed that are adversaries to my soul; let them be covered with reproach and dishonour that seek my hurt. But I will hope continually, and will yet praise thee more and more. My mouth shall shew forth thy righteousness and thy salvation all the day; for I know not the numbers thereof. I will go in the strength of the Lord God: I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only. O God, thou hast taught me from my youth: and hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works. Now also when I am old and grey-headed, O God, forsake me not; until I have shewed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to every one that is to come. Thy righteousness also, O God, is very high, who hast done great things: O God, who is like unto thee! Thou, which hast shewed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth. Thou shalt increase my greatness, and comfort me on every side. I will also praise thee with the psaltery, even thy truth, O my God: unto thee will I sing with the harp, O thou Holy One of Israel. My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing unto thee; and my soul, which thou hast redeemed. My tongue also shall talk of thy righteousness all the day long: for they are confounded, for they are brought unto shame, that seek my hurt.

Psalm lxxi.

Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for

your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (for after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

St. Matt. vi. 25-34.



SKEFFINGTON.

‘JESUS, knowing all things that should come upon Him, went forth, and said unto them, Whom seek ye?’ What an additional sting does this fact of His perfect foreknowledge add to the sufferings of Jesus Christ! Think for one moment of all that is involved

in it, of the almost insupportable burden of living through the scenes of His sorrowful life in anticipation. What must it have been to Him during those thirty years of toil and obscurity at Nazareth, to look forward to the three years of wandering and privation, which led only to the way of sorrows and the uplifted cross?

As He worked in the day-time in the carpenter's shop, as He passed in and out among men, as He lay down on His bed at night, His future grief must have been ever in His sight. The very hill on which Nazareth was built must have reminded Him of the day when His countrymen should rise up in wrath against Him, as He taught in the synagogue, and endeavour to cast Him down headlong. The legend which represents Him fashioning His own cross in His boyhood does but put into a poetical form the truth which underlay the whole of His human life. He lived in the future no less than in the present and the past. . . .

And if even the ordinary round of life thus became a heavy burden to Jesus, what shall we say of the inward distress which His clear insight into the future must have caused Him during the years of His ministry? Take the one fact of His foreknowledge of the treachery of Judas, what an infinite depth of suffering is involved in it! Think what an agony it must have been to the loving soul of our Lord to trace in His mind's eye the downward path of one of His chosen twelve, to watch the progress of the besetting sin, to feel in anticipation the kiss of Gethsemane. The very presence of the

traitor must have continually presented to Him a warning of His coming Passion. Again, the knowledge of the sorrow which He was bringing upon those who loved Him, must have wounded His unselfish heart with grief. He thought of His blessed mother wandering over the hill-sides of Galilee to see Him ; He looked forward and saw the day when she would stand in silent anguish beneath His cross, her soul pierced with the sword foretold by Simeon, when His loved disciples would weep and lament while the world rejoiced. It is hard to witness the anxieties and tears of friends when we unexpectedly become a source of trouble to them, but it is harder to know beforehand that we must, for the fulfilment of a great end, grieve those for whom we would even dare to die.

Once more, our Lord foresaw the ingratitude and impenitence of those for whom He lived, for whom He worked His mighty deeds. He knew that now He had come to His own, they would not receive Him ; that He would be rejected by His countrymen and even by His brethren ; misunderstood by His chosen twelve. It is sad enough for great reformers and preachers to feel at the close of their course that their mission has been unsuccessful, their labour unappreciated ; but what merely human faith and energy would be sufficient to enter upon a crusade for the cause of righteousness with the certainty of failure and disappointment in the end ?

Nor was our Lord ignorant of the distresses, inward and outward, which awaited Him in His ministry—the

homelessness, the moral loneliness, the poverty, the pressure of contempt and hatred. And yet He left home and kindred, not with the possibility, but the certainty of encountering all this. We go forth into life with our trials yet hidden in the dark future ; Jesus could take full measure of every pang of body or mind. But beyond all else the vision of the Passion must have clouded His soul with darkness that might be felt. . . . How often must our blessed Lord have lived through in anticipation the sights and scenes of His last days on earth. Was it nothing to see in full light the death-like heaviness of the garden, the bloody sweat beneath the olive trees, the desertion of His apostles ; to measure the long hours of the night of buffeting and insult, to trace beforehand the weary journeys to and fro from Caiaphas to Pilate, from Pilate to Herod, from Herod to Pilate ; to feel the sharp thorns already pressing on His brow, to hear the cries of the maddened multitude, to think of the strange torture of the nails, the tension of the limbs, the parching thirst, the mockery of man, the desertion by God, the death of shame ?

How would the thought of all these things have haunted one of us by day and night, how would it have made life itself a burden, almost an impossibility. . . . But what an entire contrast all this presents to our own case ! God, by a merciful law of His providence, has concealed from His creatures their earthly future. . . . Have you ever thanked God as you should for the veil *which He has thus placed before your eyes ?* Did we

know the future, it is doubtful whether we could sustain the burden of the present. As it is, our ignorance is our protection ; sickness may be coming upon us, but no foreknowledge of its approach blights the enjoyment of the health we now possess ; poverty may one day be our lot, but it cannot mar our present prosperity ; death may be ready to take away one who is to us as our own life, but no warning is given of its approach. . . .

You may ask, then, in what way is our Lord a pattern to us, as a fore-knowing sufferer ? Directly, indeed, He cannot be so, yet His measureless compassion in bearing His unequalled burden may suggest to us some lessons in trials which bear some far-off resemblance to His. . . . Though the future can never be to us wholly inevitable, yet it sometimes happens to us also, as we pass through life, to see before us a cross, which must, humanly speaking, be one day ours ; to be morally certain that we shall have to undergo certain trials of mind, body, or estate. In what spirit do we go forth to meet them ? It is possible to sit down with folded hands in sullen despair, to refuse to take our part in the business of life, to lose all interest in anything but ourselves and our coming woe. But this is not the spirit which was in Jesus Christ. With the Passion ever in His view, He nevertheless led a life of active love and exertion ; in His youth He worked for His daily bread, in manhood He went about doing good. He was ever thinking of others, not of Himself ; and yet He carried about with Him, as the secret under-current of His whole life, a knowledge of its inevitable close.

We must not neglect present duties in the thought of future calamities : let each day, each hour be occupied with its proper work, and you will find that you have not only the satisfaction of feeling that you have been about your Father's business, but that you have done much to lessen the load which is pressing upon your mind. . . . All this will be difficult to put into practice ; it is natural to allow the mind to brood on what is coming, to be listless and careless in work which we know must be soon relinquished ; but nothing is impossible to the soul which is united to Jesus Christ. In all your apprehensions, in all your sinkings of heart, look unto Him who, with His eye on the cross, was ever calm, active, and cheerful. God will give you strength proportioned to your day ; He will lay upon you no greater burden than He will enable you to bear. And when the hour arrives when you must go forth to encounter what you have so long dreaded, arm yourselves with the same mind : whatever be the trial, in the example of your Lord you will find support and comfort. 'When the time came that He should be received up, He stedfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem.' The apostles, St. Mark tells us, were amazed and afraid at the sight of His fixed determination.

Go forth then with boldness to suffer, as your Lord has suffered before you ; endeavour to embrace with calmness, and even with joyfulness, the pain or the sorrow which He brings you, and which is but doubled *by the lingering will, the timid withdrawal.* In no case

can the future find you wholly unarmed : we know that the way to the heavenly country is strait, the gate narrow. 'Think it not strange,' then, 'concerning the fiery trial which is to try you ; but rejoice inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings.'



M. E. TOWNSEND.

O ALMIGHTY Father, who dost mercifully veil from our sight the cares and trials of the future, teach us, we beseech Thee, to take no thought for the morrow, but to live only for each day as it comes, receiving from Thy hand, in cheerful faith, its anxieties, its sorrows, and its joys. Teach us to dread nothing but Thy displeasure, to be careful for nothing but Thy glory, to desire nothing but Thy holy will ; and if it shall please Thee to reveal to us the approach of future sorrow, grant that we may go forth to meet it with strengthened hearts, remembering the example of our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, through whom we now present our petitions. *Amen.*



ANCIENT COLLECT.

O MOST loving Father, who willest us to give thanks for all things, to dread nothing but the loss of Thee, and to cast all our cares on Thee who carest for us ; preserve us from faithless fears and worldly anxieties,

and grant that no clouds of this mortal life may hide from us the light of that love which is immortal, and which Thou hast manifested unto us in Thy Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*



T. T. LYNCH.

THE day is over,
The feverish careful day :
Can I recover
Strength that has ebbed away ?
Can even sleep such freshness give
That I again should wish to live ?

Let me lie down,
No more I seek to have
A heavenly crown :
Give me a quiet grave.
Release, and not reward, I ask,—
Too hard for me life's heavy task.

Now let me rest :—
Hushed be my striving brain,
My beating breast ;
Let me put off my pain,
And feel me sinking, sinking deep
Into an abyss of sleep.

The morrow's noise,
Its anguish, hope, and fear,

Its empty joys,
Of these I shall not hear ;
Call me no more, I cannot come ;
I'm gone to be at rest at home.

Earth undesired,
And not for heaven meet,
In one so tired,
What's left but slumber sweet ?
Beneath a grassy mound of trees
Or at the bottom of the seas ?

Yet let me have
Once in a thousand years
Thoughts in my grave ;
To know how free from fears
I sleep, and that I there shall lie
Through undisturbed eternity.

And when I wake,
Then let me hear above
The birds that make
Songs, not of human love ;
Or muffled tones my ear may reach,
Of storms that sound from beach to beach.

But hark ! what word
Breathes thro' the twilight dim ?
'Rest in the Lord,
Wait patiently for Him.

*Return, O soul, and thou shalt have
A better rest than in thy grave.'*

My God, I come ;
But I was sorely shaken ;
Art Thou my home ?
I thought I was forsaken :
I know Thou art a sweeter rest
Than earth's soft side, or ocean's breast.

Yet this my cry,
'I ask no more for heaven ;
Now let me die,
For I have vainly striven !'
I had, but for that word from Thee,
Renounced my immortality.

Now I return ;
Return, O Lord, to me—
I cannot earn
That heaven I'll ask of Thee,
But with Thy peace amid the strife,
I still can live in hope of life.

The careful day,
The feverish day is over ;
Strength ebb'd away,
I lie down to recover ;
I sleep, with Him I shall be blest,
Whose word has brought my sorrows rest.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

I LOVE and love not : Lord, it breaks my heart
To love and not to love.

Thou, veiled within Thy glory, gone apart
Into Thy shrine, which is above,
Dost Thou not love me, Lord, or care
For this mine ill ?—

*' I love thee here or there,
I will accept thy broken heart ; lie still.'*

Lord, it was well with me in time gone by
That cometh not again,
When I was fresh and cheerful, who but I ?
I fresh, I cheerful : worn with pain
Now, out of sight and out of heart ;
O Lord, how long ?—

*' I watch thee as thou art,
I will accept thy fainting heart ; be strong.'*

' Lie still,' ' be strong,' to-day ; but, Lord, to-morrow,
What of to-morrow, Lord ?
Shall there be rest from toil, be truce from sorrow,
Be living green upon the sward
Now but a barren grave to me,
Be joy for sorrow ?—

*' Did I not die for thee ?
Do not I live for thee ? leave Me to-morrow.'*

BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

THERE is a blessed peace in looking for nothing but our daily task, and our portion of Christ's cross, between this day and the appointed time when we shall fall asleep in Him.



R. CECIL.

LORD, let me have anything but Thy frown, and anything with Thy smile.

TENTH DAY.

The Bitterness of Joy.

I SAID in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure: and, behold, this also is vanity. I said of laughter, It is mad: and of mirth, What doeth it? I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine, yet acquainting mine heart with wisdom; and to lay hold on folly, till I might see what was that good for the sons of men, which they should do under the heaven all the days of their life. I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards: I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits: I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees: I got me servants and maidens, and had servants born in my house; also I had great possessions of great and small cattle above all that were in Jerusalem before me: I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces: I gat me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments,

and that of all sorts. So I was great, and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem: also my wisdom remained with me. And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them, I withheld not my heart from any joy; for my heart rejoiced in all my labour: and this was my portion of all my labour. Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun.

Eccles. ii. 1-11.

Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth: and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind. But be ye glad and rejoice for ever in that which I create: for, behold, I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy. And I will rejoice in Jerusalem, and joy in my people: and the voice of weeping shall be no more heard in her, nor the voice of crying. There shall be no more thence an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days: for the child shall die an hundred years old; but the sinner being an hundred years old shall be accursed. And they shall build houses, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them. They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat: for as the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands. They shall not labour in vain, nor bring forth for trouble; for they are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them. And it shall come

to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear. The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock: and dust shall be the serpent's meat. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord.

Isaiah lxx. 17 to end.



BALDWIN BROWN.

IT is hard in this world not to dread meetings because of partings; greetings because of farewells. The purest joys are dashed by the foretaste of sorrow, the closest and dearest bonds have no assurance against the rude violence of death. And it is well. We would not live always; we would not take our fill of joy in such a world as this. Our hope stretches into brighter and more blessed regions, where those who meet have met for ever; where those who love need no dark warnings, lest love should grow idolatrous, and write its epitaph:—for those who meet, meet before the face of God, and those who love, love in Him. Our highest fellowships here are a portion of God's fellowship; we must love that which is of Him in our dear ones, if we would not love to our loss.

But our friendships as well as ourselves must 'wander.' 'By the way of the wilderness' they too are led to their glorious rest. Happy if they early drop their complaints and lusts as they travel, and stand pure and earnest, loyal and submissive, before the river which guards the

orders of the celestial land. Oh ! the bliss of the long-tried friendships and loves that shall reach it, the way-worn comrades that shall renew their pledges on the farther side of the river of death. Not a pang, not a parting, not a self-sacrifice, but shall then be fondly remembered ; 'acts and sufferings which could not be spoken of here,—too sacred, too solemn,—will reveal there their depths of love. On earth love must go cross-bearing like Him from whose essential being it springs. Many an agony of suffering, known only to Christ, it must endure. But it shall be known then ; the thorn scars shall glow with lustre, and be the gems in the crown of life. Bear bravely, silently, the strain of unselfish, self-sacrificing, ministering tenderness ; it is making love immortal, it is making the bliss of Heaven intense and complete.

I think too of long sundered ones, whose love cannot forget ; who have laid up its hope in trust with Christ, and shall find it again on the eternal shore. Mothers who in their death-agony have committed their orphans with sublime confidence to the Father of the Fatherless, and will claim them at His hand in their glorious forms on high. . . . There are long life agonies too which make no moan on earth ; hearts breaking for years in unlovely or hateful bonds of fellowship, from which there is no extrication, whose only utterance is through weary and wasted features, and eyes dim with ceaseless tears ; or, it may be in those nobler ministrings to *misery* which the stricken only can yield. For such,

heaven has compensations which shall explain and justify even sorrow like theirs. There are kindred spirits in those heavenly mansions ready to receive them to an immortal fellowship, and make them rich in the bliss of communion and love through eternity. He who for one dread moment was alone on earth, as even the loneliest among us has never been, is there the centre of all observation, and the object of all adoration and love. Perhaps the loneliest here are training to be the centre of spheres of attraction, of homes of love, in the many mansions of the Father's kingdom on high.



BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

O GOD, who hast prepared for them that love Thee, such good things as pass man's understanding; pour into our hearts such love towards Thee, that we loving Thee above all things may obtain Thy promises, which exceed all that we can desire, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



M. E. TOWNSEND.

WE wait for happiness through days and nights
Of waking dreams, sweet hopes, and trembling
fears ;
The vision floats before us evermore,
And still within our yearning hearts we cry,
Some day ! some day !

We wait for grief through years of brightest joy,
Of hopes fulfilled beyond our highest hope ;
While still a shadow haunts our inmost hearts,
And voices seem to whisper low and sad

Some day ! some day !

We wait for heaven's joy through sun and shade,
Chequering with ceaseless change our earthly path ;
By all, however pure, unsatisfied,
These trembling souls of ours are echoing still

Some day ! some day !

Some day the love which is too much to bear
On earth, and oftentimes would fail and sink
Beneath its own sweet weight, both sweet and sad,
Shall lose itself in that Eternal Love,
Where only human hearts may find their home,

Some day ! some day !



G. MACDONALD.

AND weep not, though the beautiful decay
Within thy heart, as daily in thine eyes ;
Thy heart must have its autumn, its pale skies,
Leading, mayhap, to winter's dim dismay.
Yet doubt not. Beauty doth not pass away ;
Her form departs not, though her body dies ;
Secure beneath the earth the snowdrop lies,
Waiting the spring's young resurrection day,

Through the kind nurture of the winter cold.
Nor seek thou by vain effort to revive
The summer time, when roses were alive ;
Do thou thy work—be willing to be old :
Thy sorrow is the husk that doth infold
A gorgeous June, for which thou need'st not strive.



NATH. HAWTHORNE.

THERE is something more awful in happiness than
in sorrow, the latter being earthly and finite, the
former composed of the substance and texture of
Eternity, so that spirits still embodied may well tremble
at it.



ELEVENTH DAY.

The Burthen of Daily Life.

AS for me, I will call upon God; and the Lord shall save me. Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud: and he shall hear my voice. He hath delivered my soul in peace from the battle that was against me: for there were many with me. God shall hear, and afflict them, even he that abideth of old. Because they have no changes, therefore they fear not God. He hath put forth his hands against such as be at peace with him: he hath broken his covenant. The words of his mouth were smother than butter, but war was in his heart: his words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords. Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee: he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.

Ps. lv. 16-22.

Be merciful unto me, O God: for man would swallow me up; he fighting daily oppresseth me. Mine enemies would daily swallow me up: for they be many that fight against me, O thou most High. What time I am afraid,

I will trust in thee. In God I will praise his word, in God I have put my trust; I will not fear what flesh can do unto me. Every day they wrest my words: all their thoughts are against me for evil. They gather themselves together, they hide themselves, they mark my steps, when they wait for my soul. Shall they escape by iniquity? in thine anger cast down the people, O God. Thou tellest my wanderings: put thou my tears into thy bottle: are they not in thy book? When I cry unto thee, then shall mine enemies turn back: this I know; for God is for me. In God will I praise his word: in the Lord will I praise his word. In God have I put my trust: I will not be afraid what man can do unto me.

Ps. lvi. 1-11.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they

shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away For we know in part, and we prophesy in part But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

1 Cor. xiii.



T. T. CARTER.

THE outward circumstances in which we are placed have their own special office as a means of spiritual chastening. We are girt about with innumerable influences from which we cannot escape, which act upon us unceasingly from hour to hour. Let us consider only the influence, whether for good or for evil, which is exercised upon us by our daily intercourse with our fellow-creatures. By an irresistible law of our nature, we act upon each other's inner life with a continual force, as the pulses of the air act upon the bodily frame. If our natures moved wholly according to the will of God, this law of mutual contact and influence would be a source of perpetual bliss, but the fall has caused that close fellowship, that keen sensibility,

which were to have been the rich enhancement of every pure joy, to be the occasions of a searching discipline, and oftentimes the aggravations of suffering, in proportion to the prevalence of sin, and the multiform workings of our common infirmity. And thus the whole order of the world, because of its manifold imperfections, is become a means of spiritual discipline. The anxieties and weariness of our daily work, the faults of our daily companions, disappointments and oppositions even in our schemes of benevolence, the pressure of responsibility, the failure of sympathy where we had surely looked to find it, the passing away of fond dreams and imaginings, the defects clinging to objects of fondest love or most ardent admiration,—these, and other like manifestations, universally accompanying our disordered and imperfect state, have their office in the providence of God to chasten us, by as certain a law as that which determines His more direct judgments. It is long before we understand that evils arising from no fault of our own, that the sins and infirmities of other men, are part of God's appointed discipline, intended to act as a special chastening for the attainment or higher forms of sanctity. We readily perceive that it is a righteous thing to suffer the consequences of our own faults, and to be patient under our own infirmity. We are large in our expectations that others should bear with us, and are provoked if they fail in consideration for our imperfections. We are angry if they are imperfect, indignant if they do not sympathize with us

even in our most trifling annoyances. We can discern in them the least fault, and count it a sufficient justification of such irritableness or complaint. But we are slow to apprehend that these 'pricks in our eyes and thorns in our sides' are God's own instruments, fraught with unspeakable virtue, if we use them aright, for the attainment of great spiritual improvement, through the constant patient self-discipline which their endurance requires; even as they are the occasions and provocatives of unceasing sin, if we refuse to bear with others as we need to be borne with ourselves. All external circumstances, whether direct from God or indirect through man, whether from open enemies or dearest friends, whether intended or simply casual, through wilful sin or unavoidable infirmity, are component parts of that furnace through which our nature is passing, and in which, if at all, our sanctification is to be attained. The scene of our abode, the companions of our ordinary course, the incidental details of our day's employment, the chance tenor of our leisure hour, even the most passing interruption, the merest accident, equally as the most settled purpose, together form the complex web of a system of discipline by which God, Who rules and shapes them to His own ends, is searching us through and through, constraining us, if we follow His call, to surrender our will to be formed in all things according to His own most perfect will.

The Son of Man 'was in all points tempted like as we are.' These lesser forms of temptation were among

the sufferings which He bore ; and He 'learned obedience by the things which He suffered.' Can we expect that the very laws of sanctification to which He subjected Himself can be changed in our case ?—that we can be spared the light yoke of the daily cross, when He has laid on Himself alone the heavier burden, sparing us where the temptation rises above that which we are able to bear ?

* * * * *

To follow Christ does not of necessity involve anything new or unwonted ; to be perfect in Him does not always need change. To 'abide in the same calling wherein we are called ;' to strive each day to do the wonted service more perfectly ; to infuse and maintain in every detail a purer motive ; to master each impulse, and bring each thought under a holier discipline ; to be blameless in word ; to sacrifice self, as an habitual law, in each sudden call to action ; to take more and more secretly the lowest place ; to move amid constant distractions, and above them, undisturbedly ; to be content to do nothing that attracts notice, but to do it always for the greater glory of God ; to let each day pass seemingly as though it were lost, bearing no manifest fruit, nothing eventful, only the monotony of the 'trivial round,' to be ever growing in watchfulness and care, faithfully bearing the secret unknown burden of this undistinguished destiny, drawing every impulse and wish more and more into union with the unseen but ever present God, such a course of necessity is the

general lot, and is the preparation of the greater proportion of the 'cloud of witnesses,' daily forming around the glorious place of His Majesty, who is ever more and more 'glorified in His saints.' To seek with a single eye to discern what is God's will for one's-self through the outward circumstances that encompass us round about, and the secret guidings of His illuminations gradually revealing themselves more and more clearly within, is to every one the sure hope of final peace. There remains only to persevere in lowly obedience to what the conscience witnesses to be the calling wherein He looks to find us, when He cometh forth to see how His servants have occupied their talents till He come, that He may gather in His elect out of every place from the four winds; content to be only what His choice has willed us to be; rejoicing to believe that He has given us a place and a name in His book of life, and seeking in thankful co-operation with His grace thus to go on our way, 'till the end be,' that we may at last rest, and stand in our 'lot at the end of the days.'



M. C.

'**L**ORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace,' prayed patient Simeon, looking upward, with eyes bright with the vision of the new-born King.

'But he (Elijah) went a day's journey into the wilder-

ness and came and sat down under a juniper tree, and requested for himself that he might die, and said, It is enough now, O Lord, take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers.'

The first of these petitions was the joyous outburst of a well-nigh satisfied soul, whose conflict was nearly ended, and who already heard the first shout of victory : the other was the wail of the weary prophet when life's battle seemed too hard for him.

It is well for us that Simeon's is not the only prayer for death recorded in Holy Scripture ; for, though many admire his patient beautiful character, few can enter into his feelings. But who amongst us has not, in times of depression, felt an echo in his own soul of Elijah's cry, ' O Lord, take away my life.'

I think it was no one great trouble, but rather an accumulation of small trials and discomforts, that made the prophet break down so utterly. It is true that Jezebel had threatened his life, but that was no new thing to him. Physical causes seem to have had much to do with his state at this time. He had left his faithful ministering servant behind him, and had been journeying all day under a hot sun across a sandy desert. And now, towards evening, weary, hungry, thirsty, he threw himself down under a juniper tree. What wonder that his spirit was cast down within him ; what wonder that he took a gloomy view of his spiritual progress, and felt that, notwithstanding all God's revelations to him, he was no better than his fathers.

Was the Lord angry with His child because, being thus wearied out, his spiritual life seemed ebbing away? He spake no word of anger. The prophet was weary, and so God gave His beloved sleep; he was hungry, and so bread was provided for him; he was thirsty, and so a cruse of water was placed at his head. Thus, without chiding, his Heavenly Father supplied his wants, and thereupon Elijah rose up in fresh strength to do his Master's work.

Are you lying footsore and weary under your juniper tree, feeling as if God were dealing hardly with you? Do you find the daily cares and worries and perplexities of life almost more than you can bear? Take courage! Our God is a 'God that changeth not. As He gave rest to the weary prophet, so, if you bring your troubles to Him, you shall find rest for your soul. Your hungering heart will meet its satisfying portion in His love, and your thirsty spirit will drink of the fountain of life, and so be satisfied, and thus you also shall be strengthened, and go on your way rejoicing, willing to do the Master's work in the Master's way.



M. E. TOWNSEND.

O MERCIFUL Saviour, Thou didst gently draw near to Thy sorrowing disciples as they walked to Emmaus, and though at first their eyes were holden that they should not know Thee, Thou didst yet comfort their hearts by the revelation of Thyself.

Blessed Lord and Master, at Thy feet we kneel, beseeching Thee that Thou wouldest also draw near unto us in our daily walk and conversation, that Thou wouldest abide with us in our earthly homes, glorifying them with the light of Thy heavenly love, and transforming each common meal and every homely duty into a sacrament of Thy presence. We pray Thee to be ever at our side, as we walk and are sad ; we ask Thee for Thy help and guidance in the fretting cares, the disappointments, the weariness of our daily lives ; we beseech Thee to hide us by Thine own presence from the provoking of all men, to keep us in Thy peace even 'amid the strife of tongues,' and to give us that charity which 'endureth all things,' even unto the end.

O Lord, grant that we who know Thee now by faith may hereafter be satisfied with the full vision of Thyself in the holy city, the New Jerusalem above, where, amidst 'the general assembly and church of the first-born,' Thou shalt speak once more those blessed words of welcome to Thy chosen ones, 'Peace be unto you.'
Amen.



A. L. WARING.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see,

But I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching, wise
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes ;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know ;
I would be treated like a child
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate ;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee,
And careful less to serve Thee much,
Than to please Thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path
Which call for patient care ;
There is a cross in every lot,
And a need for earnest prayer ;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me,
For my secret heart is taught the truth
Which makes Thy people free ;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.



From the 'LYRA ANGLICANA.'

O H, weary in the morning,
When soft the dewdrops fall,
And weary at the noontide,
When God's sun shines on all ;

And weary at the nightfall,
When, each day's labour o'er,
I count my misspent moments
As lost for evermore.

Oh, weary of the turmoil,
The striving, and the care,
And weary of the burthen
Which we of earth must bear ;
Oh, weary of vain longings,
And weary with vain fears,
And wearier with heart-sorrows
Than with the weight of years.

Yet like a ray of sunlight,
The Word shines through the gloom,
And after winter's darkness
Comes spring in fresher bloom ;
And after vainly searching,
We find a resting meet ;
For rest, and hope, and glory
Are found at Jesus' feet.

God never sends a sorrow
Without the healing balm,
And bids us fight no battles
But for the victor's palm.
Yet we by earth's mist blinded,
Knew not His holy will,
Till o'er the troubled waters
His voice said, ' Peace, be still !'

We will go forth and conquer,
Depending on His grace ;
The lowliest station near Him
Must be an honoured place !
And after battle, victory ;
And after victory, rest—
Like the beloved apostle,
Upon the Master's breast !



E. M. SEWELL.

UNLOVING words are meant to make us gentle,
and delays teach patience, and care teaches
faith, and press of business makes us look out for
minutes to give to God, and disappointment is a
special messenger to summon our thoughts to heaven.

TWELFTH DAY.

Sickness.

NOW a certain man was sick, named Lazarus, of Bethany, the town of Mary and her sister Martha. (It was that Mary which anointed the Lord with ointment, and wiped his feet with her hair, whose brother Lazarus was sick.) Therefore his sisters sent unto him, saying, Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick. When Jesus heard that, he said, This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby. Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus. When he had heard therefore that he was sick, he abode two days still in the same place where he was. Then after that saith he to his disciples, Let us go into Judea again. His disciples say unto him, Master, the Jews of late sought to stone thee; and goest thou thither again? Jesus answered, Are there not twelve hours in the day? If any man walk in the day, he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of this world. But if a man walk in the night, he stumbleth, because there

is no light in him. These things said he: and after that he saith unto them, Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go, that I may awake him out of sleep. Then said his disciples, Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well. Howbeit Jesus spake of his death: but they thought that he had spoken of taking of rest in sleep. Then said Jesus unto them plainly, Lazarus is dead. And I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe; nevertheless let us go unto him.

St. John xi. 1-15.

Then Jesus six days before the passover came to Bethany, where Lazarus was which had been dead, whom he raised from the dead. There they made him a supper; and Martha served: but Lazarus was one of them that sat at the table with him.

St. John xii. 1, 2.



M. E. TOWNSEND.

“**L**ORD, behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick.” So spake, by the mouth of a messenger, the sorrowing sisters to their Lord; not dreaming how far more *He* knew than they did, of Lazarus and his sickness; not guessing that His presence had been with him through all those weary hours of pain; that His love alone had calmed the throbbing heart and soothed the aching brow; that He Himself would bear their loved one, with strong and tender hand, through the valley of the shadow of death.

“Lord, behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick.”

So perchance may the angels who minister to us on earth address their Lord who sitteth on the throne : guessing but dimly, even amid the light of heaven, how far nearer is the Son of Man to His brethren on earth than ever they can be : not fully knowing even yet how tenderly He watches them from His heavenly home, how gently ‘He maketh all their bed in their sickness,’ how they learn to rest in Him when all other rest is as weariness both to soul and body, how He distils upon them the ineffable calm of a will in union with His will, how He bestows on them ‘the peace which passeth understanding,’ how at last ‘He giveth His beloved sleep.’

“He whom Thou lovest.”

Blessed title which all the children of God may claim, for ‘He first loved us,’ and in His exceeding mercy hath made us His own for ever, unless we fall away. Happy title which we may humbly share with Lazarus and St. John, those two whom He loved with a special sympathy on earth ; blessed beyond measure is the thought in the time of sickness and of suffering, that thus we may be spoken of in heaven.

“When He had heard therefore that he was sick, He abode two days still in the same place where He was.”

Yes, the Lord may sometimes seem to tarry, as once He tarried in that far country beyond Jordan while the anxious women watched and waited in their mountain home. Yes, for a while He may seem to hide Himself from us,—to abide still in the same place where He was ;

and that place may seem to us indeed as 'a land that is very far off.' The 'swellings of Jordan,' the dark cold waters of the river of death may rise as a barrier between us and Him. Yet, 'let us wait upon the Lord; in His word let us trust;' because He will surely come, He has received the message, He is already on His way, He has only waited (as of old at Bethabara) to prove our faith and to test our love.

"Our friend Lazarus sleepeth, but I go that I may awake him out of sleep."

'Lord, Thou comest to him whom Thou hast called friend. Dost Thou come to call back his spirit from the mysterious border land between life and death? to dispel the lethargy which broods upon his soul, and to wake it to the strife on earth once more, to suffering and to death?

'Or dost Thou come to wake him from the darkness of earth to the light of heaven?—from the dreams of this lower world to the realities of joy?—from the dim and shadowy glimpses of Thy surpassing love which here have flitted across his soul, to the full revelation of that love in all its glory, in the brightness of Thy presence, in "the sunshine of Thy smile"?

'Lord, let it be according to Thy will! On earth or in heaven, we are still with Thee.'

"Lord, if he sleep he shall do well."

If he 'sleep in Jesus' he shall do well indeed, for 'them that sleep in Jesus shall God bring with Him;' and till that day they dwell with Christ in the holy still-

ness of paradise : not in the unconsciousness of slumber, but in the consciousness of rest, in the quiet waiting time before the everlasting dawn. And in that day when the saints shall rise to be glorified in their Lord, how dim and distant will seem the sufferings of their earthly course. When Lazarus sat in the house at Bethany, sharing the humble feast with his own beloved Lord, death and the grave must have seemed but as a dream to his newly awakened soul ; and so shall it be with the faithful in the heavenly home ; ‘the former things,’ the pain, the fears, the griefs of earth ‘shall not be remembered or come into mind,’ only in their fruits shall they remain ; the love that was learnt by suffering, the trust that was taught by anxiety and fear, shall brighten and increase for ever amongst those ‘who are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb ;’ for they shall gaze in eternal adoration on their Deliverer from death,—they shall be ‘of them who sit at the table with Him,’—their ‘eyes shall see the King in His beauty, they shall behold the Land that is very far off.’



FORGIVE me, O Lord Jesus Christ, forgive me all my sins. Thou art my Lord and my God. Thou didst assume my nature that Thou mightest come nearer to me, and mightest suffer for me. Thou art *touch'd* with the feeling of my infirmities. By all that

Thou Thyself didst bear of pain and weariness, by Thy cross and passion, by Thy most precious blood-shedding, I commend myself to Thee, O Lord my God, in sickness and in health ; to be Thine for ever, to abide and rest in Thee for ever and ever. *Amen.*



HEAVENLY Father, in weakness of body and mind again I commend my sinful self into Thy hands. Pardon me all that is past ; wash me in my Redeemer's blood ; clothe me in His righteousness ; and accept me for His sake. Sanctify me wholly, and make me all Thine own, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*



LUCY FLETCHER.

GOD sends sometimes a stillness in our life,
The bivouac, the sleep,
When on the silent battle-field the strife
Is hushed in slumber deep,
When wearied hearts exhausted sink to rest,
Remembering nor the struggle nor the quest.

We know such hours, when the dim dewy night
Bids day's hot turmoil cease ;

When star by star steals noiselessly in sight,
 With silent smiles of peace ;
When we lay down our load, and half forget
The morrow comes, and we must bear it yet.

We know such hours, when after days of pain,
 And nights when sleep was not,
God gives us ease and peace and calm again,
 Till, all the past forgot,
We say, in rest and thankfulness most deep,
E'en so ' He giveth His beloved sleep.'

When some strong chain that bound us, by God's
 strength

 Is loosed or torn apart ;
Or when, beloved and longed for, come at length,
 Some friend makes glad our heart ;
We know the calm that follows on such bliss,
That looks no farther, satisfied with this.

God does not always loose the chain, nor give
 The loved ones back to us ;
Sometimes mid strife and tumult we must live,
 Learning His silence thus :
There is a rest for those who bear His will,
A peacefulness than freedom sweeter still.

He giveth rest, more perfect, pure, and true,
 While we His burthen bear ;
It springeth not from parted pain, but through
 The accepted blessing there ;

The lesson pondered o'er with thoughtful eyes,
The faith that sees in all a meaning wise.

Deep in the heart of pain God's hand hath set
A hidden rest and bliss ;
Take as His gift the pain, the gift brings yet
A truer happiness :
God's voice speaks, through it all, the high behest
That bids His people enter into rest.



From the 'LYRA GERMANICA.

L ORD, a whole long day of pain
Now at last is o'er !

Ah, how much we can sustain
I have felt once more ;
Felt how frail are all our powers,
And how weak our trust ;
If Thou help not, these dark hours
Crush us to the dust.

Could I face the coming night
If Thou wert not near ?
Nay, without Thy love and might
I must sink with fear :
Round me falls the evening gloom,
Sights and sounds all cease,
But within this narrow room
Night will bring no peace.

Other weary eyes may close,
All things seek their sleep ;
Hither comes no soft repose,
I must wake and weep.
Come then, Jesus, o'er me bend,
Give me strength to cope
With my pains, and gently send
Thoughts of peace and hope.

Draw my weary heart away
From this gloom and strife,
And these fever pains allay
With the dew of life ;
Thou canst calm the troubled mind ;
Thou its dread canst still ;
Teach me to be all resigned
To my Father's will.

Then if I must wake and weep
All the long night through,
Thou the watch with me wilt keep,
Friend and Guardian true ;
In the darkness Thou wilt speak
Lovingly with me,
Though my heart may vainly seek
Words to breathe to Thee.

Wheresoe'er my couch is made,
In Thy hands I lie ;
And to Thee alone for aid
Turns my restless eye :

Let my prayer grow weary never,
Strengthen Thou th' oppress'd,
In Thy shadow, Lord, for ever
Let me gently rest.



BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

THERE should be no greater comfort to Christian persons than to be made like unto Christ by suffering patiently adversities, troubles, and sicknesses. For He Himself went not up to joy, but first He suffered pain; He entered not into His glory before He was crucified.

THIRTEENTH DAY.

Teachings of Sickness.

THOU hast dealt well with thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word. Teach me good judgment and knowledge: for I have believed thy commandments. Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept thy word.

Psalm cxix. 65-67.

It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes. The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver. Thy hands have made me and fashioned me: give me understanding, that I may learn thy commandments. They that fear thee will be glad when they see me; because I have hoped in thy word. I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me. Let, I pray thee, thy merciful kindness be for my comfort, according to thy word unto thy servant. Let thy tender mercies come unto me, that I may live; for thy law is my delight.

Psalm cxix. 71-77.

We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour; that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man. For it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings. . . . In all things it behoved him to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted.

Heb. ii. 9, 10, . . . 17, 18.

Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered; and being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him; called of God an high priest after the order of Melchisedec.

Heb. v. 8-10.

My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him: for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? . . . Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.

Heb. xii. 5, 6, 7, . . . 11.

M. B. B.

OUR Heavenly Father is evermore teaching His children, not alone through His Word, His Church, and Sacraments, but by outward circumstances and inward experiences, by days of brightness and seasons of sorrow, bringing out from each, in turn, manifold lessons for such as with lowly watchful hearts are ever 'waiting upon God.'

But if this be so, surely He has *special* teaching for those on whom He, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to lay the cross of sorrow, sickness, or suffering. Those who have watched by the bedsides of the sick, as well as those who have had personal experience of pain and weakness, can abundantly testify to the merciful dealings of our compassionate Father at such times. His lessons to His afflicted children are varied, as are the different characters of those whom, by His loving discipline, He is chastening here, that He may fit them for those blessed mansions above, which He meanwhile is preparing for them.

Suffering, allied as it is in some mysterious way to sin, is also closely connected with the sanctification of the faithful. Christ, the true Vine, says of each living branch, 'He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.' Nor is it difficult to see how this may be, for the afflicted servant of Christ, drawn apart from the turmoil of the world, ever looking upward to his dear Lord's cross, watching His face of sorrow 'marred more than

any man's,' and bearing on His aching brow the Crown of Thorns,—such an one, while sitting in stillness at Jesus' feet, realizes more and more His love in suffering, and discovers thus the secret of bearing patiently his own little cross. And this close communion with Christ in suffering is doing for him what nothing else could have done. Out of that softened heart will spring love, sympathy, patience, hope, yea, all the blessed 'fruits of the Spirit,' until he in his little measure is like the 'Captain of our salvation,' being made 'perfect through sufferings.'

While passing by the more ordinary forms of sickness with their obvious lessons, let us dwell for a few moments on the case of the life-long sufferers—on those who perhaps from their earliest years have been chained to some couch of pain, one year following another with little variation. They know, it may be, that no earthly remedy can bring them deliverance; the most skilful physician can only suggest alleviations, affording for a time slight relief to the feeble frame, but none can heal their sore disease. Suffering behind, suffering ever before them, until they shall lay aside the burthen of the flesh, and reach the 'haven where they would be!'

Amongst such as these, God is working, oftentimes manifestly. In loneliness, in silence, during wakeful nights, through wearisome days, God is teaching them. At first they may have shrunk back, the way seemed too hard and narrow for them to tread; but His gentle

voice whispers to their sad hearts, 'Follow me,' and they follow, and He leads them on, step by step, as they are able to bear it. They may have, nay, rather, they must have, many a conflict, many a fear, many a struggle against their besetting sins and infirmities; but onward they go, winning continually, as God enables them, little victories over self and sin; while learning of Him who was 'meek and lowly of heart,' the impatient spirit gains patience, the self-willed rebellious temper is gradually overcome, until at length the blessed lesson of self-renunciation,—of lying still in God's hands, 'always committing all to Him,'—is learnt, almost perfectly, even here.

And those thus taught of God themselves, surely are meantime teaching others. 'There is no such sermon as a holy life.' They, the suffering ones, set in the hottest of the battle, the nearest to God because the lowliest, does not their influence, their example, prove many a time a blessing to all around them? Has not a visit to such as these, their quiet smile, their loving sympathy, often brought comfort and strength to those who are harassed and wearied with the cares of ordinary life? So that while they thus are unconsciously helping others, the world is constrained to take 'knowledge of them that they have been with Jesus.'

Once again. There are others, many more perhaps than we imagine, whom God is teaching, through still *more subtle suffering*. Heart sickness, soul weariness,—

He who 'bore our sicknesses and carried our sorrows,' knows as none other can know what these fiery trials are! Some secret cross, some hidden infirmity, little understood by the nearest and dearest; some haunting memory of the past, when the bright hope which gladdened all their days was suddenly extinguished, and all life henceforth was changed and darkened; or some fear of future ill overshadowing the brightest hours with gloom. Ah! for those who are passing through such deep waters as these God has lessons—He, who sits as a Refiner, watching until His image is reflected in each suffering heart, will not let them go till He has blessed them. So like, yet so unlike others, moving in and out among us, and yet in their inmost souls feeling a barrier impassable between themselves and all beside, which only He who created and redeemed them can pass over. What would God teach to such as these? Many lessons doubtless; and perhaps each heart, knowing its own bitterness and its own needs, can best answer that question. But there is one lesson which it would be well for all to consider.

We read in the vision of the beloved disciple, of a 'great multitude which no man can number,' and that these all came 'out of great tribulation.' Then, surely, in every generation, through all time, there must be scattered up and down, 'of every nation, and kindred, and tongue,' many suffering servants of God. As 'heart answereth to heart,' so the trial felt by one is oftentimes

shared by many, severed and yet united. Let each sufferer then think often of the pains and griefs of others, and give them the truest sympathy; and above all, pray continually for them. We are taught to do this day by day in our Church services; but how few really plead earnestly for others! What a happy link there might be, if, while imploring for some alleviation of pain, some lightening of the dark cloud which overhangs themselves, each afflicted one were to ask for a like boon for his fellow-sufferers! This, indeed, would be a 'golden chain' binding many hearts together.

'And they feared as they entered into the cloud.' How many a heart since then has feared, as some dense shadow has crossed its path, darkening the very depths of its being, until the soul itself 'cleaves to the dust.' And yet the eye of faith that looks up steadfastly through the darkness, after a while sees 'Jesus standing on the right hand of God;' or if the eye be dim, perchance the watchful ear catches the accents of a voice speaking through the cloud, and saying, 'This is my beloved Son, hear Him.' And one glimpse of that face of love, oh! what joy it brings to the fainting soul, lifting it up, cheering and strengthening it, to do and suffer all God's will; so that those who have passed through the darkest hours, as they look back, can thank God, who, even in the midst of their sorrow, gave them such blessed foretastes of the joy which shall be hereafter. And we may well ask, if God has brought for *them* 'honey out of the stony rock' in this wilderness

world, what must be the glory and the brightness in store for them in that land where 'all sorrow and sickness shall flee away,' and where there shall be 'no more pain' for ever?



R. SUCKLING.

WE are in the hands of a higher Physician than this world knows, One who cannot mistreat our case, or prescribe wrongly for us. The great cure to be wrought in us is the cure of self-will, that we may learn self-resignation; and all God's various dealings with us have this one end in view. And what happiness is it to attain to this, to the perfect knowledge and feeling that we are in the hands of a compassionate Father, who cares for our every want, and supplies it too, only in the way His unerring wisdom *knows* to be best, but which our short-sightedness would rebel against, because we cannot see *how* it should be so. To attain to this alone can bring peace, for then we shall be content with health or sickness, weakness or strength, knowing that as we are, so God sees best for us. We are in His hands. His will be our will. If He sees fit, welcome sickness, for in Him alone is health; we have the blessed consolation that whom He loveth He chasteneth, and that He chasteneth us that we may not be condemned with the world. Believe it, in sickness and weakness (providing we submit to His will) He teaches us more

blessed truths than years otherwise would suffice to acquaint us with.

A further consolation we have in the knowledge that 'all things work together for good to them that love God.' Seek we then for a deeper and yet fuller love, look at the gentle and merciful way in which He is dealing with you, and therein recognise His especial goodness, and so love Him more: 'He will not lay upon man more than right;' and changes from health to sickness, or sickness to health, may bring us assurances nothing else can, and thus may minister to us abundant consolations. And so they will if you make them occasions of *testing* your own will; for such is the frailty of our nature, that unless we watch, we soon begin to love God's will, not for His but its own sake: and this is proved to be so, if when God changes His will we cannot follow the changes without regret. So that you see all God's merciful visitations may be turned to our soul's health, and are so intended by Him; and what bystanders may deem a great trial is only to us a fresh assurance of God's loving-kindness and tender care, because we feel that whatever the trial may be, 'He maketh our bed,' and 'giveth songs in the night, and lifteth up the soul above the narrow world to lofty communings with Himself, the God of all consolation.

Oh! those who have known the blessings of sickness can never murmur under its appointment, for then it is God makes us 'taste and see' how gracious He is, and how blessed it is to trust in Him; and though He lay *us low* with one hand, yet with the other He holds us

up, and we feel around and beneath us the everlasting arms, embracing, comforting, supporting us, yea, cherishing us as a nurse her children. Oh then, then it is that the troubled soul returns to its rest! it has wearied itself flying up and down seeking rest, but this world is only covered with the unsatisfying waters of vanity, and can give none, and so it returns to God. The pain of afflictions is but caused by ourselves. He puts forth His hand to pull us back into the ark, and we are frightened and struggle to be free; but oh! if we yield ourselves to His tender care, we shall find that with our ceasing to struggle comes repose and peace—His hand cannot hurt us if we rest therein. There we are safe, none can pluck us thence. All I could say or write to you must turn on this one point, 'self-resignation,' having no will but God's. It is hard to learn, but in proportion as we learn it, we have a peace (whatever our outward trials may be) which cannot be explained, because it 'passeth understanding.'



From HELE'S 'DEVOTIONS.'

REMEMBER not, Lord, mine offences, nor the offences of my forefathers; neither take Thou vengeance of our sins: spare me, good Lord; spare Thy servant whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious blood, and be not angry with me for ever:

Spare me, good Lord.

From the guilt and burden of my sins ; from the sting and terrors of conscience ; from the illusions and assaults of my ghostly enemy ; and from the bitter pains of eternal death,

Good Lord, deliver me.

From all impatience and repining at Thy chastisements ; from dejection of spirit, and distrust of Thy mercies ; from the fear of death ; and from such extremity of sickness, anguish, or agony, as may any way withdraw my mind from Thee,

Good Lord, deliver me.

By Thy manifold and great mercies ; by the all-sufficient merits of Jesus Christ Thy Son ; by His agony and bloody sweat ; by His bitter cross and passion ; by His glorious resurrection and ascension ; by His continual intercession for us at Thy right hand ; and by the graces and comforts of the Holy Ghost,

Good Lord, deliver me.

I, wretched sinner, do beseech Thee to hear me, O Lord God ; and that it may please Thee to look upon me with the eyes of Thy mercy ; to give me comfort, and sure confidence in Thee ; and in all my dangers and necessities to stretch forth the right hand of Thy Majesty to help and defend me, and to keep me in perpetual peace and safety ;

I beseech Thee to hear me, good Lord.

That it may please Thee to remember me with the

favour Thou bearest unto Thy chosen ; and to give me grace so to follow the good examples of Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear, that with them I may be partaker of Thy heavenly kingdom ;

I beseech Thee to hear me, good Lord.

That it may please Thee to sanctify to me all Thy fatherly corrections ; and to grant, that now since Thou art pleased to cast me on the bed of sickness, the sense of my weakness may add strength to my faith, and seriousness to my repentance ; and that I may so take Thy visitation, that after this painful life ended I may dwell with Thee in life everlasting :

I beseech Thee to hear me, good Lord.

That it may please Thee to give me an entire resignation to Thy blessed will ; to wean my affections from things below ; and to fill me with ardent desires after heaven : and finally to make me a partaker of all Thy blessings and promises in Christ Jesus :

I beseech Thee to hear me, good Lord.

That it may please Thee to fill my soul with such a comfortable sense and assurance of my reconciliation with Thee, that when Thou shalt call me to walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I may fear no evil ; but may lay me down in peace, and when I awake up may be satisfied with Thy presence in Thy glory :

I beseech Thee to hear me, good Lord.

That it may please Thee to give Thy holy angels

charge over me, to assist me in my last conflict, and to conduct my soul into the blessed society of Thy saints in Paradise ; there to rest in joy and peace, till Thou shalt vouchsafe to my body a part in the blessed resurrection to life and glory :

I beseech Thee to hear me, good Lord.

Son of God, I beseech Thee to hear me.

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world,

Grant me Thy peace.

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world,

Have mercy upon me.

O Christ, hear me.

Lord, have mercy upon me.

Christ, have mercy upon me.

Lord, have mercy upon me.

Our Father, Which art in heaven, etc.

The grace, etc.



CAROLINE M. NOEL.

LORD, I had planned to do Thee service true,
To be more humbly watchful unto prayer,
More faithful in obedience to Thy word,
More bent to put away all earthly care.

I thought of sad hearts comforted and healed,
Of wanderers turned into the pleasant way,
Of little ones preserved from sinful snare,
Of dark homes brightened with a heavenly ray ;

Of time all consecrated to Thy will,
Of strength spent gladly for Thee day by day,—
When suddenly the Heavenly mandate came,
That I should give it all, at once, away.

Thy blessed hand came forth, and laid me down,
Turned every beating pulse to throbs of pain,
Hushed all my prayers into one feeble cry,
Then bid me to believe that loss was gain.

And was it loss to have indulged such hopes ?
Nay, they were gifts, from out the inner shrine ;
Garlands, that I might hang about Thy Cross,
Gems, to surrender at the call Divine.

As chiselled image unresisting lies
In niche by its own sculptor's hand designed,
So to my unemployed and silent life
Let me in quiet meekness be resigned.

If works of Faith, and labours sweet of Love,
May not be mine, yet patient Hope can be
Within my heart, like a bright censer's fire,
With incense of Thanksgiving mounting free.

Thou art our Pattern to the end of time,
Oh Crucified ! and perfect is Thy will ;
The workers follow Thee in doing good,
The helpless think of Calvary, and are still.



B. M.

. . . A little while,
And all things shall be new ; the night of earth
Shall pass away for ever ; ' no more sea '
Shall then be found ; for pain and loss and grief
Are swallowed up in radiant victory.
Yet, in the country of eternal spring,
Many shall bend to kiss the Master's feet,
Saying, ' He never smiled so sweet before,
Save on the sea of sorrow, when the night
Was saddest on our heart. We followed him
At other times in sunshine. Summer days
And moonlight nights He led us over paths
Bordered with pleasant flowers : but when His steps
Were on the mighty waters—when we went
With trembling hearts through nights of pain and loss—
His smile was sweeter and His love more dear ;
And only Heaven is better, than to walk
With Christ at midnight over moonless seas.'

JEREMY TAYLOR.

BY His fire God can kindle the smallest lamps to His glory, making them like the golden candlesticks that burn before His throne.



E. M. SEWELL.

HUMBLY but earnestly may we hope that God may teach us slowly, gently, according to our needs, what those words, 'being in an agony,' really mean : leading us on, step by step ; sending His angel to strengthen us when we shrink at the prospect before us ; supporting us up the long ascent before we reach what, if necessary, must be the place of our crucifixion ; yet still teaching us—not sparing us—not allowing us to fall short of any degree of faith, or love, or gratitude, to which we may be brought through the tribulation either of soul or body. May He help us all so to accept the share of pain, of whatever kind, now by God's mercy given us, that we may be prepared for that further portion, which He shall see needful to bring us nearer and nearer to Himself.

FOURTEENTH DAY.

Fellowship in Suffering.

THEN they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him. Then shall ye return, and discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not.

Mal. iii. 16, 17, 18.

Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ. And whether we be afflicted, it is for your consolation and salvation, which is effectual in

the enduring of the same sufferings which we also suffer : or whether we be comforted, it is for your consolation and salvation. And our hope of you is steadfast, knowing, that as ye are partakers of the sufferings, so shall ye be also of the consolation. For we would not, brethren, have you ignorant of our trouble which came to us in Asia, that we were pressed out of measure, above strength, insomuch that we despaired even of life : but we had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead : who delivered us from so great a death, and doth deliver : in whom we trust that he will yet deliver us ; ye also helping together by prayer for us, that for the gift bestowed upon us by the means of many persons thanks may be given by many on our behalf.

■ Cor. i. 3-11.

For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body : so also is Christ. For by one Spirit are we all baptised into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free ; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit. For the body is not one member, but many. If the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body ; is it therefore not of the body ? And if the ear shall say, Because I am not the eye, I am not of the body ; is it therefore not of the body ? If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing ? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling ? But now hath God set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased him. And if they were all one member, where

were the body? But now are they many members, yet but one body. And the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you. Nay, much more those members of the body, which seem to be more feeble, are necessary: and those members of the body, which we think to be less honourable, upon these we bestow more abundant honour; and our uncomely parts have more abundant comeliness. For our comely parts have no need: but God hath tempered the body together, having given more abundant honour to that part which lacked: that there should be no schism in the body; but that the members should have the same care one for another. And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it. Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular.

1 Cor. xii. 12-27.



E. M. SEWELL.

IF we, like Christ, would truly and rightly sympathize; if we would in our degree bear the griefs and carry the sorrows of our fellow-creatures, we must view those sorrows as Christ viewed them, and soothe them in His spirit. Let us remember that such sympathy is pain. It is not true sympathy unless it is pain. When we feel with and for another, we must in a measure suffer; and, looking at the sad amount of wretchedness in this fallen world, we may perhaps be pardoned if, at first

sight, we deem it better to be without sympathy—neither to require it for ourselves, nor to offer it to others. The loss on the one side may, we may well think, be counterbalanced by the gain on the other. In thus acting, we should do what Christ would have done if, dwelling in His own untroubled bliss, He had encircled Himself with the sinless angels, and left the cry of a ruined world to echo through the universe unheeded ; because, if heeded, it would awaken a pang so great that to escape it the blessed God of heaven must vouchsafe to become a sorrowing child of earth. As He endured the trial of sympathy, so must we. It is no matter of choice : in following Christ we are called upon, like Him, to exhibit God's perfection in our own lives, 'Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.' We may not, therefore, neglect the culture of sympathy, still less look upon it with suspicion ; our only care must be that it shall be true, and measured by the rule of God's law. To train ourselves to be sympathetic is, in fact, in the power of us all, though, if we would carry on such self-education properly, we must fairly count the cost.

Sympathy, if real, must necessarily be allied with benevolence. The sympathy of Christ brought Him from a heaven of angels to dwell in a world of sinners ; yet more, not only to dwell among them, but to suffer with them. Never let us forget that if He created beings endowed with free will, while fully foreknowing their consequent misery, so also He created them fully

foreknowing His own; and that what He, for wise though inscrutable purposes, permitted for others, He shared Himself. When we kneel to Him in our misery, we kneel to One who Himself has known misery. When we cry to Him in our temptation, we cry to One who was Himself tempted. When we mourn for the ignorance and wilfulness of our fellow-creatures, we are heard by One who has Himself felt grieved for the hardness of men's hearts. When, crushed by the loss of those we love, we sorrow in our desolate homes, we are watched over by One who wept at the grave of His friend. When in loneliness and fear we look around for human sympathy, the yearning of our hearts is understood by One who, in the garden of Gethsemane, entreated of His disciples to tarry with Him while He prayed in agony. And when in the moment of pain and weakness God's loving presence is for a while hidden from us, and in the hour of doubt we seem to stand alone in the dark universe, we are strengthened by One who Himself felt that most awful of desolations as He uttered His dying appeal to His heavenly Father, 'My God, my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?'

And if we would sympathize like Him, we must, in our degree, resemble Him. We may not, indeed, be called upon to take up our abode amongst the poor, but we must visit them, hear of, and inquire about them. We must seek out grief when it is hidden, as well as rouse ourselves to comprehend it when it is brought before us. We must practise sympathy in our

daily life, not only by listening to small grievances and trying to place ourselves in the position which has made them grievances, but also by removing them so far as lies in our power. More than all, we must remember what we constantly forget, and only half believe, that when we pray to God for the relief of suffering, we are in fact doing our best to mitigate it. It is an easy simple thing (which of us does it?) to recall, as the day closes, the cases of sorrow we have heard of, the vexations and cares which have been brought to our notice, and in our evening prayers to ask God to comfort them. The casual acquaintance, who has no claim to our friendship, is endeared to us, when his name has been remembered before the throne of God. The beggar, whose misery appalled us, becomes our fellow-servant when we ask Christ to relieve him. The criminal, at whose offence we have shuddered, is invested with a solemn interest when we plead for his pardon, as for our own. And in thus praying, our hearts will be softened and our sympathy kept alive. If sympathy were mere feeling, it would be deadened by the constant contemplation of sorrow, but involving, as it does, an exertion of the will, and so becoming an action, it is intensified by every effort made for its cultivation. And in cherishing it because we would show forth the likeness of Christ, as He exhibits to us the likeness of God, we shall avoid the weakness which, in our human infirmity, is so frequently associated with its exhibition. Because we are able to sympathize, we shall not fear to

point out the sin, or error, or fault of temper, or selfishness, which, in so very many cases, will have been the ultimate cause of the sorrow we are called upon to soothe. This is one of the great difficulties of human sympathy. To see clearly the fault which is connected with the suffering, and yet to deal tenderly with it, is a most rare gift. One only has ever possessed it perfectly, for it requires a perfect knowledge of the human heart, an absolute comprehension of the position and the weakness of the sufferer.

When our Redeemer bore our griefs and carried our sorrows, He was travelling the road terminated by the Cross of Calvary. This thought must be our support and encouragement. The self-sacrifice which sympathy demands none knows as He knows, and when, having shared the sorrows of our fellow-creatures, we look for sympathy ourselves, none can be so able, or so willing to give it. All the tenderness, gentleness, and full comprehension of trial, which were His when He sojourned upon earth, are His still. He lives now, as He did then, in the life of those He loves. Blessed, indeed, shall we be when we can once realize this truth. No loneliness, no dreariness, for He is close beside us ; no bitterness, for He understands what we cannot bring ourselves to utter ; no weakness, for His loving eye is upon us, and in His glance is strength ; no fear, for there can be no morrow of trial apart from Him. It is the lesson of years, slowly learnt, often forgotten, but it gives peace long *before* it is acquired perfectly. The moment when first,

in sadness of heart, we kneel in the solitude of our own chamber, unable, it may be, to express our grief in words, but only feeling the comfort of His presence, is a moment which brings a blessing to our whole lives. When we do not need prayer, when we do not want to ask help, when we only know that He understands. There lies the very germ of love,—true, pure, deep, untold, unchangeable love, which will uphold us in death, love which will be our joy in eternity. Distant, indeed, infinitely distant, must be human sympathy compared with His, yet is it the same in kind. God grant us each in our measure to strive after and attain it.



LITANY OF INTERCESSION.

M. E. TOWNSEND.

O GOD, the Father of Heaven; O God, the Son, Redeemer of the world; O God, the Holy Ghost, the Comforter; O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity,

Have mercy upon those for whom we pray.

For all who are troubled in mind and conscience, for the weak-hearted, the tempted, and those who are ready to fall,

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

For all who know not the sweetness of Thy love, or the power of Thy salvation,

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

For all on whom Thou hast laid the cross of suffering,

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

For all whom Thou dost visit with the anguish of pain, or the wasting of sickness,

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

For all who are desolate and have no helper, for widowed hearts, and for those to whom earthly love has been denied,

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

For those who are lonely in the midst of others' joy, for those who mourn lost friendships or hearts estranged,

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

For little children, and for orphans; for wives and mothers; for the childless, and for those whose little ones are 'gone before,'

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

For the labourers in Thy vineyard, who are bearing the burden and heat of the day,

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

For the rich, and for the poor,

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

For the aged and the helpless, for the feeble and the darkened in mind, and for those who are wearied with the journey of life,

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

For all to whom the hour of death is drawing nigh,

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation ; But deliver us from evil. Amen.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. Amen.



BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

O BLESSED Spirit of the Father and the Son, do Thou come down amongst us, and work mightily in Thy Church Thy manifold work of love. Amidst the strivings of the busy intellect, Oh wisdom of the Father, show us what is truth. Amidst the tumults of the earth, Oh mighty Comforter, vouchsafe us peace. Amidst our many discords, Oh bond of the uncreated Trinity, knit us into one by the sure binding of Thy unbroken unity. Amidst our pollutions, Oh Spirit of holiness, vouchsafe us purity ; in spite of all our coldness, Oh breathe into us some inspiration of Thy love ! Then shall we love and serve Thee as we would ; then shall Thy languishing ministry be filled again with noble, burning, loving spirits ; then shall hearts be opened, then shall tongues be loosed, yea, and the blessed day be hastened in its dawning, when all the

elect shall have been gathered, and when, in spite of our manifold infirmities, our eyes shall see the King in His beauty, and our spirits rest for ever on the bosom of our Lord. *Amen.*



CANON BRIGHT.

LORD JESUS CHRIST, our sympathising Saviour, who for man didst bear the agony and the cross, draw Thou near to Thy suffering servants in their pain of body or trouble of mind ; hallow all their crosses in this life, and crown them hereafter where all tears are wiped away ; where with the Father and the Holy Ghost Thou livest and reignest ever one God. *Amen.*



CAROLINE M. NOEL.

BEWAIL not thou thyself with restless haste,
Nor say God lets thy life run all to waste ;
Thou hast thyself to master and subdue ;
No easy work, methinks, for thee to do.
For His own court God will thy soul prepare,
And jewels for the Crown are cut with care.
Say not, all useful work thou art denied,
Behold, Christ's Censer waiteth at thy side,
He, in compassion, lets it down to thee ;
Heap on thine incense, heap it full and free.

Pray for thy friends : that every deed of love
May be received, and registered above ;
Kind words, and patient ways, and soft regards,
All turned in Heaven to stores of rich rewards.
Pray for the sick, who suffer in all lands,
God's prisoners, laid in bonds by His own hands ;
That on them all His likeness He would trace,
And grant them special offices of grace ;
That they, through languor, may not cease to care
For occupations they no longer share ;
But that, by prayer, and sympathy, and smile,
The burdens of the weary they beguile.
For kind physicians plead—that as our Lord
Trusts them with works of healing, at His word
Each one may bring to Him his own sick soul,
To be by Him forgiven, and made whole.
Pray for crowned heads, with all their weight of care ;
For broken hearts, and all the sorrows there ;
For widows, orphans, solitaires, wives,
For heartless homes, where love nor lives nor
thrives :
That all the women of this English land
May be a steadfast, noble, saintly band,
Seeking in all, less to be great than good,
Fashioned after God's type of womanhood.
Remember statesmen, and all master minds,
Priests, poets, teachers, rulers of all kinds ;
That all Christ's messengers be channels true,
'Twixt us and God, with whom we have to do ;

That they may choose the right, nor fear the strong,
And from base love of mammon crown the wrong.
Plead for the wanderers from Christ's fold who stray,
For those who know it not, nor know the way,
For the whole race, which He has made His own,
For which He intercedes before the throne.
All useful work, O heart ! art thou denied,
While this great Censer waiteth at thy side ?
Heap on thine incense, heap it full and free ;
He, when He offers it, will think of thee.



TENNYSON.

. . . More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.



From ' RAYS OF SUNLIGHT. '

. . . None are so full of cares and sufferings, or so
poor in gifts, that to them also, waiting patiently and

trustfully on God for His daily commands, He will not give direct ministry for Him ; increasing according to their strength and their desire. There is so much to be set right in the world, there are so many to be led, and helped, and comforted, that we must continually come in contact with such in our daily life. Let us only take care that, by the glance being turned inward, or lost in vacant reverie, we do not miss our turn of service, and pass by those to whom we might have been sent on an errand, straight from God.



BEAR ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

Gal. vi. 2.



FIFTEENTH DAY.

Restoration from Sickness.

THE Lord is my strength and song, and is become my salvation. The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous: the right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly. The right hand of the Lord is exalted: the right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly. I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord. The Lord hath chastened me sore: but he hath not given me over unto death. Open to me the gates of righteousness: I will go into them, and I will praise the Lord.

Ps. cxviii. 14-19.

O Lord, by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit: so wilt thou recover me, and make me to live. Behold, for peace I had great bitterness: but thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption: for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back. For the grave cannot praise thee, death cannot celebrate thee: they that go down into the pit cannot hope for thy truth. The living, the living, he shall praise thee, as I

do this day: the father to the children shall make known thy truth. The Lord was ready to save me: therefore we will sing my songs to the stringed instruments all the days of our life in the house of the Lord.

Isa. xxxviii. 16-20.

And forthwith, when they were come out of the synagogue, they entered into the house of Simon and Andrew, with James and John. But Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever, and anon they tell him of her. And he came and took her by the hand, and lifted her up; and immediately the fever left her, and she ministered unto them.

St. Mark i. 29-31.

And they came to Jericho: and as he went out of Jericho with his disciples and a great number of people, blind Bartimæus, the son of Timæus, sat by the highway side begging. And when he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out, and say, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me. And many charged him that he should hold his peace: but he cried the more a great deal, Thou son of David, have mercy on me. And Jesus stood still, and commanded him to be called. And they call the blind man, saying unto him, Be of good comfort, rise; he calleth thee. And he, casting away his garment, rose, and came to Jesus. And Jesus answered and said unto him, What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? The blind man said unto him, Lord, that I might receive my sight. And Jesus said unto him, Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole. And immediately he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way.

St. Mark x. 46-52.

And when he was come into the ship, he that had been possessed with the devil prayed him that he might be with him. Howbeit Jesus suffered him not, but saith unto him, Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee. And he departed, and began to publish in Decapolis how great things Jesus had done for him: and all men did marvel.

St. Mark v. 18-20.



M. E. TOWNSEND.

‘She arose and ministered unto them.’—ST. MATT. viii. 15.

THE figure of our beloved Lord is so continually presented to us in the Gospels, and also by our own prevailing forms of thought, as that of ‘a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,’ that we scarcely ever think of Him as rejoicing in the pure joys of humanity, but only as weeping with its sorrows and sharing in its sufferings. Yet, let us wander for a few moments in thought along the shores of the Galilean lake; let us enter the house of Peter, the fisherman, and see how bright with joy are the faces of its inmates; see how the anxiety of supplication is giving place to the rejoicing of a fervent gratitude; for the Divine Master has restored to them the beloved object of their intercessions¹ and raised

¹ St. Mark i. 30.

her with His strong and tender hand from the bed of suffering and of death. And now, surely it cannot be that this light of holy gladness casts no reflection on the divine countenance of Him who is the source and spring of all true joy. Do we not seem to see the radiance of His smile as it illumines with a more than earthly light the humble home where He makes His transient sojourn? Surely the joy is brighter because He is there to share it, surely the love is dearer because He is there to hallow and to bless! And as we gaze on this picture of a holy home, we are reminded also that sorrow and suffering, however blessed in their results, ay, thrice blessed in calling forth the grandest deeds and the noblest feelings of humanity, still, in themselves, are but signs of an imperfect state, and have no place in the being of the Godhead; that joy (if only it be pure and sanctified) is, after all, 'the passage to the highest perfection;' and so we may reverently imagine that its holy flame was ever burning in the heart of our blessed Lord through all the long night of His earthly sojourn; dimmed, it may be, by the mists and darkness of this lower sphere, but brightening as He met the smile of unconscious infancy, or the sweet innocent confidings of childhood, or the tenderness of the beloved and guileless John; but more than all, perchance, when His power had restored again the hope and stay of a widowed life, or when, as in this instance, the parent had been given back to a daughter's arms, or when the sorrowing heart of the lonely mother of Nain, of the

despised and desolate Canaanite, of the nobleman of Cana, or of the governor Jairus, had been made with one gracious word to 'sing for joy.'

But while we may gather from this incident our Lord's sympathy with holy joy, let us not pass by the teaching which lies in those few short and touching words, 'And she arose and ministered unto them.' Here let us learn the lesson of a devout thankfulness as it is expressed, not in words, but in deeds. Let us trace in the conduct of this lowly woman that absolute forgetfulness of self which is so great a grace in the Christian saint. In times of sickness and suffering there is too often a temptation to exalt ourselves in our own and others' eyes; to place ourselves on a different level from those around us; to expect a consideration exclusively devoted to ourselves: and when the time of recovery arrives, or when just rescued from the jaws of death, another temptation arises, namely, to rest from all responsibilities, and only with reluctance to take up again that burden of life from which we had been so nearly released for ever. There is with some also a morbid, but with others a true and earnest 'desire to depart and be with Christ' in the heavenly land, and consequently a feeling of depression when, after the conflict seems well nigh over, and the fear of death (which perhaps had haunted a lifetime) has merged at length into union with the Divine Will, the spirit is called 'to wander back to life once more,' from the border lands of *eternity*. At such times let us recall the sweet earnest

devotion of this woman of Galilee, as, ¹ without one dream of rest or thought of self, she arose and ministered to her Deliverer. For such ministry may indeed be ours also ; though not yet may we see with our bodily eyes that dear and wounded Form, though not yet may we kneel at the feet which were pierced for us, though not yet may we join with the angelic host in their personal ministries of loving adoration ; yet behold, in His members He is here :—in dying forms on many a lowly pillow, where the words of comfort may be breathed wherewith we ourselves have been comforted of God :—in that neglected little one, whose dull eyes brighten not yet at the name of Jesus :—in those weary sorrowing forms, wandering up and down in life's sad paths, seeking rest and finding none, because not seeking it in Him :—ay, in all these, we may see Him and minister unto Him as truly as did that woman of old. Arise, therefore, thou who hast been restored to life by the touch of Jesus, forget thyself and thy sufferings, whatever they may have been, or remember them only that through their experience thou mayest comfort others ; only that their memory may keep thee close to Him who through them all was thy strength and stay ; only that thou mayest never lose in the brightness of health what thou didst learn in the dark days of weariness and pain. Then go forth on thy ministry according as God may call thee ; in the home of gladness or in the world of suffering and sin. He will give thee thy work, if

¹ St. Luke iv. 39.

only thou wilt arise ; and in that day when sorrow and sighing shall flee away, the voice of Jesus shall fall upon thy wondering ear, and He who once tarried in that humble cottage by the rippling waters of the Galilean Lake shall call to thee in gracious accents from the heavenly shore, saying, ' Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, thou hast done it unto ME.'



O LORD GOD, to whom alone belong the issues of life and death ; accept, I beseech Thee, my offering of praise and thanksgiving for Thy great mercies towards me, Thy servant, whom Thou hast raised from the bed of sickness. Grant to me, O Lord, such a deep sense of Thy goodness as may lead me to give up myself wholly to Thy service all the rest of my life, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*



BLESS the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name, who forgiveth all thy sin and healeth all thine infirmities, who saveth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with mercy and *loving-kindness.* I render grateful thanksgiving unto

Thee, O Lord my God, for my recovery from grievous sickness. It is of Thy mercy alone that this sickness has not been unto death. Grant, I beseech Thee, that by this and every trial my faith may be strengthened, my hope confirmed, and my love increased, so that I may henceforth live more and more unto Thy praise and to Thy glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.



TEACH me to live! 'Tis easier far to die—
Gently and silently to pass away—
On earth's long night to close the heavy eye
And waken in the glorious realms of day.

Teach me that harder lesson—how to live,
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life;
Arm me for conflict now, fresh vigour give,
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.

Teach me to live Thy purpose to fulfil:
Bright for Thy glory let my taper shine:
Each day renew, remould this stubborn will;
Closer round Thee my heart's affections twine.

Teach me to live for self and sin no more;
But use the time remaining to me yet;
Not mine own pleasure seeking as before,
Wasting no precious hours in vain regret.

Teach me to live, no idler let me be,
But in Thy service hand and heart employ,
Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully—
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

Teach me to live—my daily cross to bear,
Nor murmur though I bend beneath its load,
Only be with me ; let me feel Thee near,
Thy smile sheds gladness on the darkest road.

Teach me to live and find my life in Thee,
Looking from earth and earthly things away.
Let me not falter, but untiringly
Press on, and gain new strength and power each
day.

Teach me to live ! With kindly words for all,
Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of gloom,
Waiting with cheerful patience till Thy call
Summons my spirit to her heavenly home.



C. P.

NOT *now*, my child,—a little more rough tossing,
A little longer on the billow's foam,
A few more journeyings in the desert darkness,
And then the sunshine of Thy Father's home.

Not *now*, for I have wanderers in the distance,
And thou must call them in with patient love ;
Not *now*, for I have sheep upon the mountains,
And thou must follow them where'er they rove.

Not *now*, for I have loved ones, sad and weary,
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile ?
Sick ones who need thee in their lonely sorrow,
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while ?

Not *now*, for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing ;
Not *now*, for orphans' tears are thickly falling,
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

Not *now*, for many a hungry one is pining,
Thy willing hand must be outstretched and free ;
Thy Father hears the mighty cry of anguish,
And gives His answering messages to thee.

Not *now*, for hell's eternal gulf is yawning,
And souls are perishing in hopeless sin ;
Jerusalem's bright gates are standing open,—
Go to the banished ones and bring them in.

Go with the name of Jesus to the dying,
And speak that name in all its living power ;
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary,
Canst thou not 'watch with Me one little hour' ?

One little hour, and then the glorious crowning,
The golden harp-strings and the victor's palm ;—
One little hour, and then the Alleluia,
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm !



JEREMY TAYLOR.

FOR so have I known a luxuriant vine swell into irregular twigs and bold excrescences, and spend itself in leaves and little rings, and afford but trifling clusters to the wine-press, and a faint return to his heart which longed to be refreshed with a full vintage ; but when the Lord of the vineyard had caused the dressers to cut the wilder plant, and make it bleed, it grew temperate of its vain expense of useless leaves, and knotted into fair and juicy branches, and made account of that loss of blood by the return of fruit.

SIXTEENTH DAY.

The Burthen of Doubts.

*O*H that I knew where I might find him ! that I might come even to his seat ! I would order my cause before him, and fill my mouth with arguments. I would know the words which he would answer me, and understand what he would say unto me. Will he plead against me with his great power ? No ; but he would put strength in me. There the righteous might dispute with him ; so should I be delivered for ever from my judge. Behold, I go forward, but he is not there ; and backward, but I cannot perceive him : on the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him : he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him : but he knoweth the way that I take : when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold. My foot hath held his steps, his way have I kept, and not declined. Neither have I gone back from the commandment of his lips ; I have esteemed the words of his mouth more than my necessary food. But he is in one mind, and who can turn him ? and what his soul desireth

even that he doeth. For he performeth the thing that is appointed for me: and many such things are with him.

Job xxiii. 3-14.

But Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came. The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord. But he said unto them, Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe. And after eight days again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them: then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you. Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing. And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God. Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed. And many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of his disciples, which are not written in this book: but these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name.

St. John xx. 24-31.

Jesus said unto him, If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth. And straightway the father of the child cried out, and said with tears, Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.

St. Mark ix. 23, 24.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

MADAM,—Though I have not the honour to be acquainted with your ladyship, yet a friend of yours has acquainted me with your condition, though, I confess, the unfittest of all men to minister anything of spiritual relief to any person, either by prayer or advice to you. But he could have imparted such a thing to none of greater secrecy, and withal of greater sympathy and tender compassion towards such as are exercised with those kinds of conflicts, as having been formerly acquainted with the like myself; all sorts of sceptical and doubtful thoughts, touching those great points, having not only past through my head, but some of them have for some time sat more fast and painfully upon my mind; but, in the name of the Lord, they were at length quite dispelled and scattered. And oh! that I could love and bless Him, who is my Deliverer and Strength, my Rock and Fortress, where I have now found safety from these incursions; and I am very confident you shall very shortly find the same; only wait patiently on the Lord, and hope in Him, for you shall yet praise Him for the help of His countenance; and it is that alone that can enlighten you and clear your mind of all these fogs and mists that now possess it, and calm the storms that are raised within it.

You do well to read good books that are proper for your help, but rather the shortest and plainest than the more tedious and voluminous, that sometimes entangle

a perplexed mind yet more, by grasping many more questions, and answers, and arguments than is needful. But, above all, still cleave to the incomparable springs of light and divine comfort, the Holy Scriptures, even in despite of all doubts concerning them ; and when you find your thoughts in disorder and at a loss, entertain no dispute with them, by any means, at that time, but rather divert from them to short prayer, or to other thoughts and sometimes to well chosen company, or the best you can have where you are ; and at some other time, when you find yourself in a calmer and serener temper and upon the vantage ground of a little more confidence in God, then you may resume your reasons against unbelief, yet so as to beware of casting yourself into new disturbance. For when your mind is in a sober temper, there is nothing so suitable to its strongest reason, nothing so wise and noble as religion ; and to believe it is so rational, that, as now I am framed, I am afraid that my belief proceeds too much from reason, and is not so divine and spiritual as I would have it ; only when I find (as in some measure through the grace of God I do) that it hath some real virtue and influence upon my affections and track of life, I hope there is somewhat of a higher tincture in it.

But, in point of reason, I am well assured that all that I have heard from the wittiest atheists and libertines in the world, is nothing but bold ravery and madness, and their whole discourse a heap of folly and ridiculous *nonsense*. For what probable account can they give of

the wonderful frame of the visible world, without the supposition of an eternal and infinite power, and wisdom, and goodness that formed it and themselves, and all things in it? And what can they think of the many thousands of martyrs in the first age of Christianity, that endured not simple death, but all the inventions of the most exquisite tortures for their belief of that most holy faith, which, if the miracles that confirmed it had not persuaded them to, they themselves had been thought the most prodigious miracles of madness in all the world? It is not want of reason on the side of religion that makes fools disbelieve it, but the interest of their brutish lusts and dissolute lives makes them wish it were not true; and there is this vast difference betwixt you and them: they would gladly believe less than they do, and you would also gladly believe more than they do. They are sometimes pained and tormented with apprehensions, that the doctrine of religion is or may be true; and you are perplexed with suggestions to doubt of it, which are to you as unwilling and unwelcome as these apprehensions of its truth are to them. Believe it, Madam, these different thoughts of yours are not yours, but his that inserts them and throws them, as fiery darts, into your mind; and they shall assuredly be laid to his charge and not to yours. Think you that infinite Goodness is ready to take advantage of His poor creatures, and to reject and condemn those that, against all the assaults made upon them, desire to keep their hearts

for Him, and to acknowledge Him, and to love Him, and live to Him. He made us and knows our mould, and as a father pities his children, He pities them that fear Him, for He is their Father, and the tenderest and kindest of all Fathers ; and as a father pities his child when it is sick and in the rage and ravery of fever, though it even utter reproachful words against himself, shall not our dearest Father both forgive and pity those thoughts in any child of His, that arise not from any wilful hatred of Him, but are kindled in hell within them ? And no temptation hath befallen you in this, but that which has been incident to men, and to the best of men ; and their Heavenly Father hath not only forgiven them, but in due time hath given them an happy issue out of them, and so He will assuredly do to you.

In the meantime, when these assaults come thickest and violentest upon you, throw yourself down at His footstool, and say, ‘O God, Father of mercies, save me from this hell within me. I acknowledge, I adore, I bless Thee, whose throne is in heaven, with Thy blessed Son and crucified Jesus, and Thy Holy Spirit, and also, though Thou slay me, yet will I trust in Thee. But I cannot think Thou canst hate and reject a poor soul that desires to love Thee and cleave to Thee, so long as I can hold by the skirts of Thy garment, until Thou violently shake me off, which I am confident Thou would not do, because Thou art love and goodness itself, and “*Thy mercies endure for ever.*” Thus, or in what other frame your soul shall

be carried to vent itself into His bosom, be assured your words, yea, your silent sighs and breathings, shall not be lost, but shall have a most powerful voice, and ascend into His ear, and shall return to you with messages of peace and love in due time, and, in the meantime with secret supports, that you faint not, nor sink in these deeps that threaten to swallow you up. But I have wearied you instead of refreshing you. I will add no more, but that the poor prayers of one of the unworthiest caitiffs in the world, such as they be, shall not be wanting on your behalf, and he begs a share in yours ; for neither you, nor any in the world, needs that charity more than he does. *Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.*



ST. AUGUSTINE.

O LORD our God, the Father Almighty, we render unto Thee, as our frailty best can, our highest and abundant thanks with our whole mind, praying Thy singular goodness that in Thy good pleasure Thou wouldst vouchsafe to hear our prayers. That by Thy power Thou wouldst drive out the enemy from our deeds and thoughts, wouldst enlarge our faith, direct our minds, grant us spiritual thoughts, and bring us safe to Thy endless blessedness, through Thy Son Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

Translated from C. W. SPICKER by M. E. TOWNSEND.

O ETERNAL JUDGE, teach me, I beseech Thee,
to consider my ways and my doings. Search me,
O God, and know my heart, try me and know my
thoughts; lead me in the right path, and purify my
heart by the grace of Thy Holy Spirit. Teach me to
discern that which is true, to love that which is good, to
accomplish that which is pleasing unto Thee. Quicken
and increase in me the power of conscience, and may I
walk in the light of faith even unto the end. May I
behold the brightness of Thy glory in the face of Jesus
Christ, Thy only begotten Son. May He guide me
into that truth which He taught; may He teach me to
imitate that holy life which He lived; may He inter-
cede for me with Thee, through that love wherewith He
doth defend the children of men.

O Lord, they that walk uprightly before Thee shall
enter into Thy peace, and they that hope in Thee shall
never be ashamed, for Thy word remaineth true for
evermore, and Thy faithfulness unto all generations.
Hear me, O God, through the merits of Thy dear Son,
Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*



HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

BE not afraid to pray,—to pray is right,
Pray, if thou canst with hope, but ever pray;
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay:

Pray in the darkness if there be no light.
Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord in the earth shall cease ;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite.
Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see :
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be.
But if for any wish thou dar'st not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.



KEBLE

IS there, on earth, a spirit frail,
Who fears to take their word,
Scarce daring, through the twilight pale,
To think he sees the Lord ?
With eyes too tremblingly awake
To bear with dimness for His sake ?
Read and confess the hand divine
That drew thy likeness here so true in every line.

For all thy rankling doubts so sore,
Love thou thy Saviour still,
Him for thy Lord and God adore,
And ever do His will.

Though vexing thoughts may seem to last,
Let not thy soul be quite o'ercast ;—
Soon will He show thee all His wounds and say,
'Long have I known thy name,—know thou My
face alway.'



IF any man will do His will, he shall know of
the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether
I speak of Myself.

St. John vii. 17.

SEVENTEENTH DAY.

Conflicts of the Soul.

HEAR my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications: in thy faithfulness answer me, and in thy righteousness. And enter not into judgment with thy servant: for in thy sight shall no man living be justified. For the enemy hath persecuted my soul; he hath smitten my life down to the ground; he hath made me to dwell in darkness, as those that have been long dead. Therefore is my spirit overwhelmed within me; my heart within me is desolate. I remember the days of old; I meditate on all thy works; I muse on the work of thy hands. I stretch forth my hands unto thee: my soul thirsteth after thee, as a thirsty land. Selah. Hear me speedily, O Lord: my spirit faileth: hide not thy face from me, lest I be like unto them that go down into the pit. Cause me to hear thy loving-kindness in the morning; for in thee do I trust: cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto thee. Deliver me, O Lord, from mine enemies: I flee unto thee to hide me. Trach me to do thy will; for

thou art my God : thy spirit is good ; lead me into the land of uprightness. Quicken me, O Lord, for thy name's sake : for thy righteousness' sake bring my soul out of trouble. And of thy mercy cut off mine enemies, and destroy all them that afflict my soul : for I am thy servant.

Ps. cxliii. 1-12.

For I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing : for to will is present with me ; but how to perform that which is good I find not. For the good that I would I do not : but the evil which I would not, that I do. Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. I find then a law, that, when I would do good, evil is present with me. For I delight in the law of God after the inward man : but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am ! who shall deliver me from the body of this death ? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord. So then with the mind I myself serve the law of God ; but with the flesh the law of sin.

Rom. vii. 18-25.

For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us. We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed ; we are perplexed, but not in despair ; persecuted, but not forsaken ;

cast down, but not destroyed; always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body. For we which live are alway delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh.

2 Cor. iv. 6-11.

For, when we were come into Macedonia, our flesh had no rest, but we were troubled on every side; without were fightings, within were fears.

2 Cor. vii. 5.



BISHOP BEVERIDGE.

. . . I have not only many outward enemies to grapple with, but I have myself, my worst enemy, to encounter and subdue. . . . This enemy that is gotten within me has so often foiled and disarmed me that I have reason to say, as David did of the chief of his enemies, 'I shall one day fall by the hands of Saul : ' I shall one day fall by myself, as being myself the greatest enemy to my own spiritual interest. I know that I must strive before I can 'enter in at the strait gate ; ' I must win the crown before I can wear it ; and be a member of the Church Militant before I be admitted to the Church Triumphant. In a word, I must go through a solitary wilderness before I come to the land of Canaan, or else I must never be possessed of it. What then? Shall I let go my glorious and eternal possession to save myself from a seeming hardship,

which the devil would persuade me to be a trouble and an affliction? Alas! if Christ had laid aside the great work of my redemption to avoid the undergoing of God's anger and man's malice, what a miserable condition had I been in! Let then man do his worst against me; whatever I suffer, it is in the cause of one who suffered a thousand times more for me; and therefore it ought to be matter of joy and triumph rather than of grief and dejection to me, especially considering that these very light afflictions, which are but for a moment, will work out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Upon the prospect of which I firmly resolve, notwithstanding the strength of sin and the overbearing prevalency of my own corrupt affections, to undertake all duties and undergo all miseries that God in His infinite wisdom thinks fit to lay upon me or exercise my patience in.



BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

OUR nature has been framed by God after a marvellous sort. Within us, as we know, are a multitude of different, nay, often conflicting, inclinations, appetites, passions, and desires, a crowd of particular affections, which clamour each for its own gratification. But amongst all these, the Almighty has set within us the mysterious power of the will, as a lord amidst his *vassals*, to hold them all in unity and under the law;

to give shape and purpose to the chaos of their confused strivings for the objects of their several desires ; to sway them in their highest flood-tides by the rule of the renewed reason. And just as this will is truly supreme within us, just so far can we do truly great things—just so far are we indeed men : as far as this is purified by God's Holy Spirit, and rules over all within us, just so far do we, as renewed men, rise up to the greatness of our redemption, and answer to our own trial. When or how that trial may find us out we know not. It may be broken up into a thousand lesser instances of probation, or it may present itself suddenly in some open and signal struggle ; we may be called out before the assembled hosts of God to bear the burden of His name in the sight of heaven and earth. This only is sure, that our time will come ; that we shall be tried ; that from our souls there must come forth a voice declaring whether within them is the anarchy of conflicting impulses, or the fixed rule of a renewed will. Now, to gain this strength of character we must first remember that its right exercise is most properly a habit. All life is full of opportunities of choice, and as we choose in them, and abide by our choice, such are we. It is by the often-repeated choice in little things that our characters are fixed. It is by giving up our reasonable purpose for a present pleasure or a present fear that we become feeble, irresolute persons. Never, as we value the great possession of a ruling will, let us expose ourselves to the risk

incurred in every such surrender of a deliberate purpose ; let us suspect those changes of our mind which would steal upon us in the softness of an immediate gratification, or be wrung from us by the instancy of a pressing alarm. Any loss is better than the loss of our own strength of purpose. . . . And if the first guard against this danger be to remember that the power of a constant will is the fruit of habit, the next, perhaps, is to do common actions with an aim at great objects. Habitual converse with them is a testimony against the lower life within us, and strengthens mightily the sceptre of the will. Every day will give us proofs of this. The great man is he who is acting truly for some great object. Though his sphere of action be narrow, and its separate acts small, yet are they all hereby ennobled. There is a true dignity in manual service, in daily labour, in the commonest employments, if they are prompted and directed by high motives ; and this sets the seal of greatness on the life. Such a life is that great thing, Duty, and it glows and shines even in the eyes of men ; its natural littleness and uncertainty are drawn up into harmony with the will of God, with truth, law, order, right, and these alone truly make up greatness. The thought of God will be as a true talisman of strength, it will give simplicity and directness to our life. Over the intervening crowd of daily difficulties will rise clear and high before us the mountain of God's presence, drawing to itself our advancing steps. Not pleasure, *which is ever changing*, but right, which is one, and

which grows into a blessed law of harmony, will be the object of our life, and stamp its own impressions on us. The sense of His presence, of living under His eye, the habit of converse with Him, these will strengthen our will within us, and repress all the rebellious strivings of our disorderly affections. But then, once more, and as that without which all else will be in vain, we must seek earnestly from God the strengthening and the purifying of our will by the renewing of His Holy Spirit. Every man's own inner state, if closely watched, would bear to him abundant witness of a fall. Nothing else can solve the paradox of his greatness and his littleness. He could not have come from his Maker's hands what he finds himself to be. From the hands of the Almighty there could not come forth a ruin ; and if he looks steadily upon himself, he is looking in upon a ruin ; full of noble designs, showing still vast performances ; but the hand of the destroyer has passed over them, and He must restore, who made it ; He must give us back the strength of a constant will, who first set it to rule, as with sovereign sway, over the swelling tides of our passions. Every other strength of will than that which He gives is itself an evil ; it is the convulsive energy of a spasm, or it is the dull weight of sullenness and a palsy ; it is possessed at the cost of some other qualities ; it does not rule over their harmony ; it has trodden out affection, and fire, and the kindlings of the heart, instead of lifting all up into the glory of its own centred energy. In One only of the race of men, in

the second Adam, has this blessed harmony been perfect ; in Him only was the constant will ever waited on in dutious submission by every other faculty ; but in all His saints by the working of His Spirit, there is, more or less, the self-same restoration ; this is the glory of their redeemed manhood. And here is the deepest heart's joy of every thoughtful man, that for me too there is this portion. There is a true, a right, a perfect will ; and by it my will may and shall be healed. Amidst all the painted mists and empty boasts of this earth, amidst all its swelling waves and dark threatenings, amidst all the inner Babel-shouts of appetite and passion, there is a true and a right ; and in Christ Jesus this I may choose, and none can take it from me. 'The Lord sitteth above the water-floods, the Lord remaineth a King for ever.'



Translated from C. W. SPICKER by M. E. TOWNSEND.

O LORD JESUS CHRIST, only begotten Son of the Father, I kneel before Thee in humblest reverence and deepest adoration. How shall I praise Thee for all the mercies which Thou hast bestowed upon me in Thy love ! Lord, in Thy great compassion for our fallen race, wandering in darkness away from Thee and given up to the service of sin, Thou didst leave the bosom of Thy Father and take upon Thee the *form* of a servant ; wast made in the likeness of men.

Lord Jesus, very God and very man, how divine and yet how human art Thou in all Thy life and teaching ! Thou art the Friend and Consoler of the weary and the heavy-laden, perfect in sympathy and tenderness, full of divine power and glory. Thou didst know no sin. Thou didst need no redemption, and therefore Thou didst become the Saviour of sinful man. How blessed to rest in Thee ! How blessed to have found Thee, my Saviour and my God. Thou, O Lord, art the Author and Finisher of our faith. Strengthen me, I beseech Thee, in the hours of conflict, and be with me always even unto the end. *Amen.*



T. M.

O H ! the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered :
'All of self, and none of Thee.'

Yet He found me ; I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursed tree,
Heard Him pray : 'Forgive them, Father !'
And my wistful heart said faintly :
'Some of self, and some of Thee.'

Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah ! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered :
‘ Less of self, and more of Thee.’

Higher than the highest Heaven,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered ;
Grant me now my soul’s desire :
‘ None of self, and all of Thee.’



CHRISTINA ROSSETTL

I WILL accept thy will to do and be,
Thy hatred and intolerance of sin,
Thy will at least to love, that burns within,
And thirsteth after Me ;
So will I render fruitful, blessing still,
The germs and small beginnings in thy heart,
Because thy will cleaves to the better part. —
‘ Alas, I cannot will !’

Dost not thou will, poor soul ? yet I relieve
The inner unseen longings of the soul ;
I guide them turning toward Me ; I control
And charm hearts till they grieve ;

If thou desire, it yet shall come to pass,
Though thou but wish indeed to choose My love,
For I have power in earth and heaven above.—

‘I cannot wish, alas!’

What? neither choose nor wish to choose? and yet
I still must strive to win thee and constrain;
For thee I hung upon the cross in pain,
How then can I forget?

If thou as yet dost neither love, nor hate,
Nor choose nor wish,—resign thyself, be still,
Till I infuse love, hatred, longing, will.—

‘I do not deprecate.’



M. E. TOWNSEND.

WAIT on the Lord for what He hath to give,
O restless heart;
He knows the sorrows that beset thy way,
He knows thy fretful weariness to-day,
O fainting heart!

When thou hast stilled thyself to rest in Him,
O throbbing heart;
When thou hast learned to love Him first and chief,
To love Him even better for thy grief,
O weeping heart!

EIGHTEENTH DAY.

The Children's Summons.

AND when the child was grown, it fell on a day, that he went out to his father to the reapers. And he said unto his father, My head, my head. And he said to a lad, Carry him to his mother. And when he had taken him, and brought him to his mother, he sat on her knees till noon, and then died. And she went up, and laid him on the bed of the man of God, and shut the door upon him, and went out. And she called unto her husband, and said, Send me, I pray thee, one of the young men, and one of the asses, that I may run to the man of God, and come again. And he said, Wherefore wilt thou go to him to-day? it is neither new moon, nor sabbath. And she said, It shall be well. Then she saddled an ass, and said to her servant, Drive and go forward; slack not thy riding for me, except I bid thee. So she went, and came unto the man of God to mount Carmel. And it came to pass, when the man of God saw her afar off, that he said to Gehazi his servant, Behold, yonder is that Shunammite: run now, I pray thee, to meet her; and say unto her, Is

it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well. And when she came to the man of God to the hill, she caught him by the feet: but Gehazi came near to thrust her away. And the man of God said, Let her alone; for her soul is vexed within her: and the Lord hath hid it from me, and hath not told me. Then she said, Did I desire a son of my Lord? did I not say, Do not deceive me? Then he said to Gehazi, Gird up thy loins, and take my staff in thine hand, and go thy way: if thou meet any man, salute him not; and if any man salute thee, answer him not again: and lay my staff upon the face of the child. And the mother of the child said, As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee. And he arose and followed her. And Gehazi passed on before them, and laid the staff upon the face of the child; but there was neither voice nor hearing: wherefore he went again to meet him, and told him, saying, The child is not awaked. And when Elisha was come into the house, behold, the child was dead, and laid upon his bed. He went in therefore, and shut the door upon them twain, and prayed unto the LORD. And he went up, and lay upon the child, and put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands; and he stretched himself upon the child, and the flesh of the child waxed warm. Then he returned, and walked in the house to and fro; and went up, and stretched himself upon him: and the child sneezed seven times, and the child opened his eyes. And he called Gehazi, and said, Call this Shunammite. So he

called her : and when she was come in unto him, he said, Take up thy son. Then she went in, and fell at his feet, and bowed herself to the ground, and took up her son, and went out.

a Kings iv. 18-37.

And, behold, there came a man named Jairus, and he was a ruler of the synagogue; and he fell down at Jesus' feet, and besought him that he would come into his house. for he had one only daughter, about twelve years of age, and she lay a dying. . . . While he yet spake, there cometh one from the ruler of the synagogue's house, saying to him, Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master. But when Jesus heard it, he answered him, saying, Fear not: believe only, and she shall be made whole. And when he came into the house, he suffered no man to go in, save Peter, and James, and John, and the father and the mother of the maiden. And all wept and bewailed her: but he said, Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed him to scorn, knowing that she was dead. And he put them all out, and took her by the hand, and called, saying, Maid, arise. And her spirit came again, and she arose straightway: and he commanded to give her meat. And her parents were astonished: but he charged them that they should tell no man what was done.

St. Luke viii. 41-42, . . . 49-56.

I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.

St. Matt. xviii. 10.



ALEXANDER RALEIGH.

‘THERE is a time given to finish the work;’ and when the limit of that time shall come, not one stone more can be laid by the builder, not one touch more given to the edifice in any of its parts before the trial. ‘I must work the work of Him that sent me while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work.’ And no man can tell when the night shall come in any particular case.

Those times are not alike in any two instances. There is not a man out of heaven who could tell us with any certainty all the reasons of an infant’s death, all the reasons of an old man’s life on into second infancy. . . . It is a wonderful relief that every one who is working rightly can look up to the great Ruler and Arbiter of life, and say, in humble trust, ‘My times are in Thy hands.’ . . . Look at the tombstones in a graveyard. You will see every age recorded there, from the infant of days to the sinner or the saint an hundred years old. Here is a stone that tells that an infant was born, and, after wrestling with mortality for but a few days, died and was buried. And it may seem as though the soul of that infant had but fluttered across the atmosphere of this world without alighting here; as, looking from your window, you sometimes see a dove flash across the sky. Depend upon it, that little history was the building of a temple, and when it *was finished*, the angels carried it away.

Here is a stone that marks the resting-place of one who was a little worker. He had just begun to work. He had thought of God as the great Father of the world. He had looked to Jesus the good Shepherd. He had begun to feel a strange power in the cross, which was drawing him away from sin and from little selfish ways, and filling his heart with the purpose to live to Christ all his days. These mere shapings and scantlings of work there were—a little serious thought, a little faith, a fluttering of love in the breast, some tiny steps of following after the great Master; nothing, as some would say, to make a finished life—mere shapings and young endeavours after higher things—somewhat like the houses you see children building on the sand. You are far mistaken. That little workman will never need to be ashamed. In his simple faith he found the Rock of Ages. In his wondering love he soared upwards to the fatherhood of God, and, when the home-call reached him, he was ready, he had finished a temple life.

This again is a maiden's name. She was young, she was fair, she was looking to the altar and the bridal day, and lo, death came unbidden, but not to her unwelcome, for he led her up to the higher espousals of heaven. Father and mother and sorrowing lover think of the nipping flower, and they have written on the stone that 'her sun went down while it was yet day,' but there are other writings there which they see not. The angels have written '*Eventide*;' the Saviour has written, '*Finished*.'

And now we come to the grave of the old pilgrim who remained lingering here, long after those who loved him dearly, and venerated every hair of his grey head would have been glad for his own sake to see him go home. The shock of corn seemed *more* than ripe—the grain was dropping on the ground. He was blind, he was deaf, he was in pain, he was as helpless as a child. Would it not have been better that he had gone some years sooner? No, no. It was the right time. It was *his* eventide. He needed all his days to finish the temple, and all his experiences,—the blindness, and the deafness, and the pain, and the sweet simplicities of the second childhood,—he needed all. And even the infirmities of temper, it may be, as well as of body, which mingled with his last experiences, were in some way *used* by Him who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working, for the completing of His own gracious work.



O LORD JESUS CHRIST, who upon earth didst love and bless the children that were brought unto Thee ; we beseech Thee look upon this little one whom Thou hast been pleased to afflict with sickness and suffering. Lord, if it be Thy holy will, restore him (*or her*) to be the joy of our home on earth, and if not, bear him (*or her*) in Thy loving arms to Thy blessed rest above, through Thy tender mercy. Amen.

O LORD JESU CHRIST, tender Shepherd of Thy flock, who dost gather the lambs with Thine arms, and carry them in Thy bosom ; it has pleased Thee to take this our little one unto Thyself. Teach us, we beseech Thee, to will what Thou willest, and even through our tears to rejoice in the blessedness of our child. We thank Thee, O Lord, that Thou hast made it Thine for ever, that Thou dost love and tend it in Thy heavenly fold, and we pray Thee to bring us at last to the same eternal rest, through Thy merits. Amen.



REV. R. H. BAYNES, *from the 'LYRA ANGLICANA.'*

THEY are going—only going—
Jesus called them long ago !
All the wintry time they're passing
Softly as the falling snow.
When the violets in the spring-time
Catch the azure of the sky,
They are carried out to slumber
Sweetly where the violets lie.

They are going—only going—
When with summer earth is drest,
In their cold hands holding roses
Folded to each silent breast.
When the autumn hangs red banners
Out above the harvest sheaves,
They are going—ever going—
Thick and fast, like falling leaves.

All along the mighty ages,
All adown the solemn time,
They have taken up their homeward
March to that serener clime,
Where the watching, waiting angels
Lead them from the shadow dim,
To the brightness of His presence
Who hath called them unto Him.

They are going—only going—
Out of pain and into bliss ;
Out of sad and sinful weakness
Into perfect holiness.
Snowy brows—no care shall shade them ;
Bright eyes—tears shall never dim ;
Rosy lips—no time shall fade them ;
Jesus called them unto Him.

Little hearts for ever stainless,
Little hands as pure as they,
Little feet,—by angels guided
Never a forbidden way.

They are going—ever going,
Leaving many a lonely spot ;
But 'tis Jesus who has called them,
Suffer, and forbid them not !



ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

IN schools of wisdom all the day was spent :
His steps at eve the Rabbi homeward bent,
With homeward thoughts which dwelt upon the wife
And two fair children who consoled his life.
She, meeting at the threshold, led him in,
And with these words, preventing, did begin :
'Ever rejoicing at your wished return,
Yet do I most so now : for since this morn
I have been much perplexed and sorely tried
Upon one point, which you shall now decide.
Some years ago, a friend into my care
Some jewels gave, rich precious gems they were ;
But having given them in my charge, this friend
Did afterward nor come for them, nor send ;
But left them in my keeping for so long,
That now it almost seems to me a wrong
That he should suddenly arrive to-day,
To take those jewels, which he left, away.
What think you ? Shall I freely yield them back,
And with no murmuring ? so henceforth to lack
Those gems myself, which I had learned to see
Almost as mine for ever, mine in fee.'

'What question can be here? Your own true heart
Must need advise you of the only part.
That may be claimed again which was but lent,
And should be yielded with no discontent ;
Nor surely can we find herein a wrong,
That it was left us to enjoy it long.'

'Good is the word,' she answered ; 'may we now
And evermore that it is good allow !'
And rising, to an inner chamber led,
And there she showed him, stretched upon one bed
Two children pale,—and he the jewels knew,
Which God had lent him and resumed anew.



EMMA TOKE.

WE must not mourn for thee, my broken flower !
Purer and dearer than earth's fairest bloom ;
Nor weep to think how brief thy fleeting hour
Of hope and joy,—a cradle and a tomb.
Ah no ! for ere one shade of faintest gloom
Had dimmed the light of young love's cloudless day,
The darkness came, our darling passed away,
And we are left to mourn her early doom :
But not with bitter tears—for far above
All earthly hopes, around the cross had twined
Her helpless heart, in trustfulness and love.
And now, all sin and sorrow left behind,

Safe on her Saviour's breast she waits to see
Her loved ones come : Oh, darling ! who could weep
for thee.



ISAAC WILLIAMS.

HER little child hath gone to sleep,
Why should a mother watch and weep ?
Earth's ills were gathering round his nest—
He crept into a Father's breast.



'MY Beloved is gone down into His garden to
gather lilies.'

Cant. vi. 2.



NINETEENTH DAY.

De Profundis.

OUT of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.

Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications. If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand? But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared. I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope. My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for the morning. Let Israel hope in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption. And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

Ps. cxxx.

For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer.

Isa. liv. 7, 8.

And they came to a place which was named Gethsemane: and he saith to his disciples, Sit ye here, while I shall pray. And he taketh with him Peter and James and John, and began to be sore amazed, and to be very heavy; and saith unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful unto death: tarry ye here, and watch. And he went forward a little, and fell on the ground, and prayed that, if it were possible, the hour might pass from him. And he said, Abba, Father, all things are possible unto thee; take away this cup from me: nevertheless not what I will, but what thou wilt. And he cometh, and findeth them sleeping, and saith unto Peter, Simon, sleepest thou? couldst not thou watch one hour? Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. The spirit truly is ready, but the flesh is weak. And again he went away, and prayed, and spake the same words. And when he returned, he found them asleep again, (for their eyes were heavy,) neither wist they what to answer him. And he cometh the third time, and saith unto them, Sleep on now, and take your rest: it is enough, the hour is come; behold, the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise up, let us go; lo, he that betrayeth me is at hand.

St. Mark xiv. 32-42.



ANON.

GOD is very merciful in dealing with us when He would chasten us in His love; and prepares us by warnings for the coming sorrow: the days, weeks, or

even months of watching by the sick-bed of some earthly idol, what are they but a time of preparation in which He would train our hearts for the discipline which, in His wisdom, He thinks fit to send upon us? When, however, the cloud casts its shadow across our path, we shrink back in fear, we look up and pray to be spared, we scarcely seem to hear the words which would speak to us of comfort and encouragement; 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee.'

Is there anything wrong or unnatural in this? Surely not—man was created for happiness, not for sorrow (which is the fruit of sin)—and did not our Blessed Master Himself, in the agony of His coming suffering, pray, saying, 'Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from Me.' What God asks of us in those sad days of preparation is, that we should learn to go forth to meet our future, whatever it may be, in *His* spirit, who to His prayer for deliverance added these words, 'Nevertheless not as I will but as Thou wilt.' Before the fall, man's will was in perfect harmony with the Divine Will; when he sinned, that union was destroyed; but in God's dealings with His people we see that the very suffering which came as the consequence and punishment of sin may bring with it a very special blessing to faithful hearts. God may enable them by its means to perfect once more that union destroyed by sin, and to pass through the agony of 'Not My will but Thine' *to the heavenly peace of 'Thy will be done.'*

When the Lord stretches forth His hand and we feel that the life of our dearest and best hangs in the balance, He would tell us that He does not come to *take*, but to ask us to *give*. It is not the unwilling yielding up of that which we may no longer hold that He requires of us, it is the perfect sacrifice of *our will* to the *will* of our divine Lord that is well-pleasing in His sight.

We see how, in the case of Abraham, God accepted the *will* without requiring the deed ; and it was not (as we are apt to suppose) when he stood on Mount Moriah and lifted his hand to slay his son that *his* offering was made—the victory over his own will was accomplished in the still hours of that night when God came to ‘tempt’ him, and when ‘he arose early in the morning,’ the sacrifice was as fully completed in his own heart, and in God’s sight, as if at that moment ‘his only son, whom he loved’ had lain dead by his hand.

At times God deals with us in like manner ; we offer up a petition for some desire of our heart day after day for months, even for years, and yet no answer is vouchsafed ; then we feel that it may not be God’s will to grant it, and with humble and resigned hearts we bury our dead hope and pray instead, ‘Thy will be done ;’ and then it may be that our heart-service is accepted, as was that of Abraham ; we turn back to our daily duties and behold, the dead hope, which we had watered with our tears, has been brought to life by the sunshine of God’s countenance ;—the blessing so long prayed

for, so long denied, is at last granted, and our desolate places are made to blossom as the rose.

But though God may often thus deal with His people in small matters, it is perhaps only on rare occasions that He so orders for us the greater events of our lives. Our treasure is taken from us, but when yielded up with a mind wholly in accord with the will of the Divine Master, He gives us in its stead,—*Himself*. At such moments of perfect self-abnegation a sense of His special presence fills the soul, the Blessed Comforter descends, and the Father and the Son come and make their abode with us. Prayers for earthly blessings are more than answered by the gift of heavenly joy, and the peace that passeth all understanding steals into the heart that thus recognises the Saviour as its only and all-sufficient portion.

Such times of heavenly rapture cannot last even with the greatest saints; if they could, there would be a paradise once more upon the earth; but they do their work in the heart. They make us feel the blessedness of that union between God and the soul, which may be enjoyed here, though it can only be perfected and completed hereafter; and they help us forward on our journey towards that home where there shall be no more sorrow, for the Lord Himself will wipe away all tears from our eyes.



OWEN.

'ALTHOUGH the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines ; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat ; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls ; yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.'

These words are from the prayer of Habakkuk upon Shigionoth. Shigionoth means 'variety, a song in various metres.' Are not God's variable dispensations held out under these variable tunes, not all alike fitted to one string? Are not several tunes of mercy and judgment in these songs?

'By terrible things in righteousness wilt Thou answer us.' Nothing more refreshes the panting soul than an 'answer' of its desires ; but to have this answer by 'terrible things,' that string strikes a humbling, a mournful note. . . .

Labour to have your hearts right tuned for these variable songs, and sweetly to answer all God's dispensations in their choice variety. It is a song that reacheth every line of our hearts, to be framed by the grace and Spirit of God. Therein hope, fear, reverence, with humility and repentance, have a space, as well as joy, delight, and love, with thankfulness.

That instrument will make no music that hath but some strings in tune. If, when God strikes on the string of joy or gladness, we answer pleasantly ; but

when He touches upon that of sorrow and humiliation, we suit it not, we are broken instruments that make no melody unto God. A well-tuned heart must have all its strings, all its affections, ready to answer every touch of God's finger. He will make everything beautiful in its time. Sweet harmony cometh out of some discords. When hath a gracious heart the soundest joys, but when it hath the deepest sorrows? when hath it the humblest meltings, but when it hath the most ravishing joys?

In every distress learn to wait with patience for the appointed time. Wait for it believing, wait for it praying, wait for it contending; waiting is not a lazy hope, a sluggish expectation. Ye must be weary and thirsty, ye must be led into the wilderness before the rock-waters come. Yet (to those who wait) they shall come. Though grace and mercy seem to be locked up from them like water in a flint, whence fire is more natural than water,—yet God will strike abundance out of Christ for their refreshment with His rod of mercy.

He would have his people wholly wrapt up in His all-sufficiency. He delights to have the soul give up itself to a contented losing of all its reasonings, even in the infinite unsearchableness of His goodness and power. . . .

Oh that we could in all our trials lay ourselves down in these arms of the Almighty, His all-sufficiency in power and goodness! Oh, how much of the haven should we have in our voyage; how much of home in our *pilgrimage*; how much of heaven in this wretched earth!

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

MOST gracious Lord, whom to know is the very bliss and felicity of man's soul, and yet none can know Thee unless Thou wilt open and show Thyself unto him, vouchsafe of Thine infinite mercy now and ever to enlighten my heart and mind to know Thee and Thy most holy and perfect will, to the honour and glory of Thy name. Amen.



E. B. BROWNING.

THE face which duly as the sun,
Rose up for me with life begun,
To mark all bright hours of the day
With hourly love, is dimmed away—
And yet my days go on, go on.

The tongue which, like a stream, could run
Smooth music from the roughest stone,
And every morning with 'good day,'
Make each day good, is hushed away—
And yet my days go on, go on.

The heart which, like a staff, was one
For mine to lean and rest upon,
The strongest on the longest day,
With steadfast love, is caught away—
And yet my days go on, go on.

And cold before my summer's done,
And deaf in Nature's general tune,
And fallen too low for special fear,
And here, with hope no longer here—
While the tears drop, my days go on.

The world goes whispering to its own,
'This anguish pierces to the bone ;'
And tender friends go sighing round,
'What love can ever cure this wound ?'
My days go on, my days go on.

The past rolls forward on the sun
And makes all night. O dreams begun,
Not to be ended ! ended bliss,
And life that will not end in this,—
My days go on, my days go on.

Breath freezes on my lips to moan :
As one alone, once not alone,
I sit and knock at Nature's door,
Heart-bare, heart-hungry, very poor,
Whose desolated days go on.

I knock and cry—undone, undone !
Is there no help, no comfort—none ?
No gleaning in the wide wheat-plains
Where others drive their loaded wains ?
My vacant days go on, go on.

This Nature, though the snows be down,
Thinks kindly of the bird of June :
The little red hip on the tree
Is ripe for such. What is for me,
Whose days so winterly go on ?

No bird am I, to sing in June,
And dare not ask an equal boon :
Good nests, and berries red are Nature's
To give away to better creatures—
And yet my days go on, go on.

I ask less kindness to be done,—
Only to loose these pilgrim shoon,
(Too early worn and grimed) with sweet
Cool deathly touch to these tired feet,
Till days go out which now go on.

Only to lift the turf unmown
From off the earth where it has grown,
Some cubit space, and say 'Behold,
Creep in, poor heart, beneath that fold,
Forgetting how the days go on.'

What harm would that do ? green anon
The sward would quicken, overshone
By skies as blue : and crickets might
Have leave to chirp there day and night,
While my new rest went on, went on.

From gracious Nature have I won
Such liberal bounty? May I run
So, lizard-like, within her side,
And there be safe, who now am tried
By days that painfully go on?

A VOICE reproves me thereupon
More sweet than Nature's, when the drone
Of bees is sweetest, and more deep
Than when the rivers overleap
The shuddering pines, and thunder on.

God's voice, not Nature's! Night and noon
He sits upon the Great White Throne
And listens for the creature's praise.
What babble we of days and days?
The Day-spring He, whose days go on.

He reigns above, He reigns alone,
Systems burn out, and leave His throne:
Fair mists of seraphs rise and fall
Around Him, changeless amid all,—
Ancient-of-Days, whose days go on.

He reigns below, He reigns alone,
And, having life in love foregone
Beneath the crown of sovereign thorns,
He reigns the Jealous God. Who mourns
Or rules with Him while days go on?

By anguish which made pale the sun,
I hear Him charge His saints that none
Among His creatures anywhere
BlaspHEME against Him with despair,
However darkly days go on.

Take from my head the thorn-wreath brown ;
No mortal grief deserves that crown.
O supreme Love, chief Misery,
The sharp regalia are for THEE
Whose days eternally go on !

For us,—whatever's undergone,
Thou knowest, willest what is done.
Grief may be joy misunderstood ;
Only the good discerns the good ;
I trust thee while my days go on.

Whatever's lost it first was won ;
We will not struggle nor impugn ;
Perhaps the cup was broken here
'That heaven's new wine might show more clear :
I praise Thee while my days go on.

I praise Thee while my days go on,
I love Thee while my days go on ;
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I thank Thee, while my days go on.

And having in Thy life-depth thrown
Being and suffering (which are one)
As a child drops its pebble small
Down some deep well, and hears it fall
Smiling—so I. THY DAYS GO ON.



R. CECIL.

IN his sufferings the Christian is often tempted to think himself forgotten. But his afflictions are the clearest proofs that he is an object of God's fatherly discipline. Satan would give the man the thing his heart is set on. But God hath better things in reserve for His children, and they must be brought to desire them and seek them. And this will be through the wreck and sacrifice of all that the heart holds dear. The Christian prays for fuller manifestations of Christ's glory and His love to him. But he is often not aware that this is in truth praying to be brought into the furnace; for in the furnace only it is that Christ can walk with His friends to display, in their preservation and deliverance, His own almighty power.

Dark and trying dispensations may be needful for *some stubborn minds*. To such the language of God

is of this kind : ' I will not wholly hide Myself, I will be seen by thee. But thou shalt never meet Me except in a dark night and in a storm. '



ST. AUGUSTINE.

THEY are not lost, whom we love in Him whom we cannot lose.



TWENTIETH DAY.

The Communion of Saints.

AND what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of Gedeon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthae; of David also and Samuel, and of the prophets: who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Women received their dead raised to life again: and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection. And others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea moreover, of bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheepskins, and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented; (of whom the world was not worthy:) they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth. And these all, having obtained a good report

through faith, received not the promise: God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect. Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.

Heb. xi. 32 to end, and xii. 1, 2.

After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders, and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God, saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever, Amen. And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and

night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Rev. vii. 9 to end.



BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

AND now we come to the mention of that innumerable multitude who have already entered on the rest of paradise, and the waiting for their Lord. And in doing this we are surely declaring, in open act, our full accord with that inspiring declaration of our creed, 'I believe in the communion of saints.' For herein we declare that it is not only with the *great* saints with whom we claim a living fellowship; into whose inheritance of suffering, of deeds, and of prayers we have entered; but that there is a communion between *all* the true saints of Christ; that we claim kindred with all; and that we bless God for all departed this life in His faith and fear. So that we are brought to-day to this doctrine of the communion of saints: and a glorious doctrine it is; kindling within our hearts, if it please God the Holy Ghost so to work upon us, more earnest desires after humility, and watchfulness, and trust, and powers of active service. For whilst it is good for

us to be continually set alone in things spiritual ; whilst it is true that religion is to each one of us so personal a matter that there can be no soundness in it, unless we are, in the singleness of our own spiritual being, often thus alone with God ; yet it is true also that He has placed us in a company—in a goodly company—of His children ; that there are of His ordering many steps before us on the waste over which we have to pass ; that though upon it for our special comfort, far beyond all other aids are left the footprints of the Lord our Saviour when, as the Virgin-born, He too traversed its dry and sandy places ; yet that, besides this, our gracious God, lest our courage should fail or our endurance faint, has set before us an unnumbered company of all ages and conditions, who were once tried by all our weaknesses and beset by all our dangers, but who have held on even to the end, and won that rest for which we long.

But it is not only thoughts of comfort which should be suggested to us by our contemplation of the communion of Christ's saints. We should be urged by it to a more diligent watchfulness against those besetting sins which may hinder our own salvation. As the unbroken fellowship of God's elect rises before our eyes, from the weakest, who is faithfully struggling in His strength against temptation, up to those who, bright with the crown of martyrdom, have long ago passed out of our earthly sight into His sheltering paradise, we should be led more earnestly to strive, 'lest a promise

being left us of entering into His rest any of us should seem to come short of it.' Let us see that we do indeed share their course, that we may share with them their end.

It becomes us for our own instruction to note carefully the marks of fellowship with Christ which we can trace in them. 'Out of weakness they were made strong.'

For, first, how universal was the presence of this mark, in each of its two especial parts; of weakness growing into strength. Look back in thought on all. How surely did all begin in weakness. How signs of its presence were sometimes shown most unexpectedly. How was Samuel chosen in the weakness of childhood, and how was even that childhood strengthened till it bore all the burthen of the prophet's office? How was Moses called amid great straits of external difficulty and internal self-distrust, and how was he made able to endure the burden of all the multitude, that gainsaying and stiff-necked generation which was committed to his guidance? Again, how did the weakness from which they were being rescued show its remaining presence in the partial unbelief of Abraham, and the deep fall of David, and in St. Peter's denial of his Master? Yet how manifestly was there a process of strengthening going on in each one of these very saints, even until they were perfected. How firm was the faith of Abraham; how dear to David was the will of God; how strong was the courageous love of this same Peter,

who once had trembled before a maidservant, but who learned afterwards to depart from the council, rejoicing that he was counted worthy to suffer shame for Christ's name.

And now mark next, how, in all who bear the true mark, this marvellous change is accomplished. Manifestly by a power beyond themselves—for out of weakness they were 'made strong.' It was not of their own doing. It was not that strength grew in them by the natural progress of their own character. True, it did grow up by degrees, in the due use of common opportunities, as they resisted ordinary temptations, and triumphed over sins of daily incursion and familiar presence. But still the mark is this, '*they were made strong.*' A power out of themselves was moulding them; a higher will was drawing up into its own blessed truth the lower and capricious actings of their own weakened, dishonoured, and distorted will. A mighty love was brooding over and transforming them. The actings of that Holy Spirit to which they yielded were renewing and sanctifying. He strengthened them to resist temptation, and in resisting it. And then observe, further, what there was in them which thus brought them under the working of His strengthening power. All this mystery of strength is revealed in this one utterance: 'who through faith.' This was the mighty talisman which wrought thus in them. For this brought to them the strength which is irresistible. Their faith was the hand which for them laid hold on God.

Here, then, we may learn our first lessons. In each one of the saints this is the pattern character. Every one passes from weakness into strength through cleaving for himself to Christ.

Do we know in our own lives the great Christian paradox: 'When I am weak, then am I strong'? Do we know that he is weak who deems himself strong? that he is strong whose conscious weakness drives him to the Lord for strength? Do we feel daily, hourly, in the depths of our nature, that self-dependence and self-exaltation are the things which make us utterly weak? that as we are led off by anything from an earnest clinging to our Lord, for all we hourly need, for pardon, and cleansing, and grace, and renewal, we are led away from the only means whereby we can be strong? Do we see that in Him we may be strong? And so, that no sin can be allowed in us, because we may have His strength against it? And do we, in the consciousness of utter weakness strengthen ourselves in Him? Do we, when it seems to us that our burthen is heavier, or our strife sorer, or our temptations fiercer than those of every other man;—do we then remember that so it has seemed in their hour of trial to all the saints of Christ?

Do you strive to fly to the thoughts of His love, 'who keepeth the feet of His saints'? If, indeed, His love were less than infinite,—if it ever slumbered,—if there were any stains which the blood of Christ could not wash out,—if 'anything were too hard for the Lord,' *then* might we all despair. But let us look at the

golden line of His redeemed, and take courage. He loved them with an everlasting love, therefore in loving-kindness did He gather them. And what they were, that we are,—weak, faltering, unworthy, tempted souls, far beneath His love, infinitely unworthy of His care, ever ready to sink before any enemy, to be overmastered by every temptation; ever ready to fall away utterly, yet held up by His hands; and from the crumbling brink of perdition brought safely through to His presence. Oh, unutterable wonders of the loving-kindness and faithfulness of God! oh, mysterious deep of His counsels of redemption! oh, blessed work of the life-giving cross and bitter agony of Christ our Lord! Oh, glorious hope for every one who cleaveth closely to His righteous life for acceptance and for strength!



T. V. FOSBERY.

‘**A**FTER this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.’ These words lead us on beyond the weariness of the way, beyond the whole term of our lives here, beyond the rest of paradise, to the glories of man’s risen condition. The beloved disciple sees in vision the happy future. He beholds the hosts of the redeemed; all those who had gone

safely through time and its temptations, its weakness and weariness, and who now, through the love of Jesus, had reached the blessedness of the better land.

The number, unnumbered, and innumerable even by him, was yet completed. All were there. Not only those who have passed, and are to pass, through the grave and gate of death, but also those whom the Lord when He comes shall yet find living on the earth. All the saints, as they shall one day be gathered together, were now shown to the apostle in this great unveiling of the future.

They were clad in white. No stains any longer defiled the garment of the flesh. The earthliness that cleaves to the best and holiest here had wholly disappeared ; they had no taint of sin. They had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. The Eden condition was more than restored, and God could say as He looked upon the army of the faithful, not only 'very good' but very beautiful. And who were these? Alas for our dim sight, our narrow hearts, our exclusive thoughts! They had come from 'all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues.' Of some of these we know not, and can hardly conjecture how and where they had known the Saviour, how from so great a distance they had reached Him. Separated by ignorance, by superstitions, by the wilfulness and sinfulness of others—how they had been brought to the Fountain open for sin and for uncleanness.

Alas! for our uncharitable littlenesses that will not let

us read aright the lesson of Christ's mighty overflowing love. But they were there—there and safe—all pure through the one ablution.

And they had palms in their hands. They were conquerors—yea more than conquerors through Him that loved them. They had joy, even the joy of triumph, for they had overcome. They ascribed all the glory to their great Leader ; their rejoicing was in Him. Chiefest amongst their graces, now untarnished, shone out Humility. 'Salvation unto our God, that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.' They had no tale to tell of their own prowess, no boast to make of their own achievements ; they found even on this height where they now stood, gifted as they were with nobler faculties, and keener senses, and ampler powers of utterance, all their endowments insufficient worthily to magnify their Lord and King.

See how in Vision the Evangelist can behold no centre for all this innumerable multitude but 'The throne of God and of the Lamb.' There is no created being, not the highest archangel, not the holiest amongst men, or the most blessed amongst women, to arrest or divide the ascription of praise ; nay, all these are themselves amidst the lowliest worshippers.

How little can we conceive what the open vision of God must be ; we, who now see through a glass darkly ; we, who only see at all by intermitting effort, as one may from time to time discern a star through the darkness of a clouded night.

And yet, by faith, we do enter sufficiently into the spirit of this revelation to know that here is prepared for Christ's people enough to fill and satisfy the hearts that find no sufficiency on earth. And so we turn to congratulate the happy dead. And when we contemplate this vision our souls go forth as it were with a chastened rejoicing, and we say that they who have fought the good fight, and have finished their course, and have kept the faith, are the wise and the greatly blessed ; and we wonder how our own temptations can have had power over us, when we remember how *these* have overcome in the conflict. We know not how we can have been long halting between two opinions, or been cold and careless, or have been lagging behind in the Christian race, or how the world can have taken such hold upon us—the world that 'passeth away with the lusts thereof.' We want to rise above these unworthy cares that haunt and encumber us, these miserable trifles that fill and engross us. And yet sometimes it seems as if our life lay so much (from outward causes which we cannot control) amidst small details, exposed to hourly interruptions, and claimed by incessant importunities, that in this unrestful busy thoroughfare we cannot thus prepare for our Master's coming. Yes, and we sometimes figure to ourselves the lives of these saints of God as having been almost always calm and untroubled here, spent amidst quiet shades, and in sacred contemplations, their graces always ripening in tranquillity and in rest. We forget David the warrior and king,

and Daniel the statesman and ruler, and Moses the leader and the judge. Nay, we forget what our own eyes have seen, how of those whom we have known and loved, who are now sleeping with the just, the best and noblest were those whose lives were given to others, whose time was not their own, who were beset with the crowd as we are, and pressed upon by the urgency of multiplied engagements. Wherefore in the strength of Christ's dear love, let us go on now doing our daily work for Him and in His sight; and when our courage fails, or our hearts are over-burthened because of the weariness of the way, let us look beyond, and see the end of our faith, and mark the hosts of the redeemed who once were struggling and striving, themselves worn and wearied, as we now are, and let us understand that they had no other Strength or Helper than we have, and yet they overcame; and let us abate no jot of heart or hope, for the Lord is on our own right hand, unseen but ever near. What we need, if we would indeed be 'numbered with His saints in glory everlasting,' is the simplicity of heart—the oneness of purpose, and the diligence in our Master's business by which these saintly ones were ever distinguished. For the fervent spirit passes like a furnace flame through all these hindrances, and finds, even amidst their seeming dross, some precious particles of purest gold. Let us have but the grace of God's Spirit to aid, and we shall find time and space enough wherein to glorify Him.

When we behold with the Evangelist the sainted

company who have 'crossed the icy stream,' we mark amidst their numbers some whom we ourselves have lost; they who once were here, and who might have been spared to us, to walk by our side all through the weary dangerous way; to cheer our fainting steps, and by holy word, and blessed example, and endearing love, to beguile us onward till we had gained together the 'rest that remaineth for the people of God.' We think that had this been so, no toil would have been too great for us, no enterprise too arduous. That then with 'joy we should have drawn water from the wells of salvation;' and that our hope would have been undimmed and our faith unfailing. But would human love indeed have wrought that in us which the love of God fails to effect? Nay, let us bless God for the holy dead, whose faith let us follow, 'considering the end of their conversation, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' He who might have given us these helpers whom He has withdrawn or withheld, is Himself the only true and sufficient Help. These of themselves could have wrought for us no deliverance. And if He might have wrought for us by them, and yet has taken them away, be assured that His expedients and resources for aiding and for guiding are not exhausted. What He has done we know not now, but we shall know hereafter. The tears which we have shed over these graves are not unremembered by Him. He is working for us even by these sorrows and losses: He, the

Restorer,—He, the Healer,—He, who Himself giveth us the victory.

Do not let us vex our souls by looking so far forward into this mortal life, which seems to the mourners to stretch dimly before us into bleak and barren places, in which our souls can have no delight. These vague anticipations must not be suffered to chill or discourage us. There is *no such future* in store for any one of us who loves Christ and abides in Him. Thus seen far off it may appear to our untrustful hearts as a howling wilderness; but ere we come thither the Sun of righteousness will shine upon it for us, and 'the wilderness shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.'

Meantime is there not given to us 'the Communion of Saints'? Surely from the beloved who are gone before, the ascription of praise and thanksgiving ever arises, out of their resting-place in paradise, to the throne of God. May we not unite our hearts more closely than ever with these blessed ones through the sympathy of a common worship? And in drawing nearer to Christ, to whom they are gone,—'which is far better,'—may we not be brought into a more sacred union with the holy dead than could have been granted us while they were yet on earth? And should this be our happy experience, must it not be a preparation for the still more blessed condition wherein all the saints of God, with all the company of heaven, and all created things that worship the Lord, are known and

felt to be but one ; one in spirit, one in purpose, one in the intensity of devoted and still increasing love ?



*From LITURGY OF GERMAN REFORMED CHURCH
OF AMERICA.*

O GOD, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, we rejoice before Thee in the blessed communion of all Thy saints, wherein Thou givest us also to have part. We praise Thee for the holy fellowship of patriarchs and prophets, apostles and martyrs, and the whole glorious company of the redeemed of all ages, who have died in the Lord, and now live with Him for evermore. We give thanks unto Thee for Thy great grace and many gifts bestowed on those who have thus gone before us in the way of salvation. Enable us to follow their faith, that we may enter at death into their joy, and to abide with them in rest and peace, till both they and we shall reach our common consummation of redemption and bliss in the glorious resurrection of the last day. *Amen.*



COLLECT.

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

O ALMIGHTY GOD, who hast knit together Thine elect in one communion and fellowship, *in the mystical body of Thy Son Christ, our Lord :*

grant us grace so to follow Thy blessed saints in all virtuous and godly living that we may come to those unspeakable joys which thou hast prepared for those that unfeignedly love Thee : through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*



From 'THE INNER LIFE.'

WREATHS for our graves the Lord hath given,
The cross with crowns is hung,
And blest with music learnt in heaven
Our hymn of praise is sung.
The gulf of death, now dark with fears,
Is bridged by hope and love ;
The memories we have sown in tears
Bloom fair in light above.

Oh, who are these who join with us,
Who set the note of praise ;
Whose gleaming vestures touch us thus,
Whose hearts our hearts upraise ?
These dwelt awhile with us below,
The loved, the gone-before ;
And these the garments white as snow,
They wear on yonder shore.

They fought as we are fighting now :
And still, in blood and flame,
To Christ the Lord they held their vow,
By Him they overcame :

And still with us they have their part ;
How should we faint or fail,
Who know what fellowship of heart
Is ours beyond the veil ?

Ours the communion of all saints,
The Church's faithful dead,
To cheer us when our spirit faints,
And hope and strength are fled.
But little have we sight to see,
But faint the tones we hear ;
Yet drawn by light and melody
We press one step more near.



T. V. FOSBERY.

IF genuine sympathy be inexpressibly welcome to every true heart, while here in this world, what must it not be in the life beyond ? The participation in immeasurable and still augmenting happiness is a fellowship of joy to which we now are altogether strangers ; we seem unable even to apprehend worthily the thought of it. But in the good land unto which—may Christ grant it—we are journeying, where sympathy shall lose the last element of sadness that clings here to its name, and where *to feel together* shall ever be *to rejoice together*, what tongue can describe its blessed-

ness ! There, 'this same Jesus,' human in the midst of humanity, will be the centre to which all hearts must turn ; and they shall bring to Him their 'exceeding weight of glory,' as once they brought the burthen of their suffering and sorrow.

TWENTY-FIRST DAY.

The Sacredness of Sorrow.

AND Joseph made haste; for his bowels did yearn upon his brother: and he sought where to weep; and he entered into his chamber, and wept there. And he washed his face, and went out, and refrained himself, and said, Set on bread.

Gen. xliii. 30, 31.

Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him; and he cried, Cause every man to go out from me. And there stood no man with him, while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren.

Gen. xlv. 1.

I cried unto the Lord with my voice; with my voice unto the Lord did I make my supplication. I poured out my complaint before him; I shewed before him my trouble. When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path. In the way wherein I walked have they privily laid a snare for me. I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me: refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul. I cried unto thee, O Lord: I said, Thou art my

refuge and my portion in the land of the living. Attend unto my cry; for I am brought very low: deliver me from my persecutors; for they are stronger than I. Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name: the righteous shall compass me about; for thou shalt deal bountifully with me.

Ps. cxlii.

The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy.

Proverbs xiv. 10.

Also the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Son of man, behold, I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke: yet neither shalt thou mourn nor weep, neither shall thy tears run down. Forbear to cry, make no mourning for the dead, bind the tire of thine head upon thee, and put on thy shoes upon thy feet, and cover not thy lips, and eat not the bread of men. So I spake unto the people in the morning: and at even my wife died; and I did in the morning as I was commanded.

Ezekiel xxiv. 15-18.



From the French of MADAME DE GASPARIN.

GRIEF is a delicate and fragile flower, fading even more easily than joy, but never wholly dead. Like the rose of Jericho, though seemingly dried and withered past recognition, yet, if but one warm breath pass over it for a moment, it will bloom again with renewed freshness. 'Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful,' and those who seem to forget have often

the saddest hearts. In each and all of us life is twofold : two beings dwell within us :—one active, busy, absorbed in the duties and pleasures of this world : while the other is sadly and dreamily living in the past, treading with tears the former paths, stopping to remember a look, to pursue a shadow.

Yes, even the frivolous man of the world has his memories ; a gentle voice re-echoing from the past ; one confiding word ; one ‘touch of a vanished hand ;’ something sudden, unexpected, and lo ! the flood-gates are opened, and the waves of sorrow are rushing over him : his heart beats quick, he seizes once again with a passionate intensity the image of his beloved one,—it is his, it is not dead, and the joyous loving past lives again for him. . . .

But when we see light returning to the eyes that wept, when life begins to flow again in its wonted channels, then we are apt to say ‘that which is finished is finished, and the memory of the dead has perished for ever.’

Not so.

After those first days, when the anguish of separation is lacerating the heart, and it cares not to conceal the depth of its wounds, there comes a reaction, an overpowering desire, a craving for isolation ; a holy jealousy takes possession of the soul, the gates are barred against intruders, the doors of the chamber of death are sealed, the brow is taught to deny

everything, tortures, memories ; while within, ah within ! the lamp of sorrow is burning with an ardent glow, and many a passing word will make the heart-strings quiver with a poignant agony, even while the lips are discoursing of common things, ay, and perchance with smiles.

Then the heart will commune with its beloved dead in a sacred stillness which even the tenderest sympathy may not break. Then are lavished forth those expressions of endearment perhaps in life but charily bestowed ; then perhaps is forgiveness craved, confessions are poured forth with burning tears, all the springs of emotion are stirred to their very depths, and harmonies so sweet and solemn are ringing in the temple of the soul, that even a friend's voice mingling therewith would seem to jar and give pain as a discordant note.

Oblivion? Nay, think not so ! a sanctuary, a holy of holies, shrouded with a veil for ever.



O LORD, Heavenly Father ; I bow my will to Thee
whose judgments are unsearchable, and whose
ways are past finding out. The Lord gave, and the

Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord. The cup which my Father hath given me shall I not drink it? I humbly take it from Thy hands, O my God, and submit to Thy wise dispensations. Oh! grant me to rest upon Thy love in Christ Jesus, by whom Thou hast provided a remedy for all our griefs, and comforted us with the hope of another and better life, where there shall be no death, nor any pain or sorrow, but all tears shall be wiped away from our eyes. To Thee who knowest our frame, and canst have compassion on our infirmities; to thee, O Lord, who art my best and eternal Friend, be all glory and praise, now and for ever. *Amen.*



B. M.

Oh, haunted soul,
Down whose dim corridors for ever roll
The voices of the dead; whose holy ground
Re-echoes, at the midnight hour, with sound
Of feet that long ago were laid to rest
Yet trouble thee for ever! lo, a Guest
Is waiting at the gate; and unto Him
Thou shalt bemoan thy dead, and He will take
Sweet words and comfort thee. Thine eyes are dim,
But stretch thine hands to Him; He will not break
The bruised reed.

REV. R. H. BAYNES, *from the 'LYRA ANGLICANA.'*

WHEN across the heart, deep waves of sorrow
Break, as on a dry and barren shore ;
When hope glistens with no bright to-morrow,
And the storm seems sweeping evermore.

When the cup of every earthly gladness
Bears no taste of the life-giving stream ;
And high hopes, as though to mock our sadness,
Fade and die as in some fitful dream :

Who shall hush the weary spirit's chiding ?
Who the aching void within shall fill ?
Who shall whisper of a peace abiding,
And each surging billow calmly still ?

Only He whose wounded heart was broken
With the bitter cross and thorny crown ;
Whose dear love glad words of joy had spoken,
Who His life for us laid meekly down.

Blessed Healer ! all our burdens lighten ;
Give us Peace, Thine own sweet peace, we pray ;
Keep us near Thee till the morn shall brighten,
And all mists and shadows flee away !



C.
HOW wonderfully, as we go on through life, its utter
solitude grows upon us ! No one on a desert
island could be more lonely than we often are when sur-

rounded by friends. Who knows us? Not even those who seem to know us best. We feel we are always being thought better or worse than we deserve; that which we do with a mixed motive, is praised; that which costs us much, goes unheeded; and to no one have we the power of explaining ourselves. Two friends live together: they believe they are intimate the one with the other. Can either tell what has been, for one day only, occupying the heart and thoughts of the other? They may think and judge from what has been communicated to them; but do we not usually speak from the surface of our hearts, and are not our actions, feelings, and sympathies welling out from some hidden spring known only to ourselves? Our struggles, our hopes, our disappointments, our faithlessness, falls, and endeavours; who knows them? Only when, on our knees, we say, 'O God, Thou knowest all,' do we feel that we are fully and rightly understood; and receive in silence a sympathy more deep and satisfying than any human being can give.

TWENTY-SECOND DAY.

The Comforter.

JESUS said unto his disciples, If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you. I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you. Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also. At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you. He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him. Judas saith unto him (not Iscariot), Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world? Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and

we will come unto him, and make our abode with him. He that loveth me not keepeth not my sayings: and the word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which sent me. These things have I spoken unto you, being yet present with you. But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

St. John xiv. 14-27.

These things have I spoken unto you, that ye should not be offended. They shall put you out of the synagogues: yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service. And these things will they do unto you, because they have not known the Father, nor me. But these things have I told you, that when the time shall come, ye may remember that I told you of them. And these things I said not unto you at the beginning, because I was with you. But now I go my way to him that sent me; and none of you asketh me, Whither goest thou? But because I have said these things unto you, sorrow hath filled your heart. Nevertheless I tell you the truth; it is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you. And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment: of sin, because they believe not on me; of right-

eousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more; of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged. I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will shew you things to come. He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you. All things that the Father hath are mine: therefore said I, that he shall take of mine, and shall shew it unto you. A little while, and ye shall not see me: and again, a little while, and ye shall see me, because I go to the Father.

St. John xvi. 1-16

Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered. And he that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because he maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God.

Rom. viii. 26, 27.

The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law.

Gal. v. 22, 23.

Paul, and Silvanus, and Timotheus, unto the church of the Thessalonians which is in God the Father and in the Lord Jesus Christ: Grace be unto you, and peace, from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ. We give thanks to God always for you all, making mention of you

in our prayers; remembering without ceasing your work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, in the sight of God and our Father; knowing, brethren beloved, your election of God. For our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance; as ye know what manner of men we were among you for your sake. And ye became followers of us, and of the Lord, having received the word in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Ghost.

1 Thess. i. 1-6.



T. V. FOSBERY.

‘THE Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost.’ We prize, and justly prize the efforts which those we love make in any time of sorrow or distress to bring comfort to our hearts. And we often receive some large measure of consolation from them. But the Blessed Spirit worketh comfort for us in a far different manner and of a far more deep and abiding character. Yea, ought we not rather to say that all true comfort received by us from others depends for its value on its helping to lead us to the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. The best and truest friendship, therefore, is most shown when it acknowledges in ministering to the suffering, that of itself it can do nothing, pointing ever to a higher than earthly comfort.

The Holy Spirit comforts in sanctifying. The heart

under His guidance gains peace in gaining holiness. This world's comforters would change our outward condition, give us some greater earthly good, avert some dreaded evil, vary our circumstances, alter our lot. The Holy Spirit changes, instead, our inner being. It is not where or how we are, but what we are, that He regards. A man's soul is perturbed, distracted, disquieted; for one reason or other he is very unhappy. The Spirit of God reveals to him in His good time the mysteries of the kingdom of grace, and leads him to communion with Christ; giving him that knowledge of Christ which neither books, nor friends, nor sermons, nor the wisdom of the wisest man can teach; that intimate knowledge which He alone can impart, for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God. And thus the wounded heart is healed; thus the love of Christ is poured into it; thus a deeper sense is awakened in it of what He is to the soul, its all-sufficient portion, its exceeding great reward; thus the sorrows of time lose their power to distract and overwhelm, yea, they have even an aspect of brightness, as clouds which, though dark themselves, yet when the sun shines upon them reflect his beams.

'The Holy Ghost, the Comforter.' Who does not need comfort? 'The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with its joy.' And therefore in trouble we are constantly thrown back upon ourselves to bear as best we can our own burthen. It is then that the heart feels its love-

liness, the mystery of its separate being. It is then that two paths present themselves before the inward eye. One is altogether solitary. It is that to which Satan tempts, and the pride of the soul, when we would refuse all sympathy, and all solace, and dwell alone with our grief. *There* is the gnawing of bitter care, the moan of self pity, the hardening of selfishness, the loss of all tender charity, the preparation, it may be, for future sin, and so for deeper suffering. But the other path leads straight to God ; in it the soul, acknowledging its weakness, finds blessed comfort. The Holy Spirit softens, moulds, subdues it. There is made known the true purpose of affliction. There through His mighty working the *purifying* is accomplished which goes before the *peace*. There are the Christian tempers wrought and developed, the holy charity which makes the soul most like the Saviour ; meekness, patience, long-suffering, and assured trust. And then, when the gracious Spirit finds that this His work is advancing, and that the soul is striving, under His guidance, first after holiness, He enters more openly upon His office of Comforter. He rolls back the clouds that had darkened the midnight sky, and lets the eye of faith see further into heaven ; and the lights in the firmament shine cheerily upon it ; there is before it now the opening of a great Hope ; it was coming, through all that time of darkness, though hidden, and now it has come.



M. E. TOWNSEND.

O GOD the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the
Father and the Son,

Have mercy upon us.

O Holy Spirit, Comforter of the weary and the sad,
Comfort us, we beseech Thee, in all our tribulations.

O Holy Spirit, Illuminator of Thy people,
Give us light, we beseech Thee, in the darkness of this world.

O Holy Spirit, Sanctifier of Thine elect,
Keep us, we beseech Thee, from all sin.

O Holy Paraclete, Advocate with the Father,
Intercede for us, we beseech Thee, according to the will of God.

O Holy Spirit of Love,
Teach us, we beseech Thee, more and more of the love of Christ.

O Holy Spirit of Truth,
Lead us, we beseech Thee, into all truth, and bring always to our remembrance the words of Jesus.

O Holy Spirit of Counsel,
Guide us, we beseech Thee, through the trials and perplexities of life.

O Blessed Spirit, dwell in us and with us, according to our Lord's own promise. Without Thee we are as orphans in this lonely world; leave us not comfortless, we beseech Thee. We are weak with suffering and

with struggles against sin, and we know not what we should pray for as we ought; pray Thou for us, we beseech Thee, before the heavenly Throne; help our infirmities; purify our hearts; breathe into our souls evermore the breath of Thy divine life, that our whole body and soul and spirit may be presented blameless, and sanctified as an holy temple by Thine indwelling presence. *Amen.*



VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

Translated by DEAN STANLEY.

COME, Holy Spirit, from above,
And from the realms of light and love
Thine own bright rays impart.
Come, Father of the fatherless,
Come, Giver of all happiness,
Come, Lamp of every heart.

O Thou, of Comforters the best,
O Thou, the soul's most welcome Guest,
O Thou our sweet Repose,
Our Resting-place from life's long care,
Our Shadow from the world's fierce glare,
Our Solace in all woes.

O Light Divine, all light excelling,
Fill with Thyself the inmost dwelling
Of souls sincere and lowly:

Without Thy pure Divinity,
Nothing in all humanity,
 Nothing is strong or holy.

Wash out each dark and sordid stain—
Water each dry and arid plain,
 Raise up the bruised reed.
Enkindle what is cold and chill,
Relax the stiff and stubborn will,
 Guide those that guidance need.

Give to the good, who find in Thee
The Spirit's perfect liberty,
 Thy sevenfold power and love.
Give virtue strength its crown to win,
Give struggling souls their rest from sin,
 Give endless peace above.



S. WILLIAMS.

'For My thoughts are not your thoughts, saith the Lord.'

I SAID, 'the darkness shall content my soul ;'
 God said, 'Let there be light.'
I said, 'the night shall see me reach my goal ;'
 Instead came dawning bright.

I bared my head to meet the smiter's stroke ;
 There came sweet dropping oil.

I waited trembling, but the voice that spoke
Said gently, 'Cease thy toil.'

I looked for evil, stern of face and pale ;
Came good, too fair to tell :
I leaned on God when other joys did fail,
He gave me these as well.



A. P. P. C.

IT is His part to be specially 'The Comforter ;' to enter into the heart, which, knowing its own bitterness, is brooding apart over its sorrows, or quailing at the thought that it is called upon to bear sufferings, anxieties, and cares, which others do not, and cannot enter into ; and to teach that heart that it has not been left by God to suffer alone. For lo ! God Himself is with it, filling its darkest and most desolate chamber with a presence, the brightness of whose glory and the power of whose might, not even the pillar of the cloud, or the cloven tongues like as of fire, can adequately represent ; and showing even to the most friendless of this world that they have a truer source of consolation, always with them, than all the sympathy of this world, even the most genuine, the most loving, can afford.

TWENTY-THIRD DAY.

Christ's Tenderness to the Weak.

STRENGTHEN ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not : behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompence ; he will come and save you. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing : for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water : in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes. And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness ; the unclean shall not pass over it ; but it shall be for those : the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there ; but the redeemed shall walk there. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return,

and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads : they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

Isa. xxxv. 3-10.

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me ; for I am meek and lowly in heart : and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

St. Matt. xi. 28-30.

Behold my servant, whom I have chosen ; my beloved, in whom my soul is well pleased : I will put my spirit upon him, and he shall show judgment to the Gentiles. He shall not strive, nor cry ; neither shall any man hear his voice in the streets. A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench, till he send forth judgment unto victory. And in his name shall the Gentiles trust.

St. Matt. xii. 18-21.

And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure. For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me. And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee : for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me. Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake : for when I am weak, then am I strong.

2 Cor. xii. 7-10.

DANIEL MOORE.

CHRIST'S tenderness to the weak comes out in prophecies bearing on His work and office. Take only a few passages from the evangelical prophets : ' For thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall.' And again : ' A man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest ; as rivers of water in a dry place ; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' See also the words quoted by Himself in the synagogue at Nazareth : ' The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the meek ; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.' What a consecration of the Holy One have we here, to all the tenderness of a ' merciful and sympathizing ' priesthood ! What a grouping of the children of sorrow,—the poor, and the lowly, and the bondman, and the fearful, the men of blinded minds and withered hearts, all drawn to this central ministry of healing, as to a pool of Bethesda, of which the waters were never still ! But the passage of ancient prophecy which bears most directly on our present subject is that quoted by St. Matthew from the second chapter of this Prophet, in which, after setting forth the meek and unresisting deportment of the Saviour,—' He shall not

cry, nor lift up, nor cause His voice to be heard in the street,'—the significant words are added, 'A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench.'

We see at once the persons intended by this description, as well as how Christ shall deal with them. They are those who are wanting in force of religious character ; or those, who through the threatening difficulties of the religious life are becoming wearied and faint in their minds ; or those in whom good and evil tendencies have long been contending for supremacy, and the good are well-nigh overmastered, and are ready to die. And how will Christ deal with them ? Will He break the reed at the point of its bruising ? or will He, by repelling and cold discouragement, crush out the life of the remaining spark ? No, there is divinity in that spark. 'For thus saith the Lord, As the new wine is found in the cluster, and one saith, Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it, so will I do for my servant's sake.' I will quicken into life the faintest breath of spiritual desire. I will draw out into action the first-formed conception of holy purpose. I will take part with the least and last remainder of good I find in the heart, until the mists of corruption shall be scattered from about the lamp of God, and the once bruised reed shall resound again with thanksgiving and the voice of melody. And such as prophecy declared Christ should be, such, in all the actings of His earthly life, do we find He was.

He drove none to despair. He frowned none into

fear. He never forsook the reed till a defiant obstinacy had snapped it in sunder, and never withdrew His gentle inspirations from the flax, till, as with the Scribes and Pharisees, a resolved impenitence had extinguished the last spark of light. Wheresoever there were the first yieldings of the will to a better influence, He cherished them, sheltered them, drew them kindly on. With His own disciples He had to bear much, yet rarely does His language rise to harsh reproof, scarcely even to upbraiding. It is rather that of a subdued, softened 'melancholy tenderness.' 'Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.' 'What was it that ye disputed among yourselves by the way?' 'Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?' 'Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?' What a depth of considerate, thoughtful sympathy lies enfolded in that message, dictated by Himself no doubt to the angel, when it was said to the women at the sepulchre, 'Go, tell His disciples, *and Peter!*' His disciples, for they have all behaved unkindly, and are mourning in bitterness of spirit over their cowardly and unfeeling flight; and Peter, a very bruised reed indeed, one whom a kind word now may save from being broken in despair.

And was there loss of tenderness in His dealings with those who were not His disciples? with the penitent woman in Simon's house? with her who came to Him in His wearied thirst at the well of Jacob? with the fainting multitudes in the wilderness, who had come from far, or with those whom He saw in all their scattering,

and ignorance, and dark neglect, 'as sheep having no shepherd'? Nay, wherever He goes compassion marks His progress. Witness His grief for the men of Nazareth, who were tying His hands of mercy by their miserable unbelief; or His weeping over Jerusalem, because her people knew not the day of their visitation. We might further show how this tenderness of the Saviour's character has accompanied Him into heaven, remains an indelible and permanent condition of His nature even *there*, arching with the mild splendours of a rainbow the throne of His mediation, and giving a softened light and lustre to the moral administration of God. To the beloved apostle there was vouchsafed a vision of His Divine Lord, in the midst of the uncreated glory, as 'God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God;' and the sight was too awful to look upon. 'I fell at His feet as one dead,' he declares. But though John knew not his Lord in this strange disguise of glory, he shall know Him by another token,—namely, by His tenderness, His prompt compassion, His impatience to reach out the everlasting Arm wherever there is a timid heart to encourage, or a fainting spirit to uphold. 'And He laid His right hand upon me, saying, Fear not: I am the first and the last: I am He that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore.' Thus whether on earth or in heaven, the heart of Christ is all one: He is 'the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever;' the same as when He 'turned and looked upon Peter,' the same as when He apologized for His sleep-

ing disciples in the garden, the same as when He said to doubting Thomas, 'Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands,' the same as when He said to her who was rudely confronted with His spotless purity in the Temple, 'Go, and sin no more.' Thus, from prophecy, from history, from visions of holy men, we learn the same lesson. Tenderness for the weak is the outstanding characteristic of the Saviour's nature, and life, and work.

And should we not be greatly comforted by this, under our early convictions of sin and doubts of the Divine forgiveness? This is a crisis in the moral life of most of us. They are the few, who have not had their marked epochs of religious growth and feeling, when Gospel principles began to take deeper root, and a new impetus was given to the life of God within them. They are made to possess the sins of their youth, sins justified perhaps at the time of commission and forgotten since, but now starting up before the affrighted conscience as things risen from the dead. And thereupon follow other fearful thoughts. What if they should have sinned away their best opportunities, and the sun should be going down on the day of their visitation? What if they should have procrastinated for so many years, that the time which remains to them should be too brief for the great work of life? These thoughts bring them very low; they know that with God there is mercy, but, as they think, not mercy for *them*. They see the light, but it does not shine for *them*. With what comforts

ought we to comfort one in this state? Should we not bid him look up to the heaven of heavens, and see what is going on there—see ‘a Lamb as it had been slain,’ standing in the midst of the throne, the marks of His dying unremoved from His sacred body, and the voice of His blood crying afresh, as fresh pardons are needed for our sins? Can he have a more touching or speaking emblem of the tenderness of Christ’s heart than this? Let him charge himself, if he will, with an unparalleled height of trespass; let him declare, if he will, that light abused, grace resisted, years spent in worldliness and neglect, must have placed a gulf impassable between him and hope: we tell him that none can despair whilst, in the midst of the throne, in the exalted centre of all heavenly rule, there stands that compassionate and bleeding Lamb; placed there as an everlasting protest against human fears, a perpetual sanctuary for oppressed consciences, the Spirit’s uplifted standard, when the enemy comes in like a flood to cast doubts upon the tender compassions of our God.

Again, this view of the tenderness of our Lord should be very comforting to us under the weakness of our faith, when we are laying hold of the promises of God, but not firmly; when, though professing to believe all the gracious assurances of the Holy One, the belief itself is not absolute and entire. Under such circumstances, what a consolation is it to know that the same weaknesses have been discovered by our brethren in the world, and that a gracious Saviour allowed for, excused, pardoned them!

Look at that agonized father, as he brings his demoniac son to the Saviour. The spirit of wild frenzy is upon the child at the instant. And the man is assured that one bold venture upon the word of Christ will make all well. The venture is made ; it is withdrawn ! The hand grasps the relief ; it lets it go again ! And the child is pining away. Oh ! who shall deliver the tortured parent from this state of mental conflict and contradiction ? Better not wait to be delivered from it. Let him go with it to Christ. Weak faith, mixed faith, little faith, —better this than none at all. ‘Lord, I believe ; help thou mine unbelief.’

Or look again at the disciples in that storm on the lake of Galilee, fearing for their lives though Christ was with them in the ship. Yet see how tenderly the Master deals with them. Doubtless they had pleased Him more, if, under a persuasion that no harm could happen to them, they had looked calmly on the fettered fury of the storm, and had allowed Him to sleep on. But faith they had, though not enough for this, since we do not find them having recourse to any expedients of their own. Christ would keep them, if any could. Nor was it till the ship was covered with the waves, and hope seemed utterly gone, that they had recourse to Him. Hence the gentleness of the succeeding reproof, ‘Why are ye so fearful ?’ Jesus knew what was in man ; and if in the hearts of His disciples at this time, He saw but little faith, that little He knew was true. And so the merciful law was laid down for men

of fearful heart for all time, that God accepteth our faith, not for the measure of it, but for its sincerity. Faith in its lowest degree is precious, must be so ; because whatever its measure, it is the gift of God. And therefore to all who are suffering from this, we say, 'Be not afraid; only believe.' If at the last day it should be said, that your heart was right, your eye was single, your desires were heavenward, your hope in the promise simple, scriptural, humble, pure, Christ shall welcome you to a throne by the side of His most exalted saints, and as He wipes away the last tear from your eyes, will say, 'Why were ye fearful, O ye of little faith?'

Consider this tenderness of the Saviour again as it bears upon our slow progress in the Divine life ; our coldness in sacred exercises ; our fluctuations and decays of religious feeling, the speedy passing away of impressions which we had hoped might permanently abide with us. Often we cannot watch with Christ one hour. Our hearts are cold ; our lips are stammering ; our affections cleave to the dust ; our spirits flag and tire at that which is at once angels' work and angels' rest. We can neither fix attention nor confine desire, nor realize God as present with us. Our thoughts set us at defiance, get entirely loose from our control. Every passing vanity can engage their preference, and the idlest day-dream supplant our meditations of God and heaven. Oh ! with what words should we comfort these tender and bruised reeds, or on what scenes should we fix their grateful thoughts? Surely we should lead them to

Gethsemane ! Not now, indeed, to behold the Master wrestling with His mysterious agony, so much as that they might look on the disciples, sleeping when they ought to have been praying, yielding to the impulses of a fleshly infirmity, when they ought to have been consecrating all the powers of a wakeful sympathy on relieving their Lord's distress. It would have tried *us* keenly to see those who professed to love us, able to sleep on through our anguish, leaving us to tread the wine-press unhelped, unpitied, and alone. The compassionate Saviour can excuse all. It was not indifference that closed their eyes : 'They were sleeping for sorrow.' Want of sympathy there was none. It was in their hearts to show love to Him. 'The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.'

You will now have seen that it is on behalf of the weak among His people that the power and grace of Christ are specially exerted. They are the tender among flocks, the bruised among reeds, the fearful among penitents, the feeble and erring among disciples, on whose behalf He delights to show Himself strong. His power rests upon infirmity. His strength is made perfect in weakness. Our spiritual life to the last may be one of feeble and ineffectual effort after a sanctity not reached ; after a victory over the will, not perfected ; after a grasp of faith not realized. But still, so long as the desires tend that way, we may say with the Apostle, 'When I am weak, then am I strong ;' ay, stronger than some who think they have no weakness to bewail. For 'even the

youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall ; but they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength ; they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint.'



JEREMY TAYLOR.

O MERCIFUL LORD, preserve me, Thy servant, from all evil, lead me into all good ; change my sorrows into comforts, my infirmity into spiritual strength ; take all iniquity from me, and let Thy servant never depart from Thee. I am Thine, O save me ; I am Thine, sanctify and preserve me for ever ; that neither life nor death, health nor sickness, prosperity nor adversity, weakness within, nor cross accidents without, may ever separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, my Lord. *Amen.*



A. L. WARING.

GO not far from me, O my strength,
Whom all my times obey ;
Take from me anything Thou wilt,
But go not Thou away,—
And let the storm that does Thy work
Deal with me as it may.

On Thy compassion I repose,
In weakness and distress :
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love Thee less.
Oh, 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need Thy tenderness.

While many sympathizing hearts
For my deliverance care,
Thou, in Thy wiser, stronger love,
Art teaching me to bear—
By the sweet voice of thankful song,
And calm, confiding prayer.

Thy love has many a lighted path
No outward eye can trace,
And my heart sees Thee in the deep,
With darkness on its face,
And communes with Thee, 'mid the storm,
As in a secret place.

O Comforter of God's redeemed,
Whom the world does not see,
What hand should pluck me from the flood,
That casts my soul on Thee ?
Who would not suffer pain like mine,
To be consoled like me ?

When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,

Then on Thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay.
And the rough wind becomes a song
And darkness shines like day.

Oh, blessed are the eyes that see !
Though silent anguish show
The love, that in their hours of sleep
Unthanked may come and go :
And blessed are the ears that hear !
Though kept awake by woe.

There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ my Lord hath died ;
There is no curse in this my pain,
For He was crucified.
And it is fellowship with Him
That keeps me near His side.

It is not hard to bear by faith,
In Thine own bosom laid,
The trial of a soul redeemed,
For Thy rejoicing made.
Well may the heart in patience rest
That none can make afraid.

Safe in Thy sanctifying grace,
Almighty to restore :

Borne onward—sin and death behind,
And love and life before.
Oh let my soul abound in hope
And praise Thee more and more !

Deep unto deep may call, but I
With peaceful heart will say—
Thy loving-kindness hath a charge
No waves can take away ;
And let the storm that speeds me home
Deal with me as it may.



HE stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east
wind.

Isa. xxvii. 8.



THE eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are
the everlasting arms.

Deut. xxxiii. 27.



TWENTY-FOURTH DAY.

The Hour of Darkness.

*G*OD hath overthrown me, and hath compassed me with his net. Behold, I cry out of wrong, but I am not heard: I cry aloud, but there is no judgment. He hath fenced up my way that I cannot pass, and he hath set darkness in my paths. He hath stripped me of my glory, and taken the crown from my head. He hath destroyed me on every side, and I am gone: and mine hope hath he removed like a tree. He hath also kindled his wrath against me, and he counteth me unto him as one of his enemies. His troops come together, and raise up their way against me, and encamp round about my tabernacle. He hath put my brethren far from me, and mine acquaintance are verily estranged from me. My kinsfolk have failed, and my familiar friends have forgotten me. All my inward friends abhorred me: and they whom I loved are turned against me. My bone cleaveth to my skin and to my flesh, and I escaped with the skin of my teeth. Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends; for

the hand of God hath touched me. Why do ye persecute me as God, and are not satisfied with my flesh? Oh that my words were now written! oh that they were printed in a book! that they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever! For I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.

Job xix. 6-14, 19-27.

God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction, that he may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man. He keepeth back his soul from the pit, and his life from perishing by the sword. He is chastened also with pain upon his bed, and the multitude of his bones with strong pain: so that his life abhorreth bread, and his soul dainty meat. His flesh is consumed away that it cannot be seen; and his bones that were not seen stick out. Yea, his soul draweth near unto the grave, and his life to the destroyers. If there be a messenger with him, an interpreter, one among a thousand, to shew unto man his uprightness: then he is gracious unto him, and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom. His flesh shall be fresher than a child's: he shall return to the days of his youth: he shall pray unto God, and he will be favourable unto him: and he shall see his face with joy: for he

will render unto man his righteousness. He looketh upon men, and if any say, I have sinned, and perverted that which was right, and it profited me not; he will deliver his soul from going into the pit, and his life shall see the light. Lo, all these things worketh God oftentimes with man, to bring back his soul from the pit, to be enlightened with the light of the living.

Job xxxiii. 24-30.

Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.

Isa. l. 10.

We wait for light, but behold obscurity; for brightness, but we walk in darkness. We grope for the wall like the blind, and we grope as if we had no eyes: we stumble at noon-day as in the night; we are in desolate places as dead men.

Isa. lix. 9, 10.



F. W. ROBERTSON.

DAVID says, 'Mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?' Now observe, this feeling of being forsaken is no proof that we are forsaken. Mourning after an absent God is an evidence of love as strong as rejoicing in a present one. Nay, further, a man may be more decisively the servant of God, while doubting His existence, and in the anguish of his soul crying for light, than while resting in a common creed, and coldly serving Him.

There has been One at least whose apparent forsakenness, and whose seeming doubt bears the stamp of the majesty of faith, 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me.' Distinguish between the *feelings* of faith that God is present, and the *hope* of faith that He will be so.

There are times when a dense cloud veils the sunlight: you cannot see the sun, nor feel him—sensitive temperaments feel depression; and that unaccountably and irresistibly. No effort can make you *feel*. Then you hope. Behind the cloud there is the sun; from thence he will come: the day drags through, the darkest and longest night ends at last. Thus we bear the darkness, and many a sleepless night. It does not shine now, but it will.

So, too, spiritually. There are hours in which physical derangement darkens the windows of the soul; days in which shattered nerves make life simply endurance; months and years in which intellectual difficulties pressing for solution, shut out God. There are moments of a hopelessness, when our highest feelings have been misunderstood and our purest met with ridicule; times when our heavy secret was lying unshared like ice upon the heart. And then the spirit gives way; we wish that all were over; that we could lie down tired, and rest like children from life; that the hour was come when we could put the extinguisher on the lamp, and feel the last grand rush of darkness on the spirit. Then faith must be replaced by hope. 'What I do,

thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' 'Clouds and darkness are round about Him, but righteousness and truth are the habitation of His throne.' 'My soul, hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance and my God.' This hope was *in God*. The mistake we make is to look for a source of comfort in ourselves: self-contemplation; instead of gazing upon God. In other words, we look for comfort precisely where comfort can never be. For, first, it is impossible to derive consolation from our own feelings, because of their mutability; to-day we are well, and our spiritual experience, partaking of these circumstances, is bright: but to-morrow some outward circumstances change—the sun does not shine—and we are gloomy, low, and sad. Then if our hopes were unreasonably elevated they will now be unreasonably depressed, and so our experience ebbs and flows, like the sea, that emblem of instability. Next, it is impossible to get comfort from our own acts; for though acts are the test of character, yet in a low state no man can judge justly of his own acts. It would be well for all men to remember that sinners cannot judge of sin—least of all can we estimate our own sin.

Besides, we lose time in remorse. I have sinned—well—by the grace of God I must endeavour to do better for the future. But if I mourn for it over much to-day, refusing to be comforted, to-morrow I shall *have* to mourn the wasted to-day, and that again will be

the subject of another fit of remorse. In the wilderness had the children of Israel, instead of gazing on the serpent, looked down on their own wounds to see how deep they were, and whether they were healing slowly or fast, cure would have been impossible; their only chance was to look off the wounds. Just so, when giving up this hopeless work of self-inspection and turning from ourselves our gaze on Christ, then first the chance of consolation dawns.

Besides, in God's world, for those that are in earnest, there is no real failure at last. No work truly done—no word earnestly spoken—no sacrifice freely made—was ever in vain. If ever failure seemed to rest on a noble life, it was when the Son of Man, deserted by His friends, heard the shout which proclaimed that the Pharisees had successfully drawn the net round their Divine victim. Yet, from that very hour of defeat and death there went forth the world's life; from that very moment of apparent failure there proceeded forth into the ages to come the spirit of the conquering cross. Surely if the cross says anything, it says that apparent defeat is real victory, and that there is a heaven for those who have *nobly* and *truly* failed on earth. . . .

God is not affected by our mutability; our changes do not alter Him. When we are restless He remains serene and calm, when we are low, selfish, or dispirited, He is still the unalterable I AM,—the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, in whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning. What God is in Himself,

not what we may chance to feel Him in this or that moment to be, that is our hope. 'My soul, hope thou *in God*.'



FÉNELON.

DEPRESSION often springs from the fact that, seeking God, we do not find sufficient consolation in the search. The desire to feel His comfort is not the same as the desire to possess Him ; for the former may spring wholly from self-love. Our prostrate and disheartened nature is not content with faith only, and wants to see its own progress. Our pride is disgusted at our faults, and we mistake this disgust for true repentance. Our self-love would fain have the gratification of seeing itself perfect : we are vexed with ourselves, and are impatient and out of temper both with ourselves and others. Grievous error ! As though our vexation would forward God's work, or as though we should approach nearer to the God of peace by destroying our inward peace ! Martha, Martha ! why art thou troubled about so many things in the service of Jesus Christ ? But one thing is needful : to love Him, and remain patiently at His feet.

Once give yourself thus to God, and, without doing much, whatever you do will be well done ; you will be fearless as to the future ; desiring His will only, you will seek nothing concerning it. Give yourself to the present

fulfilling of His will, and do not seek beyond the good and evil of this present time. This daily fulfilling of God's will is at once the coming of His kingdom within us, and our daily bread. It would be mere faithlessness and heathen mistrust to seek to penetrate into a future which God hides from us : leave it to Him ; He will make it bitter or sweet, short or long ; let Him do as seemeth good in His sight. Let the future be what it may, no preparation is so perfect as dying to our own will and living to God. As the manna of the Israelites contained all grateful tastes, so this frame of mind embraces all graces and feelings suitable to whatever state of life God may hereafter call us. Thus armed, take your stand at the very groundwork, and be as easy concerning the past as the future. Think as ill as possibly of yourself ; but cast yourself blindly into God's arms : forget, lose yourself there ; in such forgetfulness lies the most perfect repentance, which lies in renouncing yourself to God. This forgetfulness is the utter uprooting of self-love ; then your heart will expand, and losing the weight of self, you will marvel to see how straight and plain the path before you is. Instead of ceaseless uneasiness, calm and quiet ; instead of restless fear, for the past or the future, confidence in God as a tender Father daily leading us by the hand. If you fall, your penitence will be the sorrow of love, and you will hasten back to Him whom you forsook. Your sin will be hateful to you, but the humiliation which it produces will be good. In proportion as the reflections of pride after a

fall are bitter and restless, so is the return of humility to God peaceful and confident in His love ; you will soon learn by experience that this return advances your amendment more than all your vexation for your faults. Only fail not to return heartily the moment you discover your error. Do not consult with yourself : look to God : it is His Presence you need . . . If anything can give a calm mind, disperse our scruples and fears, soften our cares, invigorate our actions, and fill our very words and looks with the joy of the Holy Spirit, it is this simple childlike trust in God. . . . God never said, 'Walk before *thyself*'—but He did say, 'Walk before *Me* and be thou perfect ;' and David says, 'Mine eyes are ever looking unto the Lord, for He shall pluck my feet out of the net.' The danger is at his feet, but his eyes are raised on high—looking rather to God's help than to his own peril. In the sight of God all will be plain, but in our own darkness we can see nothing.



O BLESSED JESUS, who, out of Thine infinite compassion to us Thy sinful creatures, didst vouchsafe to endure the hiding of Thy Father's face, and the hours of darkness on the Cross ; to Thee I bring my sore burthen of darkness and depression ; of weakness and infirmity. Lord, 'undertake for me, I am oppressed.' Thou knowest all these dark suggestions of

evil which beset my soul. 'Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and an horrible dread hath overwhelmed me.' Give me grace evermore to cling steadfastly unto Thee, and in Thine own time, I humbly beseech Thee, deliver me out of all my trouble, and lift up the light of Thy countenance upon me, Thy unworthy servant. Hear and answer me according to Thy blessed will; only through all sorrow and joy draw me nearer to Thyself, my only Redeemer and Intercessor. *Amen.*



O HEAVENLY FATHER—Have compassion, I humbly beseech Thee, upon me, Thy afflicted servant, encompassed with sin and infirmity, tempest-tossed and weary, sorely beset by my spiritual enemies :

Have pity upon me.

O blessed Sun of Righteousness—Hear me, I pray Thee, in this my hour of darkness. I cannot see Thee, cannot find Thee. In Thine own time shine into my soul and give me light, and love, and hope :

Have pity upon me.

O Holy Ghost, the Comforter—Strengthen me, I beseech Thee, in this time of trouble. 'My soul melteth away for very heaviness, comfort Thou me according to Thy word :'

Have pity upon me.

O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, Three Persons and one God—Of Thine infinite goodness and loving kindness, grant me my heart's desire ; as Thou wilt, when Thou wilt, how Thou wilt :

Have pity upon me. Amen.



GEORGE MAC DONALD.

. . . When I find Him,
Then will I praise Him from the heights of peace ;
But now my soul is as a speck of life
Cast on the deserts of eternity ;
A hungering and a thirsting, nothing more.
I am as a child new born, its mother dead,
Its father far away beyond the seas.
Blindly I stretch my arms and seek for Him :
He goeth by me, and I see Him not.
I cry to Him ; as if I sprinkled ashes,
My prayers fall back in dust upon my soul.

. . . God speaks to men.
My soul leans towards Him ; stretches forth its arms,
And waits expectant. Speak to me, my God ;
And let me know the living Father cares
For me, even me ; for this one of His children.
Hast Thou no word for me ? I am Thy thought.
God, let Thy mighty heart beat into mine,
And let mine answer as a pulse to Thine.

See, I am low ; yea very low ; but Thou
Art high, and Thou canst lift me up to Thee.
I am a child, a fool before Thee, God ;
But Thou hast made my weakness as my strength.
I am an emptiness for Thee to fill ;
My soul, a cavern for Thy sea. . . .

Wherefore wilt Thou not hear me, Lord of me ?
Have I no claim on Thee ? True, I have none
That springs from me, but much that springs from Thee.
Hast Thou not made me ? Liv'st Thou not in me ?
I have done nought for Thee, am but a want ;
But Thou, who art rich in giving, canst give claims ;
And this same need of Thee, which Thou hast given,
Is a strong claim on Thee to give Thyself,
And makes me bold to rise and come to Thee.
Through all my sinning Thou hast not recalled
This witness of Thy Fatherhood, to plead
For Thee with me and for Thy child with Thee.
Last night as now I seemed to speak with Him ;
Or was it but my heart that spoke for Him ?
'Thou makest me long,' I said, 'therefore wilt give ;
My longing is Thy promise, O my God.
If, having sinned, I thus have lost the claim,
Why doth the longing yet remain with me,
And make me bold thus to besiege Thy doors ?'
I thought I heard an answer :—'Question on.
Keep on thy need ; it is the bond that holds
Thy being yet to Mine. I give it thee,

A hungering and a fainting and a pain,
Yet a God-blessing. Thou art not quite dead
While this pain lives in thee. I bless thee with it.
Better to live in pain than die that death.
So I will live, and nourish this my pain ;
For oft it giveth birth unto a hope
That makes me strong in prayer. He knows it too.

It matters little what may come to me
Of outward circumstance, as hunger, thirst,
Social condition, yea, or love or hate ;
But what shall *I* be, fifty summers hence ?
My life, my being, all that meaneth *me*,
Goes darkly forward into something—what ?
O God, Thou knowest. It is not my care.
If Thou wert less than truth, or less than love,
It were a fearful thing to be and grow
We know not what. My God, take care of me.
Pardon and swathe me in an infinite love
Pervading and inspiring me, Thy child.
And let Thy own design in me work on,
Unfolding the ideal man in me !
Which being greater far than I have grown,
I cannot comprehend. I am Thine, not mine.
One day completed unto Thine intent,
I shall be able to discourse with Thee ;
For Thy idea, gifted with a self,
Must be of one with the mind where it sprang,
And fit to talk to Thee about Thy thoughts.

Lead me, O Father, holding by Thy hand ;
I ask not whither, for it must be on. . . .

I'll think of Jesus, who hath led my soul
Thus far upon its journey home to God.
By poor attempts to do the things He said,
Faith has been born ; free will become a fact ;
And love grown strong to enter into His,
And know the Spirit that inhabits there.
One day His truth will spring to life in me,
And make me free, as God says—' I am free.'
When I am like Him, then my soul will dawn
With the full glory of the God revealed—
Full as to me, though but one beam from Him ;—
The light will shine, for I shall comprehend it :
In His light I shall see light. God can speak,
Yea, *will* speak to me then, and I shall hear.

. . . Jesus said
His followers should have a hundred-fold
Of earth's most precious things, with suffering.—
In all the labourings of a weary spirit,
I have been blessed with gleams of glorious things.
The sights and sounds of nature touch my soul,
No more look in from far.—I never see
Such radiant filmy clouds, gathered about
A gently opening eye into the blue,
But swells my heart, and bends my sinking knee,
Bowing in prayer. The setting sun, before,

Signed only that the hour for prayer was come,
Where now it moves my inmost soul to pray.

On this same earth He walked ; even thus He looked
Upon its thousand glories ; read them all ;
In splendour let them pass on through his soul,
And triumph in their new beatitude,
Finding a heaven of truth to take them in ;
But walked on steadily through pain to death.

Better to have the poet's heart than brain,
Feeling than song ; but better far than both,
To be a song, a music of God's making ;
Or but a table, on which God's finger of flame,
In words harmonious, of triumphant verse
That mingles joy and sorrow, sets down clear,
That out of darkness He hath called the light.
It may be, voice to such is after given,
To tell the mighty tale to other worlds.

.



BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

'It shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light.'

Zech. xiv. 7.

THE working of God, in time, is evermore, from
generation to generation, the fulfilment of this
promise. It is when the hour is darkest, when sorrow
is heaviest, when hope is dying, when the clouds are

thickest, and the hollow moaning of the voice of despair is beginning to awaken upon the chill night breeze—it is then that He interferes, to whom time is not, save as the setting wherein He has been pleased to place His work.



TWENTY-FIFTH DAY.

The Light of Hope.

BLESSED is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit. O Lord, the hope of Israel, all that forsake thee shall be ashamed, and they that depart from me shall be written in the earth, because they have forsaken the Lord, the fountain of living waters. Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved: for thou art my praise.

Jer. xvii. 7, 8, 13, 14.

Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God. And not only so, but

we glory in tribulations also : knowing that tribulation worketh patience ; and patience, experience ; and experience, hope : and hope maketh not ashamed ; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us. For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die : yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life. And not only so, but we also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement.

ROM. v. 1-11.

For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear ; but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God : and if children, then heirs ; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together. For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us. For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope.

because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the first-fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body. For we are saved by hope: but hope that is seen is not hope: for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for? But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it.

Rom. viii. 15-25.

Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost.

Rom. xv. 13.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time. Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations: that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ: whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though

now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory : receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.

1 Peter i. 3-9.



T. V. FOSBERY.

HOPE is the glad expectation of that which now lies in the future. By the counsel of God, and through His great love and mercy, the Christian Hope stands between 'Faith' and 'Charity.' But since Hope is a great delight to man's heart, why should it be urged upon us as a great duty? Faith in God is, we know, a grace attained through many difficulties, and Charity tries us to the uttermost, so hard is it to practise. But hope brings with it a present reward; nay, rather is in itself a reward,—how then can it be ranked with these others? Is not some such feeling often in the minds of many who are both thoughtful and devout? 'Let me but take care that my faith is unfeigned, and my charity fervent, and then my hope will come of itself.' Yet this in truth shows a lamentable want of spiritual discernment, and a great ignorance of the nature of true hope. . . . The Christian's hope has its foundations upon the Rock of Ages—'I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him, until that day.' It is approved and justified to the soul by a life of holiness. 'I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith, henceforth

there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.' It pre-supposes much, it involves much, and it is hard to attain. We might wait for ever until it came of itself ! Nay, rather, seeing what importance and value are given to it in the word of God, we must seek for it, strive after it, pray for it, and so win it.

But you will perhaps say that since some persons are of a more sanguine and hopeful disposition than others, hope is, after all, a matter of temperament, and that it is well for those who have a happy and cheerful nature ; to them hope belongs, but not to others. Once more, let us remember that this hope is to be wrought in the heart by the Holy Ghost, and that we must never quietly assume that we can dispense with it. If it be a grace from God, He will give it to those who seek after it diligently and perseveringly. It is true indeed that differences of nature and constitution may affect the enjoyment of it. Some good and true hearts will never be as bright and glad here, as others will. But underlying all diversities, hidden at times from its possessor, little known to the world, shrouded in the deep recesses of the heart, there, in every true Christian, will be found the grace of hope. . . .

No more common reproach is brought by the men of this world against religion than that it is dull, gloomy, cheerless, and monotonous. Now this accusation can hardly be against the Gospel of Christ itself, but must be directed against the followers of Christ in general,—and is it not too often deserved ? We do not habitually live

in view of the Hope set before us in the Gospel. We too much separate our daily life from our religion ; thinking it safe to keep religion for times when the heart must be oppressed and disturbed, for hours of weakness and weariness, for sickness and distress, for pain and for grief ; or if we rise above this condition and try to interweave religion into the texture of our being, is it not sometimes too plain that the darker threads are those which religion supplies, giving a hue of sadness to all the rest ? Yet ought this to be so ? It is most true that religion discloses to us the fearful nature of sin, the evil of our own hearts, and the peril of eternal death ; but is it not our blessed privilege to know not only the existence of evil, but the heaven-sent remedy ; to look not merely down into the darkness, but up into the light ; to watch the Sun of Righteousness arising, with healing on his wings ? Life is not to the Christian a cheerless waste, nor is death to him the King of Terrors. When he sees the shadows of evening fall around him, he knows it is only because this must be so, ere he can come to the glory of the next day's unclouded brightness. If we felt assuredly that Christ was our guide ; if we were able to commit all our cares to Him who careth for us, if we were persuaded of His love, and knew well that He will never leave us nor forsake us, might we not find it becoming more and more the settled condition of our hearts to 'rejoice in the Lord alway' ?

We now live in the Kingdom of Hope. For our own sakes then, and for the sake of others, let us show ourselves

to be citizens of that country. One of the titles of our King is, 'the God of Hope.' 'Let the voice of joy and gladness be in the dwellings of the righteous;' let men 'take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus' by the serenity and peace which He alone can bestow; and let us 'abound in Hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost.'



ST. GREGORY.

O GOOD JESU, Word of the Father, brightness of the Father's glory, into whom the Angels desire to look, teach us to do Thy will, that, led by thy good Spirit, we may attain to that blessed city, where is eternal day, and the spirit of all is one; where is certain security, and secure eternity, and eternal tranquillity, and tranquil blessedness, and blessed sweetness, and sweet joyousness, where Thou, God, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, livest and reignest to endless ages. *Amen.*



T. V. FOSBERY.

I STOOD beside yon fountain, where the sun
Looked on the waters as they rose and fell
Through the calm air unceasingly, with plash
Monotonous. Their column only gave
Back to the eye a glimmer cold and pale.—

Sudden, a wind descending smote the trees
That stood around, and smote the waters too
As they sprang upward ; marring, as it seemed,
The fair proportions of their pillared height :
But as the breeze seized thus upon the jet
And broke it into spray, a thousand gems
Flashed in the sunshine, and the water-cloud
Gave forth a Rainbow, radiant as the first
Set by our Father as His sign in Heaven.

O tossed with tempests and not comforted !
O tried and smitten one ! thy weary heart
Must read its lesson here. Thy Saviour's love
(Shaken and broken though thy spirit be)
Sends down this visiting of stormy grief
To mark thee with His Bow of Promise now,
And keep thee for His own eternally.



C.

AS one gets further on in life it grows in some ways easier. 'Tribulation worketh experience, and experience, hope ;' and this last hope is the happiest. It is of a very different kind from that with which we began life ; it comes most fully into our hearts when we look beyond this world, where we have already learnt that most of our other expectations are kindly and wisely disappointed !

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY.

The Burthen of Self.

THEN spake Jesus to the multitude, and to his disciples, saying, *The scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat : all therefore whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do ; but do not ye after their works : for they say, and do not. For they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders ; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers. But all their works they do for to be seen of men : they make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of their garments, and love the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues, and greetings in the markets, and to be called of men, Rabbi, Rabbi. But be not ye called Rabbi : for one is your Master, even Christ ; and all ye are brethren. And call no man your father upon the earth : for one is your Father, which is in heaven. Neither be ye called masters : for one is your Master, even Christ. But he that is greatest among you shall be your servant. And whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased ; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted.*

St. Matt. xxiii. 1-12.

And he said unto them, Ye are they which justify yourselves before men; but God knoweth your hearts: for that which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God.

St. Luke xvi. 15.

And he spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others: Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess. And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner. I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other: for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted. And they brought unto him also infants, that he would touch them: but when his disciples saw it, they rebuked them. But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein.

St. Luke xviii. 9-17.

For they loved the praise of men more than the praise of God.

St. John xii. 43.

Let nothing be done through strife or vain-glory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than them-

selves. Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others. Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

Phil. ii. 3 &



BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

‘**H**OW can ye believe, which receive honour one from another, and seek not the honour that cometh from God only?’ In these words our Lord gives the reason for the unbelief of the Jews. ‘Whom’ the Father ‘hath sent, Him ye believe not,’ is the fearful charge which He brings against them, and it is followed by the declaration, ‘Ye will not come to me that ye might have life; I am come in my Father’s name, and ye receive me not;’ and then follows the statement of the hidden reason of this terrible wilfulness. There was a deep moral incapacity in themselves which made His words powerless and His works unconvincing to them, ‘How *can* ye believe which receive honour one of another, and seek not the honour that cometh of God only?’ Here then surely is a caution of the profoundest significance. . . . That which made belief impossible in them must equally make it impos-

sible in us. If, with this habit of mind, they could not believe, neither can we believe if it possesses us. . . . Surely, then, we should examine carefully whether it exists in us, and is hindering our believing in Him.

In a very few touches He shows us the real character of this evil. *Its essence is the allowing man's estimate to become the measure of what is to be honoured; . . .* its effect is to promote self-exaltation, by leading each man to try himself by the measure of those around him, and not by the measure of God. For this measuring himself by the measure of God, is for every man the very root of true humility. It is only when we are alone with Him, when we are in the great calm of His presence, and in the searching light and truth of His holiness, that we can see ourselves as we are. Whenever, therefore, men try themselves by lower measures, self becomes great in every heart, and that humility which alone can receive the gospel of Christ becomes impossible. Hence, in whatever degree it acts, this spirit tends in every man to all littleness and failure, whilst the assaults of the temptation are so various, according to our different natural characters, that without the most careful self-examination, we may be altogether its victims, and yet never be conscious of its presence with us. . . .

A man may be, even in some true sense, indeed humbled before God; he may be neither a proud, a self-conceited, nor a vain man; and yet he may know well, in his own bitter experience, how, in the still remaining form of a harassing self-consciousness, this evil struggles within him.

Perhaps it is with him as a haunting presence everywhere, in his duties, in his prayers, in his meditations. In none of them can he get rid of self. In some forms of bodily sickness, what ought to be the unconscious actings of vitality, the beating of the heart, the passage of the blood through any artery, or the vibration of a nerve, make their every fulfilment of their functions felt, with a harassing distinctness of perception, by the sufferer. So is the self-conscious man tormented with an ever-present vision of himself in all that he is doing. Beyond even his acts for or with others, yea, into his very prayers, this dreadful self-consciousness will intrude itself. He cannot confess sin without thinking how well he is doing it; how humble he should appear to others if they could but witness his humiliation; he cannot pray with all his soul, because the vision of himself in prayer, and the thought how others, if they could see him, would applaud him, obtrudes itself, with a paralysing pertinacity, into his most sacred moments. This is not seldom the departing struggle of the devil of vanity: from this the word of Christ will at last set free him who clings to his Lord for deliverance; but it is to Him that we must go if we would be delivered from it. In His presence only can we be disenchanted. . . .

In that presence, then, we must set ourselves; stand, as if we were already called into the mighty judgment; look in the face our failings, our mixed motives, our unfulfilled resolutions, our poor performances, the seeming resistance of our will to His, our lack of true love to Him, and so

estimate by the searching rule of God's judgment these miserable littlenesses, as to which, in our times of weakness and earthliness, we are tempted to feel some satisfied emotions of self-approbation. It is well to do this from time to time—as, for instance, at the opening of Lent—in a solemn and especial manner ; more or less, too, we may do it at all times of earnest prayer and meditation. This, indeed, is one especial blessing, waiting upon real acts of devotion. In such hours the spirit cools and grows calm ; in that high communion, God in His mercy acts directly on it : and one whom He has so visited goes forth from His presence another man. Be persuaded, brethren, to try the experiment. Seize upon some time for more especial communion with God. Set yourselves, thus, alone with Him ; look calmly in the face all your sins, defects, infirmities, and littlenesses ; picture to yourself how they will show before men and angels, and, above all, before the all-searching eye of God, on the great doomsday. Suppose yourself there already, and think how you could now meet that surely coming trial. This, if anything can, will help you to overcome these otherwise inevitable bonds of self-approbation. But then, having done this, you must also be on your guard to watch in detail against the temptation the moment it assaults you. The rules for doing so are simple and easy to one who is really striving to use them. They are such as these :—

Think as little as possible about any good in yourself ; turn your eyes resolutely from any view of your acquirement, your influence, your plan, your success, your follow-

ing : above all, speak as little as possible about yourself. The inordinateness of our self-love makes speech about ourselves like the putting of the lighted torch to the dried wood which has been laid in order for the burning. Nothing but duty should open our lips upon this dangerous theme, except it be in humble confession of our sinfulness before our God. Again, be specially upon the watch against those little tricks by which the vain man seeks to bring round the conversation to himself, and gain the praise or notice which his thirsty ears drink in so greedily ; and even if praise comes unsought, it is well, whilst men are uttering it, to guard yourself by thinking of some secret cause for humbling yourself inwardly to God ; thinking into what these pleasant accents would be changed if all that is known to God, and even to yourself, stood suddenly revealed to man.

Again, take meekly the humiliations which God in His wise providence deals out to you : they are a most wholesome diet. They come from His hand who knows all that you need, who orders all in love, who bore the Cross for your redemption, and will, if you will let Him, heal your deep infirmities.

Lastly, place yourself often beneath the Cross of Calvary ; see that sight of love and sorrow ; hear those words of wonder ; look at the eternal Son humbling Himself there for you, and ask yourself, as you gaze fixedly on Him, whether he, whose only hope is in that Cross of absolute self-sacrifice and self-abasement, can dare to cherish in himself one self-exalting thought, or

allow himself in one self-complacent action. Let the Master's words ring ever in your ears: 'How can ye believe, who receive honour one of another, and seek not the honour that cometh of God only?'



JEREMY TAYLOR.

O HOLY and most gracious Master and Saviour Jesus, who, by Thy example and by Thy precepts, by the practice of a whole life, and by frequent discourses, didst command us to be meek and humble, in imitation of Thy great humility, be pleased to give me the grace, as Thou hast given me the commandment: enable me to do whatsoever Thou commandest; and command whatsoever Thou pleasest. O mortify in me all proud thoughts and vain opinions of myself. Let me go before others in nothing but in striving to do them honour and Thee glory; never seeking my own praise, never delighting in it when it is offered; that, thinking little of myself, I may be accepted by Thee in the honours with which Thou shalt crown Thy humble and faithful servants, for Jesus' sake, in the kingdom of eternal glory. *Amen.*



GEORGE HERBERT.

A WREATHED garland of deserved praise,
Of praise deserved, unto Thee I give,
I give to Thee, who knowest all my ways,

My crooked winding ways, wherein I live,
Wherein I die, not live ; for life is straight,
Straight as a line, and ever tends to Thee,
To Thee, who art more far above deceit,
Than deceit seems above simplicity.
Give me simplicity ; that I may live ;
So live and like, that I may know thy ways,
Know them and practise them : then shall I give
For this poor wreath, give Thee a crown of Praise.



ISAAC WILLIAMS.

MAKE me Thine own
And take me :—of myself I am afraid ;
Oh, take me from myself ; oh, take away
Whate'er of self is in me ; and I pray
Give me on what my spirit may be stayed,
And that, I know full well, is but
Thyself alone.



ST. AUGUSTINE.

THOU hast made us for Thyself, and our heart is
restless till it resteth in Thee.

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY.

The Weariness of the Way.

AND thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep his commandments, or no. And he humbled thee, and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee with manna, which thou knewest not, neither did thy fathers know; that he might make thee know that man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live. Thy raiment waxed not old upon thee, neither did thy foot swell, these forty years. Thou shalt also consider in thine heart, that, as a man chasteneth his son, so the Lord thy God chasteneth thee. Therefore thou shalt keep the commandments of the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways, and to fear him. For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of

wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil-olive, and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack any thing in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass. When thou hast eaten and art full, then thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which he hath given thee. Beware that thou forget not the Lord thy God, in not keeping his commandments, and his judgments.

Deut. viii. 2-11.

I will make waste mountains and hills, and dry up all their herbs; and I will make the rivers islands, and I will dry up the pools. And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them.

Isa. xlii. 15, 16.

Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well: and it was about the sixth hour.

St. John iv. 6.

And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

Gal. vi. 9



T. V. FOSBERY.

IT must needs be that we shall sometimes fail altogether to perceive the meaning of much that God does with us. Why He should cause us to pass through desert spaces all lone and bare, over sharp rocks, amongst tangled forests, we cannot tell. Many times the paths of His choosing are not those only which we have not known, but others which we would give the world never to have known. Yet if He leads, blessed is His guidance, we may not murmur.

Affliction has perhaps lighted upon some of us with heavy aggravations, it has been hard to bear, we have almost questioned the goodness of Him who could allow His creatures to be thus sorely afflicted. But what if this be, not merely what He permits, but what He *appoints*, what He assigns to us as our special portion? what if these be the ways through which, as our Guide, He is leading us? . . . The peace which the thought of God's guidance brings to the heart may well be mingled with awe. For remember how, when on earth, Christ spake of the need of cutting off the right hand, of plucking out the right eye, rather than they should hinder our spiritual life. If we have then resigned ourselves to His leading, must we not feel sure that He will not spare the most cherished object of our love if it impedes our following of Him: that our earthly comfort will be but as the dust of the balance in His sight before whom the whole of the coming

eternity lies unveiled; who knows the immeasurable worth of the prize set before us, and the depths of ruin into which its loss would plunge us. He may now be dealing with us in very faithfulness. Are we visited by some sore grief, by some eating care, often more hard to acquiesce in than a sharper affliction? It is His dispensation of love, if we will accept it as such. He is leading us in paths which we have not known. Could we have ordered our own lot it would not have been thus with us: we should have chosen a smoother road, and an easier life. We should have gathered all our resources of happiness about us, all our treasures should have been kept within our reach. We should have spared ourselves all pain and sickness, and never should have known the bitterness of partings, and the throes of the mourner's anguish. But have we appealed from ourselves to Christ, from our own ignorance of what is really best for us, from our softness and self-indulgence, from our utter incapacity to direct ourselves, to Him the Leader and Guide of His people? Have we said, Lord, Thou knowest that if it were given me to choose my own path, and order my own future, I would bring that dangerous gift, and place it in Thy hands and would say, 'Choose Thou for me?' If it be thus with us, and if we approve such a spirit of humility and distrust of ourselves as this, let us not shrink from the discipline of the life He is appointing for us. Let us take up the cross He lays upon us, and follow Him.

But if meantime we ever think, in the anguish of some

great affliction, or the weariness of some night of sorrow, that because He is thus dealing with us, He cares not for these our sufferings, that He looks but to the end, and takes no note of the bleeding feet or the burning brow, or the sickness of the heart, of those whom He is leading, how greatly we shall wrong His love. Surely they who have longest been journeying under His guidance will most readily testify that this is not so. They know something of the sympathy of Him who is very Man, who bore more than He asks us to bear, who is evermore touched with a feeling of our infirmities, who wept with Martha and Mary at the grave of Lazarus, who sends no sorrow but He sends with it a healing balm, nay, who comes Himself to His afflicted to breathe strength and peace into their hearts. And the same might that chases away the shades of ignorance, doubt, and misbelief, shall be put forth to dispel the clouds of affliction, when He is satisfied that it has delivered its message to our spirit and accomplished its work. He will make darkness light before us, and crooked things straight.

The sooner we acquiesce in the wisdom, and acknowledge the love which sends the sorrow, the sooner its clouds shall be rolled away, and our path, that seemed to pass through a gloomy labyrinth out of which was no issue, shall be made straight before our eyes; and its every ruggedness shall be smoothed, and we shall acknowledge that it was only our sin which had made it so rough and toilsome; and we shall know how true it is that in

themselves 'His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are peace.'



PÈRE BESSON.

O JESUS, Saviour, only Physician of my soul ; I cast myself, all laden with sins and weakness, into Thy ever ready bosom, trusting to Thine infinite mercy. Humbled as I am at the sight of all that I am, I know that I do not yet see myself as Thou seest me ; do Thou look upon me in pitying love. Lay thy healing hand upon my wounds, and fill my heart with the precious balm of Thy life-giving love. Do for me that which I dare not seek or ask for myself. Let me be Thine, at all costs : in humiliation, in poverty, in suffering, in desolation. Thine as I must be before Thou wilt be wholly mine. Thou art my Master, my Lord, my Saviour, and my God. I am Thy poor weak creature. O strengthen me and make me Thine own for ever, for Thy most gracious name's sake. *Amen.*



'Does the road wind uphill all the way ?'
'Yes, to the very end.'

M. E. TOWNSEND.

SO tired !—I fain would rest,
But, Lord, Thou knowest best,
I wait on Thee.

I will toil on from day to day
Bearing my cross, and only pray
To follow Thee.

So tired : my friends are gone
And I am left alone,
And days are sad.
Lord Jesus, *Thou* wilt bear my load
Along this steep and dreary road,
And make me glad.

So tired : my heart is low,
Shadows of coming woe
Around me fall.
And memories of sins long wept,
And hopes denied that long have slept,
Arise and call.

So tired : yet I would work
For Thee !—Lord, hast Thou work
Even for me ?
Small things—which others, hurrying on
In Thy blest service, swift and strong,
Might never see ?

So tired : yet I might reach
A flower, to cheer and teach
Some sadder heart :

Or for parched lips perhaps might bring
One cup of water from the spring,
Ere I depart.

So tired : yet it were sweet
Some falt'ring tender feet
To help and guide :
Thy little ones, whose steps are slow,
I should not weary them, I know,
Nor roughly chide.

So tired ! Lord, Thou wilt come
To take me to my home,
So long desired :
Only Thy grace and mercy send,
That I may serve Thee to the end,
Though I am tired.



CHRISTMAS CHIMES, HEARD ABROAD.

M. E. TOWNSEND.

SLEEP, sleep, my heart !
Sleep, and waken not.
Christmas bells are chiming, chiming sad and sweet :
Heed them not.
Memories of home
Now would thronging come,
Now would weeping come :
Wake them not.

Sleep, sleep, my heart !
Sleep and waken not.
Though the bells are ringing, ringing glad and sweet,
Hearken not.
Home's sweet joys and cares,
All its hopes and fears,
All its dreams and tears
Best forgot.

.

Wake, wake, my heart !
Wake and slumber not.
Heavenly voices calling, calling low and sweet,
Bid thee watch.
Thy true home is near,
Through the starlight clear
Soon may Christ appear :—
Wait and watch.

Wake, wake, my heart !
Wake and slumber not.
Angel choirs are singing, singing glad and sweet,
Of thy home ;
Where, with rapture filled,
All thy trembling stilled,
All thy dreams fulfilled,
Thou shalt come.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

. . . IN that hour
From out my sullen heart a power
Broke, like the rainbow from the shower,

To feel, although no tongue can prove,
That every cloud, that spreads above,
And veileth love, itself is love.

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY.

The Coming of Christ.

FEAR not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. Sell that ye have, and give alms; provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord, when he will return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately. Blessed are those servants, whom the lord when he cometh shall find watching: verily I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them. And if he shall come in the second watch, or come in the third watch, and find them so, blessed are those servants. And this know, that if the goodman of the house had known what hour the thief would come, he would have watched, and not have suffered his house to be broken through. Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. . . . Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. Ye have heard how I said unto you, I go away, and come again unto you. If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto the Father: for my Father is greater than I.

St. John xiv. 1-3, 27, 28.

And ye now therefore have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.

St. John xvi. 22.

But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive, and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the

*Lord in the air : and so shall we ever be with the Lord.
Wherefore comfort one another with these words.*

1 Thess. iv. 13-18.

*The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and
into the patient waiting for Christ.*

2 Thess. iii. 5.

*Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the
Lord. Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious
fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he
receive the early and latter rain. Be ye also patient ;
stablish your hearts : for the coming of the Lord draweth
nigh.*

St. James v. 7, 8.



T. V. FOSBERY.

THE voice that should speak the fullest comfort to the heart is the voice of our blessed Lord Himself. And yet His words, echoed again and again by His apostles, are here of a theme so awful, that we could never have sought in it solace or cheer, had He not graciously led us to it.

We might have found in it those inducements to watchfulness and to a careful guarded life, on which He and they have in many places dwelt. But we never should have dared to take it to our hearts as a secret source of joy, amidst the disquietudes of our daily life, had He not taught us to do so. For it is no other than His own Coming again : the Lord of the Vineyard to his husbandmen ; the Master of the house, yea, the King, to His servants, that they may give Him account.

And yet, taking in connexion one with another the passages of Holy Scripture contained in the two preceding pages, it is impossible to doubt that our Lord means us to find both peace and joy in looking forward to His appearing. Sinners as we are, with memories of so many transgressions clinging to us, we yet are invited to find our springs of comfort here. And therefore, if we are, however insufficiently, yet truly loving Christ, and in the midst of all our shortcomings, faults, and failures, are yet having our loins girded, and our lights burning, we may, nay, we ought, to rejoice in this blessed prospect. If indeed the coming of our Lord were presented to us as but a means to an end, though that end was most glorious, our anticipations might rest perchance on that, and not on Him. The varied joys of a future state might rise up between us and Him. But His own words bring us from all else to Himself. 'That where I am, there ye may be also.' Yes, this is the crowning joy, this the central happiness.

See how it is with us now. We are ourselves centres, but it is of suffering. From every part of the circumference shafts of pain are directed against us. The arrows pour in on all sides; and many are barbed, and many are poisoned. Grief and loss, anguish and fear; while meantime the heart is perhaps 'our saddest, bitterest ill.'

But this bright faith in the coming of the Lord is an ample shield against all these. Were we evermore to

use it, how many such shafts would be blunted or broken. Here is a stinging grief! 'Yes, but I shall not feel it long, the Lord is at hand.' Here is the spectre of a terrible apprehension! 'Yes, but it will vanish in the light of His presence.' Here is a cruel disappointment! 'Yes, but He is coming to me, who is the fulfilment of my highest hope.' 'Surely, I come quickly; Amen, even so, come, Lord Jesus.'



O ALMIGHTY GOD, the coming of whose only begotten Son in time past we believe, and for whose second coming in the last day to judge the world we look and wait, we beseech thee to free us from all defilements of sin, and preserve in us watchful spirits, that, being found with our loins girded and our lamps burning, we may, when the Heavenly Bridegroom cometh, enter with Him into His joy, through His merits. *Amen.*



ANCIENT COLLECT.

GRANT, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, this grace unto Thy people, to wait with all vigilance for the coming of Thine only begotten Son; that as He, the Author of our salvation taught us, we may prepare our souls, as shining lamps, to meet Him, through the same Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*

'What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch.'

'At even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning.'

B. M.

IT may be in the evening,
When the work of the day is done,
And you have time to sit in the twilight
And watch the sinking sun,
While the long bright day dies slowly
Over the sea,
And the hour grows quiet and holy
With thoughts of Me ;
While you hear the village children
Passing along the street,
Among those thronging footsteps
May come the sound of MY FEET
Therefore I tell you, Watch
By the light of the evening star,
When the room is growing dusky
As the clouds afar ;
Let the door be on the latch
In your home,
For it may be through the gloaming
I will come.

It may be when the midnight
Is heavy upon the land ;
And the black waves lying dumbly
Along the sand ;
When the moonless night draws close,
And the lights are out in the house,
When the fires burn low and red,

And the watch is ticking loudly
Beside the bed :
Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,
Still your heart must wake and watch
In the dark room ;
For it may be that at midnight
I will come.

‘ It may be at the cock-crow,
When the night is dying slowly
In the sky,
And the sea looks calm and holy,
Waiting for the dawn
Of the golden sun
Which draweth nigh ;
When the mists are on the valleys, shading
The rivers chill,
And My morning star is fading, fading
Over the hill ;
Behold, I say unto you, Watch ;
Let the door be on the latch
In your home ;
In the chill before the dawning,
Between the night and morning
I may come.

‘ It may be in the morning,
When the sun is bright and strong,
And the dew is glittering sharply
Over the little lawn ;

When the waves are laughing loudly
Along the shore,
And the little birds are singing sweetly
About the door ;
With the long day's work before you,
You rise up with the sun,
And the neighbours come in to talk a while
Of all that must be done ;
But remember that I may be the next
To come in at the door,
To call you from all your busy work
For evermore :
As you work your heart must watch,
For the door is on the latch
In your room,
And it may be in the morning
I will come.'

So He passed down my cottage garden,
By the path that leads to the sea,
Till He came to the turn of the little road
Where the birch and laburnum tree
Lean over and arch the way ;
There I saw Him a moment stay,
And turn once more to me,
As I wept at the cottage door,
And lift up His hands in blessing :
Then I saw His face no more.

And I stood still in the door-way,
 Leaning against the wall,
Not heeding the fair white roses,
 Though I crushed them and let them fall ;
 Only looking down the pathway,
 And looking towards the sea,
And wondering, and wondering
 When He would come back for me ;
Till I was aware of an Angel
 Who was going swiftly by,
With the gladness of one who goeth
 In the light of God Most High.
He passed the end of the cottage
 Towards the garden gate,—
(I suppose he was come down
At the setting of the sun
To comfort some one in the village
 Whose dwelling was desolate),
And he paused before the door
 Beside my place,
And the likeness of a smile
 Was on his face :—
'Weep not,' he said, 'for unto you is given
 To watch for the coming of His feet
Who is the glory of our blessed heaven :
 The work and watching will be very sweet
 Even in an earthly home,
And in such an hour as ye think not
 He will come.'

So I am watching quietly
Every day :
Whenever the sun shines brightly
I rise and say,—
‘Surely it is the shining of His face,’
And look unto the gates of His high place
Beyond the sea,
For I know He is coming shortly
To summon me.
And when a shadow falls across the window
Of my room,
Where I am working my appointed task,
I lift my head to watch the door, and ask
If He is come ;
And the Angel answers sweetly
In my home,—
‘ Only a few more shadows,
And He will come.’



TO see Christ is bliss ; to know Him life ; to love
Him happiness ; to possess Him, Heaven.



LOOKING for and hasting unto the coming of the
day of God.’

2 St. Peter iii. 12.

TWENTY-NINTH DAY.

The Hour of Death.

LET not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

St. John xiv. 1-3.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and

mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Ps. xxiii.

Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory: while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal. For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven. if so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked. For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened: not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life. Now he that hath wrought us for the self-same thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit. Therefore we are always confident, knowing that, whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord: (for we walk by faith, not by sight :) we are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord. Wherefore we labour, that, whether present or absent, we may be accepted of him.

2 Cor. iv. 16-v. 9.



M. E. TOWNSEND.

FAINTING soul, failing for fear at the thought of death, haunted by its shadow in the brightness of the day, pursued by its awful inevitable mystery in the watches of the silent night,—sorrowing heart, is there no word of comfort for thee in all the Gospel of love? Thy blessed Master, whose whole earthly life was overshadowed by the darkness of His coming agony—hath He left no message for thee?

Hark, what voice is that echoing from an upper room in the city of Peace? Listen, as the words fall calm and clear from the lips of thy divine and loving Lord, hushing to rest the murmurs, the questionings, the strifes of His anxious and bewildered followers:—

‘Let not your heart be troubled. . . . In my Father’s house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself.’

‘I will come again.’—Little did they think who first heard those words, how He would come to *them*. To St. James first, with the lightning gleam of Herod’s sword; to St. Peter and St. Andrew in the lingering agony of the cross: one by one, to all the faithful band He drew near, as they gladly gave up their lives for the testimony of His truth; and at length to him, the beloved disciple (who now lay upon His breast), and who was called to tarry so many a weary year for His Master’s

coming ; watching, evening by evening from the shore of his island home, as the glowing tints of an eastern sky faded from the crystal sea, and brought perchance to his mind the vision of 'the sea of glass mingled with fire' which he had seen in the heavenly land : for him also at last the Master came, and the exile was at home for evermore.

And doubt not, O watching, waiting soul, that this promise is also for thee. True, it was spoken individually to each of the apostles, and collectively to the whole Church which the Lord shall gather unto Himself at His second coming ;—and yet thou wert not forgotten :

‘On thee and thine, thy warfare and thine end,
Even in His hour of agony He thought.’

Art thou not one of those who have believed on Jesus through the words of His apostles ?—then surely thou shalt inherit the promise : ‘Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.’

‘I will come again.’—He saith not how or when He will come to thee ; thou hast but to wait His time, ‘to tarry till He come ;’ but it shall come to pass, ‘in that day when the Lord will give thee rest from thy sorrow and from thy fear, and from the hard bondage’ of this earthly life,—that *He will come for thee Himself* ; and thou, gazing upon that veiled Form, shalt behold, instead of the awful figure of Death, which once had haunted thine imagination,—the blessed countenance of thy divine and adorable Lord ; and thou wilt know that He has come to bear thee through the valley of the

shadow, and across the dark waters of the river, even to the Holy Land. Ay, and it may be that the last journey, so dreaded in life, will be the sweetest thou didst ever take, for it will be with Him ; it may be that it will be dark, but what matters the darkness, if thou canst feel His hand : it may be hard and toilsome, but what is that, if He is there to help ; if only He has come for thee, to be thy guide even through death ?

But this is not all. Were we called to dwell with Him even in the valley of the shadow for evermore, it were enough for us : but yet another promise is echoing from that still chamber of peace,—‘I will come again and receive you unto myself, *that where I am there ye may be also.*’ There, where He abides, in the ineffable glory of Heaven.

Lord Jesus, from the dimness, the perplexities, the uncertainties of earth, to Thee we turn ! While many are speculating and disputing concerning the life to come, questioning of its happiness and of its state, we rest on Thee and Thy sure word of promise. Thou wilt ‘receive us unto Thyself,’ and it will be well ; more than this we do not greatly care to know,—that we shall be with Thee. We believe indeed that the future life will be the perfect flower of which this life is the seed ; we know that ‘Thou gatherest the wheat into Thy garner,’ the corn which we thought was dead ; the labours for Thee which seemed to fail ; the tender words and cares which we feared were thrown away on earth ; the plans for Thy glory which were never realized here ; the

strivings after a perfect beauty which should dimly shadow forth Thy Divine completeness; the patient searchings for Thy truth in that wondrous book of Nature, as yet but half unsealed to the eye of man; all these things we know Thou art treasuring for us above, until that day when we shall 'reioice before Thee as with the joy of harvest.'

We know, too, that our dear ones who have slept in Thee are dwelling calm and safe in Thy holy keeping, until the time when God our Father shall bring them back to us with Thee; and we know and are sure that Thou wilt only teach us to love them better in the life to come, because to Thee also they are so dear. We know that we shall be Thy servants, and serve Thee as we fain would have done on earth, for we shall see Thy face, and Thy name shall be in our foreheads. But the *manner* of all this we know not, and we would not seek to learn; rather would we have the blessed rest now in the thought of Thy coming, as day by day draws nearer the hour of Thine approach; rather the glad surprise at the end, when we shall reach the mansions of our Father's house, and Thou shalt be glorified in us, and we in Thee, and God shall be all, and in all.



Translated from the German of SPICKER by M. E. TOWNSEND.

O LORD JESU CHRIST, strengthen my soul, I beseech Thee, when the holy hour of death is drawing near to me, and grant me a full trust in Thy

redeeming sacrifice. May the light of a new and glorious life shine for me out of the darkness of Thy Cross. May Thy most bitter sorrows, Thy sacred wounds, Thy death and passion, be unto me as a fountain of everlasting life, and open unto me a way of access unto the Father of mercies. Thou hast prepared for all Thy people a life of eternal joy with Thee in heaven ; grant me, I beseech Thee, peace in Thee, and a childlike confidence in God, that, like Thee, I may yield up my soul to Him in perfect faith, saying, ' Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.' Grant this, O Lord, for Thy mercies' sake. *Amen.*



BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

O LORD GOD most holy, O Lord most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death.

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts ; shut not Thy merciful ears to our prayer ; but spare us Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, Thou most worthy Judge eternal, suffer us not at our last hour for any pains of death to fall from Thee. *Amen.*



M. E. TOWNSEND.

THE room was full of angels,
And she wondered we could not see,
That we could not see their shining wings

As they floated noiselessly
Around her bed.

The room was full of music,
Beautiful music—she said,
And she wondered we could not hear
How the holy strains were stealing,
How the happy songs were pealing,
All through the hush and gloom
Of the silent room.

And just before the dawning,
When the darkness of night was o'er,
And the night of her suffering life
Was ended for evermore,
In the grey of Ascension morn
The angels came again,
And tenderly they bore her
For whom they had waited long,—
Watched and waited in heaven,
Knowing that even here
She was learning their blessed song.
So in the grey of morning
They bore her soul away
Beyond the prison bars,
Beyond the fading stars,
To the brightness of the day.



Translated from the German of SPITTA by J. B. W.

BY Thee, Jesu, will I stay,
Evermore Thy servant stand ;
From Thee my feet shall never stray,
But I will go where points Thy hand.

Thou ! life of all the life that's mine,
My soul's core-sap and vital power,
As to its branch, from out the vine,
Flows sap of life from hour to hour.

Stay near me through this heat and glow,
Stay near, too, when my day sinks down,
And long the evening shadows grow,
And the night comes stealing on.

Lay in blessing, then, Thy hand
On my weary, weakly head ;
Saying, ' Rest, child ! to the land
Thy faith hath sought thou shalt be led.'

Stay near me ; in Thine arms enfold,
When most the chill of death I dread ;
Chill, like the sharp and bitter cold,
Ere dawns in Heaven the morning red.

When darkness shall mine eyes o'ertake,
Light Thou my spirit through the gloom,
That unto me the morn may break
As breaks to him the exile's home.

B. M.

THE sun had sunk in the west
For a little while,
And the clouds which had gathered to see him die
Had caught his dying smile.

We sat in the door of our tent,
In the cool of the day,
Towards the quiet meadow
Where misty shadows lay,

And over the mountains of Moab
Afar,
We saw the first, sweet gleam
Of the first star.

The great and terrible land
Of wilderness and drought,
Lay in the shadows behind us,
For the Lord had brought us out.

The great and terrible river,
Though shrouded still from view,
Lay in the shadows before us,
But the Lord would bear us through.

In the stillness and the starlight,
In sight of the Blessed Land,
We thought of the bygone desert life,
And the burning, blinding sand.

Many a dreary sunset,
Many a dreary dawn,
We had watched upon those desert hills
As we pressed slowly on.

Yet sweet had been the silent dews
Which from God's Presence fell,
And the still hours of resting
By palm-tree and by well.

Till we pitched our tent at last,
The desert done,
Where we saw the hills of the Holy Land
Gleam in our sinking sun :

And we sat in the door of our tent,
In the cool of the day,
Towards the quiet meadow
Where misty shadows lay :

We were talking about the King
And our Elder Brother,
As we were used often to speak
One to another.

'I think, in a little while,'
I said at length,
'We shall see His Face in the City
Of everlasting strength.

‘ And sit down under the shadow
Of His smile,
With great delight and thanksgiving,
To rest awhile.’

‘ But the river—the awful river,
In the dying light’—
And, even as he spoke, the murmur
Of a river rose on the night !

And One came up through the meadow
Where the mists lay dim,
Till He stood by my friend in the starlight,
And spake to him :—

‘ I have come to call thee home,’
Said our veiled Guest ;
‘ The terrible journey of life is done,
I will take thee into rest.

‘ Arise, thou shalt come to the palace
To rest thee for ever ;’
And He pointed across the dark meadow,
And down to the River.

And my friend rose up in the shadow,
And turned to me,—
‘ Be of good cheer,’ I said, faintly,
‘ For He calleth thee.’

For I knew by His loving Voice,
His kingly Word,
The veiled Guest in the starlight dim,
Was Christ, the Lord.

So we three went slowly down
To the river-side,
Till we stood in the heavy shadows,
By the black, wild tide.

I could hear that the Lord was speaking
Deep words of grace,
I could see their blessed reflection
On my friend's pale face.

The strong and desolate tide
Was hurrying wildly past,
As he turned to take my hand once more,
And say farewell, at last.

'Farewell—I cannot fear
Oh seest *thou* His grace?'
And even as He spoke He turned
Again to the Master's face.

So they two went closer down
To the river-side,
And stood in the heavy shadows,
By the black, wild tide.

But when the feet of the Lord
Were come to the waters dim,
They rose to stand, on either hand,
And left a path for Him ;

So they two passed over quickly
Towards the Goal,
But the wistful longing gaze
Of the passing soul

Grew only more rapt and joyful
As he clasped the Master's hand ;
I think, or ever he was aware,
They were come to the Holy Land.

Now I sit alone in the door of my tent
In the cool of the day,
Towards the quiet meadow
Where misty shadows play.

The great and terrible land
Of wilderness and drought
Lies in the shadows behind me,
For the Lord hath brought me out ;

The great and terrible River
I stood that night to view,
Lies in the shadows before me—
But the Lord will bear me through.

W. HOWELS.

GOD will take His child to Himself at his full growth.
He knows when that is.



THIS GOD is our God for ever and ever, He will
be our guide even unto death.

Ps. xlviii. 14.



THIRTIETH DAY.

The Rest of Paradise.

THE souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die: and their departure is taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter destruction: but they are in peace. For though they be punished in the sight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality. And having been a little chastised, they shall be greatly rewarded: for God proved them, and found them worthy for himself. As gold in the furnace hath he tried them, and received them as a burnt offering. And in the time of their visitation they shall shine, and run to and fro like sparks among the stubble. They shall judge the nations, and have dominion over the people, and their Lord shall reign for ever. They that put their trust in him shall understand the truth: and such as be faithful in

love shall abide with him: for grace and mercy is to his saints, and he hath care for his elect. . . .

The righteous live for evermore, their reward also is with the Lord, and the care of them is with the most High. Therefore shall they receive a glorious kingdom and a beautiful crown from the Lord's hand: for with his right hand shall he cover them, and with his arm shall he protect them.

Wisdom iii. 1-10; v. 16, 17.

And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.

St. Luke xxiii. 42, 43.

For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. But if I live in the flesh, this is the fruit of my labour: yet what I shall choose I wot not. For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ; which is far better: nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful for you.

Philippians i. 21-24.

And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.

Rev. xiv. 13.



T. V. FOSBERY.

WE must believe, from what is revealed to us, that the souls of the faithful who have departed hence in the Lord are, in the language of our Burial Service, 'in perpetual joy and felicity.' They are, we cannot doubt it, in a waiting expectant state. If Christ be the one great sacrifice offered for sin, if that altar spoken of in the Book of the Revelation be a perpetual memorial of His having suffered, then the souls beneath the altar, hidden as it were from all danger and evil by that perfect oblation and satisfaction once made for them, can abide His good time and pleasure; and yet we are told they say, 'Lord, how long?'

For the great triumph of Christ and of His Church is reserved till all the world's history be brought to a close, and until the day of His appearing and His kingdom. And all His faithful people, wherever they be, must long for that time. And their joy must be incomplete until their Lord has indeed rolled away the stone from the door of that mighty sepulchre where still lie buried the bodies of His redeemed, and bidden them by the voice of the archangel and the trump of God to arise and come forth, that with soul and body, henceforth never to be separated, they may acknowledge Him to be the second Adam, the Lord from heaven, who has brought life and immortality to light.

But these things being so, let us now consider that blessed state of heart and mind which seemed so

habitual to the apostle. 'To me to live is Christ and to die is gain. I am in a strait which to choose, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better.'

'To live is Christ,' . . . yea, even in the midst of the mockings and scourgings, and of the bonds and imprisonments, and of the varied and multiplied sufferings which for his Master's sake he endured—to live was Christ. To live was to be beside Him, to share His cross, to understand His love that revealed itself through the sorrow, as through the joy of life, to be filled with all the fulness of God. But 'to die was gain.' If His life here was a partaking of Christ's sufferings, to die was to enter into His rest. To depart was to be with Christ, no longer the Man of Sorrows, but the Prince of Peace, to lose the memory of pain in the blissfulness of unbroken repose, to hear no longer the noise of battle, but only the voice which said of him who had fought the good fight, and finished his course, and kept the faith: 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' . . .

Consider now what manner of heart and mind that man must have, who can truly speak as St. Paul speaks here; and ask yourselves further if you can echo his words, 'To me to live is Christ.' Have you any clear conception of what this means? Can you lift yourself above the common business and ordinary cares which beset you every day? Can you feel that you are not a slave to any or all of these things, that you really are their master; can you act accordingly? . . . Is there a

great love in your heart for Christ, so that it is strong enough to move you to act for Him, to confess Him before men, to bear rebuke and contempt for His sake, to count all things but loss for the excellency of Christ Jesus, as your Lord? Are you loving the least of His brethren because they are His? are you ready to comfort and help them, and share some of your good things with them, not indeed counting them yours, but only held in trust for Him? If it be thus with you, all is indeed well, and your life here is one of happy service;—and yet your heart will sometimes, there can be no doubt, be visited by ‘a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better.’ There are many who wish to die, to be, as they think, out of their misery, ‘anywhere, anywhere, out of the world.’ But there may be no yearning after Christ in this. The apostle wanted to be with Christ, He reckoned it to be far better. Yes, better than the strain and excitement of life, better than its best companionships, its dearest interests. To go away from all, not slighting the blessings of life, not undervaluing its treasures, but counting all things but loss for Christ. To rest in Him, to have one’s place beyond the reach of sin, away from the power of temptation; above all, where He would come, with unspeakable manifestations of His love, who had so often upheld the wearied frame in the journey of life, and cheered the fainting heart.

Yes : if to live is Christ, to die will be gain ; and you will feel it to be so. St. Paul indeed accepted the

longer life which God had designed for him without a murmur, yea, with a willing and glad spirit. 'That I should abide in the flesh,' he says to his disciples, 'is more needful for you ; and I know that I shall abide and continue with you all for your furtherance and joy of faith.' And so he went on bearing the burden of life, as long as he could serve his Master in so doing, with no morbid impatience for death, . . . but yet counting, through all, that 'to depart and be with Christ were far better.' For to the apostle in common with all the true and loyal who seek to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, and to be near to Him wherever He may be, this assurance of being with Christ is all-sufficing. The communication of Himself to His people there in Paradise, is what makes the prospect of it so exceeding sweet. For herein is indeed the rest within the Rest. We know not all the gracious purposes which our Heavenly Father may have to accomplish both for and in us, during the waiting time. But we remember that here on earth rest means refreshment, and prepares for the enjoyment of renewed and restored activity.

What the soul may there acquire, what higher appreciation of the forbearance, tenderness, and loving severities of the past earthly discipline, what fuller knowledge of the greatness and the glory of God, which seems as though it must ever deepen on throughout the eternities, what more loyal devotion to Him who has brought the soul safe through the perils of its stormy

life, what increasing fitness to bear the exceeding and eternal weight of glory, we may well be content, while here on earth, only to conjecture ; for we bear about us the talisman against all anxious forebodings, and all impatient questionings, hidden within these blessed words, 'to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better.'



M. E. TOWNSEND.

'**BLESSED** are they who have the home-longing, for they shall go home.'

Blessed, indeed, is the holy rest of Paradise, the home of peace. 'But who are they that shall go?' who are they that shall reach those calm and blessed shores? Those who even in this life have longed for home, who have longed for it not only in sorrow but in joy, who have felt how sad and full of forebodings is even the best of happiness on earth, how many shadows enter the brightest home, how an undersong of wailing runs through the most joyous melody and brings more tears than the funeral dirge ; these, if they have sought the completeness of heaven to make up for their ever growing needs on earth, if they have ceased to trust in the outward life and restless happiness of this world, and learned to cling more and more in thought to the calm communion of saints, these shall go home.

Those again who mourn the imperfections and sor-

rows of mankind, to whom the sin and misery of earth are as an ever-increasing grief, a haunting sadness in the daytime overshadowing the beauty and brightness of the world,—who bear the burdens of others in a strength which is not their own, but yet are well-nigh failing beneath their weight,—these shall indeed go home, to the bosom of their Lord, to learn from Him to unravel the mystery of sorrow which He fathomed so deeply Himself in the days of His sojourn upon earth.

There is room too in Paradise for ‘those who on earth have nobly failed ;’ for the ‘unfinished souls’ whose dreams and aspirations could never be realized here, but who in that waiting time of rest may perchance gather fresh energies for future work, and learn to know the meaning of the soul-inspiring words : ‘His servants shall serve Him, *for they shall see His face.*’

Again, those who are held back by the feebleness and instability of their own hearts, the coldness of their love, the wanderings of their thoughts ; who do truly and deeply love their Lord, yet cannot love Him as they would,—cannot wholly escape the influence of the things of time and sense, even though the vision of a perfect beauty is ever drawing them onward and upward,—these too shall go home, and there be strengthened to love even as they are loved.

And those who have striven to give back, in their works and lives, some faint reflection of the divine light and beauty ; the prophet seers who have listened for the

sacred voice which speaks to them, and them alone, in all fair things around ; in the wonderful order of a perfect law ; in the mysteries of the threefold cord of colour, light, and sound ; or in each minutest stone of nature's marvellous mosaic,—these shall go home ; home to the mount of God, where no cloud shall overshadow their hearts with fear, and home at last to the heavenly city, to dwell in the 'light which is like unto a stone most precious,' to see the perfect rainbow arch around the Throne which tells of 'the joy of the Lord' and of the 'peace that passeth understanding.'

And what of those who have laid up great store of love in many human hearts, but year by year have marked their treasure fading away from earth and 'growing in paradise?' Will not the home-longing be stilled for them, when they see those whom they have loved waiting at the golden gate, and waiting (O joy beyond all joys) to lead them to their Lord! For surely when we remember that the Divine Lord Himself thought no scorn of the friends whom *He* had loved on earth, but made mention of their names in describing that supreme and blessed union : 'I in them and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one :' when we call to mind that most touching and intensely human prayer : 'Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am, *that they may behold my glory ;*' surely when we think of these things we need not fear that the ties of earth will be broken in the heavenly Eden, surely they will

be only the stronger and the sweeter for the presence of the Lord, once so longed for in this world ; surely all pure and faithful love shall abide with Him for ever, and its crown be only the brighter, because it is cast at those beloved Feet.



Translated from the German by M. E. TOWNSEND.

O GOD, the supreme and only joy of Thy people,
in Thee alone my heart finds rest. Lord, if only
I have Thee, I have enough. Keep me, I beseech
Thee, in peace, and continue Thou Thy mercy towards
me. Strengthen me in every trial by the consolations
of Thy Holy Spirit, and when the night of death draws
near, take me, I beseech Thee, unto the land of per-
fect and eternal rest, that I may see Thy face in
righteousness and be satisfied with the joy of Thy
presence for evermore. Through Jesus Christ our Lord,
Amen.



H. H. SWINNY.

I KNOW not which to choose ; whether to live
A little longer here, or to depart.
That would be sweet ;—to be at rest, to toil
No more, no more feel pain, to have no griefs,
No anxious fears, nor for myself, nor others :—
That would be sweet. And sweeter still, to have
No more to sin, affection, or desire :

But to be near—and feel that nearness—near
Unto my Lord ; to have a thrilling sense
Of blessedness, the certainty of joy
At hand yet greater ; safe, for ever safe.
A moment since, by cruel foes pursued ;
Now, nestling 'neath the everlasting Wings,
Conscious and glad of their most tender shade ;—
So to be resting, would be sweet. And yet
To live for Christ—to live to do His pleasure,
In His strength to run the race, or wrestle ;
To fight the fight, clad in His panoply,
Knowing that He looks on the while, and smiles,
By love unfathomable ever moved—
To go and tell to others of His grace,
The riches of His wisdom and His truth,
The bliss unutterable of the life
That is in Him. To win them as they lie
Wallowing in sin, or dead in trespasses,
To wake, and rise, and see His glorious light
And come to Him, and bathe themselves anew
In the all-healing fountain of His blood
And so be clean, and whiter than the snow,
And clothed with Him—the Righteousness of Saints.
Surely a life so spent is blessedness
And all too little to repay His love,
The love of His most costly sacrifice.

Which shall I choose—living, to live to Christ
Or dying, die to Him—which shall I choose ?

Whichever of the twain shall to Thy glory be,
That, Lord, I pray Thou wilt appoint for me.



H. VAUGHAN.

THEY are all gone into a world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here !
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory
Whose light doth trample on my days ;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy hope and high humility
High as the heavens above !
These are your walks, and you have show'd them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear beauteous death ; the jewel of the just !
Shining nowhere but in the dark ;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man out-look that mark.

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown ;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

.



THE evening brings all home.



THERE remaineth therefore a rest to the people
of God.

Heb. iv. 9

THIRTY-FIRST DAY.

The Joy of the Lord.

THE sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

Isaiah lx. 19, 20.

His lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

St. Matt. xxv. 23.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

1 Cor. ii. 9.

And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city

had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there. And they shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it. And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life. And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him: and they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

Rev. xxi. 22-27; xxii. 1-5



T. V. FOSBERY.

HAVE you not sometimes felt almost weary of hearing the happiness of Heaven dwelt on unceasingly when Heaven was the theme? Has it not sometimes crossed your mind that a mere selfish self-centred happiness cannot be the chiefest thing either in this life or in the next? Doubtless when a man is in great bodily pain, he can do but little, all his faculties seem for the time to be paralysed; he must have ease from his sufferings ere he can go about his work, and do it efficiently once more. So again, when the burden of sorrow lies heavy on the heart, though this discipline may indeed, through God's mercy, be in its issues greatly blessed to the sufferer, yet he is not at the time so fit for the active service of God or his fellow-men. But surely the best men, when they seek to be delivered from these afflictions, do not think mainly of the comfort and ease which will come with the release from pain, anxiety, and sorrow; they reckon rather how much more they will then be able to do, with how much freer hearts and hands they may then fulfil the duties which God has appointed for them. But if even on earth any immunity from pain and grief is chiefly precious, not for itself, but for what it may set us at liberty to do, shall we not count happiness in Heaven rather as a means than as an end? Christians, who have learned unselfishness at the Cross of Christ, are not likely to forget the lesson when in sight of His Crown; their hearts will still be

more occupied with their Lord and His appointed ministrations, whatever these may be, than with themselves.

‘My Father worketh hitherto,’ said Christ, ‘and I work.’ We cannot then suppose that for us Heaven will be a blissful idleness. If the very angels are ministers sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation, can we think that we, when we reach the Angelic condition, shall fold our hands and do nothing? That text, ‘Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they *rest* from their labours,’ applies undoubtedly to the intermediate state, before the resurrection. But active service seems to be the law of the highest and truest life. Rest indeed there shall be, if by rest we mean relief from all sense of fatigue and weariness; unbroken rest, if by that we mean a perpetual spring of freshness and vigour. Rest there shall be from hurry, from fierce excitement, from the throng and press of conflicting and importunate claims, rest and leisure,—but who does not know how different these are from idleness; how compatible with zealous activity and healthful diligence? Yes, there shall be no more weariness there; none there shall have to till the ground in the sweat of his brow; none there shall say in the morning, ‘Would God it were evening!’ and in the evening, ‘Would God it were morning!’ for life shall be in itself a joy.

If we can but look at all this unselfishly, we may safely encourage ourselves in this dark world with blessed anticipations concerning the ‘inheritance of the saints

in light ;' counting over the treasures laid up for them who are faithful unto death, though ever remembering that after the fullest search, there will yet remain undisclosed the things which 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard,' and which 'have not entered into the heart of man to conceive,' of what God hath prepared for them that love Him.

What then is the nature and character of that life which God will give His people in the Resurrection ?

In Heaven there will be no tempter and no temptation. O ye who have long striven against the power of evil within and around you, and bear the marks of battle, there will be no more downward tendencies to resist. The law of that evil gravitation will be reversed ; ye shall suffer no more from the failing of your purposes or the vacillations of your will, from the wandering of your affections or from your divided hearts. The Holy Spirit will no more be resisted or grieved, all the glory and all the purity of Heaven will be reflected from the stainless mirror of your renewed nature, in truth and beauty.

And there will be no more sorrow. O ye who have watched by beds of suffering, and mourned by the graves of the lost ; and who know how lonely and desolate the soul is made when the blight of disappointed hopes has passed, like some parching wind, across it ; there shall be none of all this for ever. The thorns and thistles which sprang up after the fall shall grow no more in the garden of your life. No crosses, no wrongs, no priva-

tions shall be given you to bear, no jarring note shall mar the perfect harmonies of your lives. Then shall those powers which are now imprisoned within you be free to expand. The germs which seem here to give some promise, if only they could have light and air; those faculties which show some faint signs of life, but whose growth is wholly arrested within the dark and narrow bounds of the feeble body and the contracted soul, shall put forth branch, and bud, and blossom, shall develop and bear fruit, pleasant to the eyes as that of Eden, and good for food.

Then shall be known the joy of perfect holiness; when neither from within nor from without shall there be any more let or impediment; when all shall help, and nothing shall hinder. And there, as the ineffable blessedness, shall be the vision of God. 'Then shall we be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.' There, in such nearness as fallen man has never known, as man in his sins shrinks from, as man restored and risen must count his chiefest joy, God shall reveal Himself, in ways which cannot fully be disclosed until body, soul, and spirit are perfectly and absolutely His for ever.



G. BODY.

THE path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.'

Behold, O ransomed soul, the wondrous glory of the

Heavenly life ! Some measure of this glory it is granted us even now to behold, but it is through ' a glass, darkly.' There, before the throne, the redeemed of the Lord dwell in the brightness of that light which is above the glory of the sun. There, as they gaze undazzled upon the splendour of that light, they are illuminated with its rays, and, like the face of Moses on Mount Sinai, their faces shine as God talks with them. They are transfigured with the vision of God. The glory that dwells in the sacred Humanity, and which even here flows from Him into His own, is there given in fulness unto God's sons, who stand resplendent in that glory, before the throne. O wondrous beauty of the saints, beautiful with the beauty of God ! O soul-entrancing glory of the saints, resplendent with the glory of God ! ' My soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the living God : when shall I come to appear before the presence of God ? ' But there is not only this glory, there is also the development of humanity beneath the rays that stream from the light of God. It is there that the hidden powers of the intellect are developed, and the magnificence of mind is manifested. It is there that the capacities of the heart to love are recognised, for there alone its hidden depths are sounded. It is there that the wondrous energies of the spirit are unfolded, in a degree now inconceivable to us, as it is flooded with the vision of God. There, and there only, is the grandeur of humanity realized, where the varied capacities of each created nature attain their perfection. In the imper-

fect there is no rest, but when we are perfect as 'He is perfect,' in the 'perfect day,' then shall be realized by us the joy of the sons of God.

But not only in the heavenly life is there this perfect development of our wondrous nature, but, with this development, there comes the satisfaction of the wants of man. To develop, and not to satisfy, were but to intensify human sorrow by the increase of human wants. But in Heaven 'they hunger no more, neither thirst any more.' There, before the throne, the wants of the intellect are satisfied as they can never be on earth. Grand is the field that is opened up to human thought as it gazes around on creation, and reads its mysteries in the light of God, or passes from the creature to the Creator to contemplate God; as now, 'within the veil,' it passes from phenomena to causation, and so from speculation to certainty, from opinion to truth; it revels in an intellectual feast, in which the cravings of the mind are stilled with the communicated knowledge that flows from God, 'knowing as it is known.' There, before the throne, the yearnings of the heart are stilled. There, the heart that is created with capacities to love God, finds the satisfaction of its fully developed powers in the love of God. There the faithful departed of every time (and specially those perhaps whom we have loved on earth, or towards whom we have felt a special attraction) shall be loved perfectly in God. There, the heart loves restfully, for there is no cause for restlessness in the loves of Heaven. There no imperfections try love, no

jealousies or rivalries can mar, no death can rob us of it. . . . There again is the full satisfaction of our bodily nature. It is not only that there, 'the corruptible having put on incorruption,' the tyranny of the flesh is broken, and the creature is set free 'with the glorious liberty of the children of God;' it is more than this. The body is the organ of expression to mind and heart, and it is in ministering to them that its satisfaction is found. But there each member of the body in the service of God finds a sphere worthy of itself, in which, as it prostrates itself before the Eternal, it breathes forth the convictions of the mind and the affections of the heart.

But underlying all, it is there that the liberty of man is found, as the will is surrendered up to God. Liberty consists not in lawlessness, but in obedience to law. Lawlessness brings us into the tyranny of sin, obedience leads us into the liberty of the sons of God. Man's rest is found when the creature realizes his position, and willingly takes upon himself 'the light and easy yoke' of his Creator's law. Here obedience is by painful effort, there it is by instinct. Here it is only through sorrow, and mortification, and being crucified with Christ, that feebly and poorly, at the best, we yield obedience to God, for here the mysterious power of temptation is known by those who come 'to serve the Lord.' But there, where temptation is unknown, it is the law of their life to obey God, and to know that it is the height of man's dignity and happiness, in action,

word, and thought, to lose himself in God. O the blessed rest of God's service, when once the veil is lifted, and we are with God in Heaven !

In speaking of the joys of the glorified, there is one point, however, in which the simile of the text fails. Here the sun rises but to set ; it travels to its mid-day splendour only to give place to midnight gloom. It is not so there : ' her sun shall no more go down,' ' for there is no night there.' In the heavenly country there is no such change, because the Lord Himself ' is the everlasting light,' and the light that is in Him streams forth upon the children of light in one un-ending day. Blessed permanence of that un-ending day, that undecaying light ! There is no night there, thank God ! It is not advance and retrogression, but one unchecked progress ; it is not the interchange of happiness and misery, but one un-ending song of the children of the day, revelling in the everlasting light. It is this stability of the heavenly land which marks its great contrast with the things of time.

Brothers, it is towards such a life we are pressing—a life where humanity shall be beautified with the beauty of God ; a life where humanity shall be glorified with the glory that is reflected on it from the Everlasting Light. It is a life in which the powers of humanity are perfectly developed, and thus developed are fully satisfied ; a life the very instinct of which is the service of God ; where temptation is unknown, and weariness no more besets our path ;

a life of one unending day, of one unclouded happiness, of one unceasing joy. Oh noble life of the justified on earth, ever progressing to the life of the glorified in Heaven !

For not only is glorification the full development of justification, but in the life of the faithful on earth there is a progress towards that glorification in daily increasing conformity to that wondrous life which is within the veil : 'It shineth *more and more* unto the perfect day.'

As day by day goes by, nearer and nearer comes the Heavenly Land ; as night by night closes in, and finds us sitting at the sacred feet, the arms of God enfolding us, and His love cheering us, is there no progress towards the perfect day ?

For ever with the Lord,
Amen, so let it be :
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here, in the body pent,
Absent from Thee I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

Yes ! Glorification awaits the justified in the Heavenly Land ! O blessed fruits of justification ! Not here but there is the joy of harvest home. Here the sowing in tears ; there the reaping in joy. Here the confession of sin ; there the blessing of the fully absolved. Here the Bride, in the day of her espousals, 'waits for the

coming' of the Bridegroom ; there, her eternal dwelling is in the Bridegroom's House.

' The gates

Roll back, and far within

For me the heavenly Bridegroom waits,

To make me pure of sin.

The Sabbaths of Eternity

One Sabbath deep and wide—

A light upon the shining sea,—

The Bridegroom with His Bride !'

Oh ! brothers ! consciously, from this moment, unite your lives with Him, who is the Leader of the justified, as they travel towards the glory that shall be revealed ; and you shall know how true and how blessed is the saying, that ' the path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.'



ANCIENT COLLECT.

ALMIGHTY and merciful God, unto whose everlasting blessedness we ascend, not by the frailty of the flesh, but by the activity of the soul ; make us ever, by Thine inspiration, to seek after the courts of the heavenly City, and, by Thy mercy, confidently to enter them ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

ANCIENT COLLECT.

GRANT us, O Lord, to rejoice in beholding the bliss of Thy Jerusalem, and to be carried in her bosom with perpetual gladness ; that as she is the home of the multitude of the Saints, we also may be counted worthy to have our portion within her ; and that Thine only begotten Son, the Prince and Saviour of all, may in this world graciously relieve His afflicted, and hereafter in His kingdom be the everlasting Comfort of His redeemed. *Amen.*



From 'THE INNER LIFE.'

THERE is a way of peace, that leads
Through bordered fields and quiet meads ;
Those greenest meadows shepherds keep,
Abiding 'mid their watered sheep.

No evil beast may pass that way,
Thence never pilgrims' footsteps stray ;
But God's redeemed, with happy feet,
Press on, their nearing joy to meet.

For still they see beyond them far
A light that shineth as a star,
A glory 'twixt the gates of gold,
A gleam as when white wings unfold.

Lo, now the sounds of harping rare
Slow falling through the upper air ;
The perfumed air, with sweetness fed
More fine than whitest lily-bed.

Beyond earth's changeeful fashioning,
Beyond the sweep of death's wide wing,
Beyond the last dark fall of shade,
That home of endless light is made.

Oh, thither fain my feet would go ;
My lips would sing the song they know,
Who, crowned with joy, to Zion press
Along the path of lowliness :

Until,—as fades across the bay
The moon's broad track at break of day,—
The shining path by pilgrims trod
Ends in full presence of their God.



J. M. NEALE.

SAFE Home ! Safe home in port !
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck.
But oh ! the joy upon that shore
To tell our voyage-perils o'er.

The prize, the prize secure !
The athlete nearly fell,
Bare all he could endure
And bare not always well,
But who will count the perils gone
That sets the victor garland on.

The lamb is in the fold !
In perfect safety penned ;
The lion once had hold
And thought to make an end,
But One came by with wounded side,—
And for the sheep the Shepherd died !

The exile is at home !
Oh nights and days of fears,
Oh longings not to roam,
Oh sins and doubts and tears !
What matter now where (so men say),
The King has wiped those tears away.

O happy, happy Bride !
Thy widowed hours are passed,
Thy Bridegroom at Thy side,
Thou all His own at last !
The sorrows of thy former cup
In full fruition swallowed up.



B. M.

A little while,
A little while, and we shall stand without
No more, to hear His Voice ; but enter in
With joy unspeakable, to see His Face.



THOU wilt shew me the path of life ; in Thy presence is fulness of joy ; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

Ps. xvi. 11.

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>AUGUSTINE, St., 25, 173, 213, 296.
 A. P. P. C., 248.
 Anon., 8, 44, 80, 120, 121, 162, 163, 194, 195, 201, 235, 272, 273, 311, 316, 344.</p> <p>BAYNES, Rev. R. H., 237.
 Benson, Rev. R. M., 23.
 Besson, Père, 302.
 Beveridge, Bishop, 179.
 Bickersteth, Rev. Edward, 23.
 Body, Rev. G., 350.
 Bright, Canon, 152.
 Brine, E., 34.
 Brown, Rev. Baldwin, 97.
 Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, 207.
 Butler, Rev. Archer, 51.
 B. M., 7, 140, 236, 312, 326, 360.</p> <p>CARTER, Rev. T. T., 104.
 Cecil, Rev. R., 212.
 Coleridge, Hartley, 174.
 C., 237, 287.
 C. P., 164.</p> <p>DANTE, 17.</p> <p>FENELON, Archbishop, 270.
 Fletcher, Lucy, 121.</p> | <p>Fosbery, Rev. T. V., 10, 16, 47, 221, 230, 242, 283, 286, 299, 309, 334, 347.</p> <p>GASPARIN, Madame de, 233.
 Gregory, St., 286.</p> <p>HAWTHORNE, N., 101.
 Hele's Devotions (from), 135.
 Herbert, Rev. George, 295.
 Howels, Rev. W., 36, 53, 331.
 Hymns Ancient and Modern (from), 45.</p> <p>INNER LIFE (from the), 14, 24, 46, 229, 357.</p> <p>KEBLE, Rev. John, 64, 175.</p> <p>LAWRENCE, Brother, 17.
 Leighton, Archbishop, 27, 60, 169, 207.
 Liturgy, American (from), 228.
 Lynch, Rev. T. T., 90.
 Lyra Anglicana (from the), 113, 195, 237.
 Lyra Germanica (from the), 123.</p> <p>MACDONALD, George, 100, 274.
 Monsell, Rev. J. S. B., 35.</p> |
|---|--|

- Moore, Rev. D., 251.
M. C., 108.
M. B. B., 128.
- NEALE, J. M., 358.
Noel, Caroline, 138, 152.
Novalis, 188.
- OWEN, Rev. Richard, 205.
- RALEIGH, Rev. Alex., 192.
Rays of Sunlight (from), 154.
Robertson, Rev. F. W., 266.
Rossetti, Christina, 8, 25, 56,
93, 186.
- SEWELL, Elizabeth M., 115,
141, 144.
Skeffington, S. W., 57, 83.
Spicker, C. W., 174, 184, 322.
Spitta, C. J. P., 325.
Stanley, Dean, 246.
- Suckling, R. A., 133.
Swinny, Rev. H. H., 341.
- TAYLOR, Bishop Jeremy, 17,
141, 166, 260, 295.
Tennyson, Alfred, 154, 306.
Toke, Emma, 198.
Townsend, M. E., 3, 5, 20, 32,
41, 55, 89, 99, 110, 117, 149,
158, 187, 245, 302, 304, 319,
323, 338.
Trench, Archbishop, 197.
T. M., 185.
- VAUGHAN, Henry, 343.
- WARING, Anna Letitia, 111,
260.
Wilberforce, Bishop, 38, 67, 94,
151, 180, 216, 278, 290.
Williams, Rev. Isaac, 65, 199,
296.
Williams, Sarah, 247.







